Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-ABG-496

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY

(1749–1775)

EDITED BY

ALFRED SPENCER

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

LONDON:
HURST & BLACKETT, LTD.
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, E.C.
1913

M986408

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY

Reproduced by

DUOPAGE PROCESS

in the

U.S. of America

The original of this book is
in the collection of the
BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Micro Photo Division
Bell & Howell Company
Cleveland, Ohio 44112

DP # 11299

B
H628
v.1

BROOKLYN
PUBLIC LIBRARY

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE original MS. of these Memoirs covers many hundreds of closely written folio pages, yet only two or three corrections have been made in it, and it has the appearance of being a clean copy, most laboriously made by Hickey himself from a rough draft. The author apparently did not contemplate its publication, though his introductory remarks give one the impression that he expected it to interest his friends. The present volume forms but a part of the Memoirs, which are of such length that one or two further volumes will be necessary to complete them.

In its original form the MS. runs on almost without a break. For easier reading it has been divided into chapters and freely paragraphed. Parts of the MS. have been eliminated, but where any considerable portion has been omitted, the reason for the omission will be found in a foot-note. Otherwise the narrative is given in the author's own words.

Hickey, as will be seen, has something to say of many well-known men of the time with whom he was brought into contact, and perhaps not the least interesting feature of his Memoirs is the fact that his father, of whom we hear so much, was a friend of Edmund Burke, and one of the group of public men characterized by Goldsmith in his famous "Retaliation."

Efforts have been made to obtain copies of the portraits painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds of the author's father and sister, referred to on page 309. Unfortunately these portraits cannot be procured at the moment, but it is hoped that both of them may find a place in a future volume.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	EDITOR'S NOTE	v
	INTRODUCTION	ix
CHAPTER I.	BIRTH AND PARENTAGE	1
II.	EARLY SCHOOL DAYS	11
III.	BOYHOOD	21
IV.	THE REMOVAL FROM WESTMINSTER SCHOOL	34
V.	SCHOOL DAYS AT STREATHAM	47
VI.	IN TRAINING FOR THE LAW	55
VII.	BAD HABITS	66
VIII.	LIFE IN LONDON AND A YACHTING EXCURSION	79
IX.	DISGRACED	95
X.	THE LAST STRAW	109
XI.	TO THE EAST AS A CADET	124
XII.	ON BOARD THE "PLASSEY"	139
XIII.	INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE TO MADRAS	152
XIV.	MADRAS	163
XV.	THE VOYAGE TO CHINA	177
XVI.	CANTON	194
XVII.	LIFE IN CANTON	208
XVIII.	LIFE IN CANTON (*continued*)	220
XIX.	THE RETURN TO ENGLAND	233

CHAPTER		PAGE
XX.	In London Again	251
XXI.	The Forrests	261
XXII.	Acquaintances in Town	273
XXIII.	Some Duels and Some Sailing	287
XXIV.	More of Life in London	302
XXV.	Driven from Home	317
XXVI.	Off to Jamaica	330
	Index	339

INTRODUCTION

RETURNING from a very busy and laborious life, in India, to comparatively absolute idleness, in England, and having fixed my abode in a country village, with a very limited society, I there experienced the truth of an observation I had frequently heard,—viz. that want of employment is one of the greatest miseries that can be attached to a mind not altogether inactive.

Feeling the full force of this remark, my thoughts turned to the strange and varied life I had passed, and the extraordinary scenes I had gone through in different quarters of the world; in contemplating which it occurred to me that I might in some measure fill up a painful vacuum, and beguile a few hours on those days when confined to the house either from bad weather, or indisposition, by committing to writing the different events that had happened to me during a period of nearly sixty years.

True it is I had few documents to guide me, and scarcely any memorandum whatever to assist in the execution of such a plan, at least for the early and greater part of my life, yet, trusting to memory alone, I felt convinced I could trace back the most material circumstances that had happened respecting myself; and I can safely aver, there is not a single fact recorded in the following sheets, that is not, to the best of my knowledge and belief, most truly and correctly stated. Equally true it is, and I am perfectly aware of it, that such a production cannot be in any way

interesting to those unacquainted with me, and indeed, not very much so even to my most attached friends. Should, however, these pages at any time fall into the hands of strangers, be it remembered, that I retraced the following circumstances of my life, solely for my own amusement, and to fill up some tedious hours that would otherwise have hung heavy upon my hands.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM HICKEY

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE

I WAS born in St. Albans Street,[1] Pall Mall, in the Parish of St. James, Westminster, on the 30th of June, in the year 1749, being the seventh child my parents had. My father was the youngest son of a numerous family, all Irish, sprung from a very ancient and honourable stock, being of Milesian descent; the original name was O'Hickey, but at what period the "O" was dropt I never heard, nor is it of any importance.

My mother, whose maiden name was Boulton, was of a very old and highly respectable family, who for several centuries resided in Yorkshire, where they possessed considerable landed property. My father and mother's was a love match, against the consent of her relations, as he ran away from his friends in Ireland at the early age of seventeen, in consequence of throwing a leaden inkstand at his master's head, the said master having, as my father conceived, wantonly and grossly insulted him. He was not overburthened with cash at the time he reached the capital of Great Britain, but he had received the best of education, having been brought up in the University of Dublin, where he had the reputation of being an uncommonly good classical scholar. The gentleman he had been articled to was an eminent attorney practising in the City of Cashell, the town in which my father was born.

[1] St. Albans Street (named after Henry St. Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans) ran from Pall Mall across the east side of the present site of Waterloo Place in a northerly direction, and was removed on the making of Regent Street.—Ed.

Upon his arrival in London my father applied to, and was most kindly received by a Mr. Bourke, then residing at Plaistow, in Essex, where he carried on business as an attorney and solicitor, with much credit and advantage to himself. This respectable gentleman was the father of Mr. William Burke, an intimate friend of my family's, who subsequently made a conspicuous figure in public life. With Mr. Bourke, of Plaistow, who chose to retain the 'o' in his name, as being the original way of spelling it, my father served a regular clerkship, and at the expiration of his five years was admitted as an Attorney of the Court of King's Bench, and a Solicitor of the Court of Chancery.

My father's abilities and respectable connection soon procured him abundant business, but being naturally of a convivial and expensive turn, he was sometimes hard pressed in pecuniary matters, and I have often heard him say that when he married, which took place after but a short courtship, he had no more than five guineas in his possession, and was obliged to furnish a house, and procure all the requisite establishment of a family man, upon credit; of course he felt all the inconveniences and embarrassments arising from such a situation, but never lost his spirits, nor was he ever, even at that early period, nor through the whole course of a very long life, driven to commit a dishonourable or ungentleman-like action.

When married only a few months, my father dined with a large party at the King's Arms tavern in Pall Mall, where, after the whole party had drank freely, it was, at a late hour proposed to adjourn to the Ridotto, at the Opera house, where it was then the custom to have public hazard tables. When the going to the Ridotto was first mentioned, my father observed to his friend Colonel Mathews, of the Guards, who sat next to him, that he could not be of the party, as after paying his proportion of the dinner bill, he should have only a few shillings left, whereupon Colonel Mathews took out his purse, and counted the amount therein, which was twenty-four guineas; of these he gave twelve to my father saying, they would play in partnership,

and if fortune was kind, whatever both, or either won should be deemed joint stock, and be equally divided between them. Upon these terms they proceeded to the Opera house, where my father having in a few minutes lost his twelve guineas, went and stood at the back of Colonel Mathews's chair, who threw so successfully that by four o'clock in the morning he had collected nearly the whole amount of cash at the table, upon which they adjourned to my father's house in Gerard Street, Soho, and there actually divided upwards of three thousand two hundred guineas, each having sixteen hundred and odd to his share. This sum laid the foundation of my father's fortune. He immediately paid every one to whom he was indebted, and after having so done a surplus of several hundred pounds remained.

Soon after this circumstance had occurred, my eldest sister, Mary, was born, being the first child. In due time another came forth who died in early infancy. Next my brother Joseph, who in eleven months was followed by a boy that lived only a few hours, next, my brother Henry, and within the two next years, two others, who both died young. Then I made my appearance, that is to say, on the 30th of June 1749.

My god-fathers were the above named Colonel Mathews and Mr. Ryan, proprietor of the King's Arms tavern in Pall Mall, then a very fashionable house, in which he (Ryan) acquired a very large fortune. I was soon pronounced a most lovely child. My mother had suckled the first three infants herself, but this being deemed prejudicial to her health, she was forbid continuing it, and I was therefore sent to be nursed at Hampstead, at a clean and neat cottage, the property of a respectable old woman named Page, from the breast of whose daughter, Ann Page, (for she had married a person of her own name) I drew my first nourishment. Ann Page was an uncommonly beautiful creature, who almost adored me. I have a faint recollection when between three and four years of age, of my brother Joseph being highly offended by her kissing a certain

substantial part of my body, at the same time telling him, that she had much rather kiss my posterior than his face.

At Hampstead I remained until nearly four years old, when my first breeches were put on, and I was then taken away from my dearly loved, "sweet Ann Page," the separation from whom wrung my little heart with the first sorrow it ever felt, nor did I ever forget her extreme affection for me. At the time I thus quitted the arms of my darling nurse I was reckoned an uncommonly beautiful boy, and I presume not without reason, for I perfectly well remember being frequently stopped in the park, and in the streets, by females of all sorts, who rapturously kissed me, with exclamations of surprise at my extraordinary beauty. I may now without vanity speak of my infantine perfections as to features, all such having long since passed away, for since reaching my fourteenth year I became as ugly a fellow as need be.

My God-fathers were both greatly attached to me, especially Mr. Ryan, who, as well as his wife, would willingly have had me constantly with them, and as my father, previous to my birth had removed into St. Albans Street, I was frequently at the King's Arms, sometimes with consent, often without, for although peremptorily forbid ever to go out alone, lest any accident should befall me, I nevertheless used to watch my opportunity of finding the street door open, and away I darted fast as my little legs would carry me to Pall Mall, where I knew I should be permitted to do whatever I pleased, and where I was a pet of every individual in the house, besides which, I was often noticed and caressed by the first people of the Kingdom. It was not however at my God-father Ryan's only that I was too much indulged, for I was a universal favorite, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that I became in some measure a spoiled child.

My father at the time of my coming into the world had got into immense practice in his profession, having the honour of being consulted and employed by many of the nobility, and persons of the most exalted rank in society. He lived expensively, seeing much company, keeping a

carriage and several saddle horses, and having a handsome country house at Twickenham. This success, though well merited, drew upon him the envy of some men in the same line, particularly that of a Mr. Hervey, who had risen to eminence in the profession, and by it had acquired a large fortune. He was an unprincipled, arrogant, and self-sufficient fellow, and becoming jealous of the high reputation my father had acquired, adopted the most vile and iniquitous means to effect his ruin, by blasting his character. Having found a fit instrument, in a low Irishman, named Hamilton, they together trumped up a story wherein they accused my father of perjury, upon which they actually caused an Indictment to be preferred, and being foiled in their villainous attempt, their next endeavour was to complete their object by a gross libel, published by Hervey, in the name of Hamilton, which libel produced the following answer from my father. This transaction occurred when I was only two years old, but a perusal of the work I am about to set forth, often made my blood boil, when at an age competent to judge of the rascality of mankind.[1]

"Hickey against Hamilton and Hervey: or, a proper Reply to the Case of John Hamilton, as set forth by his HONOURABLE SOLICITOR, in relation to the acquittal of JOSEPH HICKEY, ATTORNEY. 'Mark now how plain a tale shall put you down.'

"It must be confessed, that few private characters or private cases are interesting or important enough to merit the attention of the public. But as his HONOUR the solicitor in Hamilton's suit against Mr. Hickey, observes, perjury is so heinous and atrocious a crime, he that has been accused of it in print, finds himself obliged to set forth a printed answer.

"It has been Mr. Hickey's misfortune to be thus accused in two several libels. The first under the title of, 'A LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY;' and the

[1] As the work here referred to, viz. the "Reply" of the writer's father to John Hamilton's "Case" would, if given, occupy very many pages, and would not prove interesting, the preamble to it only is reproduced. The "Reply" was printed, and is to be found on the shelves of the British Museum.—ED.

other under that of, 'THE CASE OF JOHN HAMILTON.' It was at first thought expedient to answer both, and both were answered accordingly: But on reflecting that the letter contained little more than a scurrilous invective against the Law and Lawyers, void alike both of arguments and facts; and that of all faults tediousness was most unpardonable to a reader; it was resolved to consider the last only, in which all that was thought material to support the charge is to be found. And whether that other performance is the case or not, shall now be considered."

Such a transaction as this necessarily occasioned my father much uneasiness of mind, and also involved him in great expence: he had however the gratification to find his conduct throughout the disagreeable business, universally approved of, whilst that of Mr. Hervey was generally condemned, and ultimately caused his banishment from society, and he was actually compelled to leave the Capital, and take up his abode in a sequestered part of the country, where himself and his base conduct were alike unknown.

And now, after this digression, to return to myself. With all my father's friends and acquaintances I was a great favorite; his military friends declaring I must be a soldier, while those of the Navy insisted upon that line being the best adapted to such a volatile and high spirited boy as I was. By the time I was five years of age, I got the nick name of "PICKLE," a name I fear I have through life proved to have been but too well applied. My father's own wish respecting me was that I should be brought up to the Law, to qualify me for which profession, he intended to give me the best of education, and in due time have me called to the Bar, where he was pleased to say from the quickness of my parts, and excellent talents, he was convinced I should make a conspicuous figure. But alas, through life it has been my misfortune, or more properly speaking, my fault, to mar and disappoint all his views; his kind and generous intentions respecting me. This tendency first betrayed itself when I was only seven years old, by my then attaching

myself to an intimate friend of my family's, Captain Gambier, (father, I believe, of the present Lord Gambier) who was at that time a Post Captain in the Royal Navy, and with whom I declared my positive determination to go, no matter where his destination might be. This greatly pleased Captain Gambier, but sadly distressed both my father and mother, who, as long as possible opposed my going to sea, but at length yielded to the Captain's earnest solicitations that they would comply with my inclination and wish, to which I obstinately adhered, and in consequence I was forthwith entered upon the books of the *Burford*, a 74 gun ship, just put into commission and in the course of a few months to go to the West Indies, under Captain Gambier's command.

Not having had the small pox, it was considered necessary previous to my embarking in my new way of life, to have me inoculated, for which purpose I was taken to Twickenham, where my father had just built and completed a handsome spacious mansion, situated close to our celebrated poet, Pope's, upon the margin of the Thames at the part called Cross Deep, and commanding a charming prospect, particularly of Richmond Hill and park. Here I was put under a regimen and course of medicine, according to the custom of those days, preparatory to inoculation.

After being dosed for three weeks, a day was fixed for performing the operation. At the appointed hour, Mr. Scott the surgeon and apothecary of the place, attended, when lo! the little patient was nowhere to be found. After searching every hole and corner in and about the house, the garden, and all my usual haunts, not forgetting the boat, in vain, the utmost alarm prevailed. Servants were dispatched in every direction round the neighbourhood, but with no better success, no tidings could be obtained of little Pickle, until it occurred to the gardener to take a peep into the wooden habitation of Cæsar, an immense house dog of the mastiff breed, who though uncommonly fierce I could do anything with, and sure enough there was I found, snug in the kennel with my trusty friend,

and where for above half an hour, whilst making a pillow of Cæsar's shaggy hide, as he slept, I had been laughing at, and enjoying the uproar and confusion arising from my supposed loss.

Being thus discovered, I was dragged forth, and after some upbraidings from my mother for the fright I had given her, was taken to my bed chamber, where an incision was made in each arm, as if the operator intended to cut me up, the wound being at least two inches in length, and nearly to the bone, in depth, the scars of which remain very visible at the present day. Yet all this butchery (which was the mode then universally pursued) was of no avail, for owing to the matter being too old, or from some other unknown cause, I did not take the infection.

This was in the summer of 1756. In the month of July of that year a large party dined with my father, at Twickenham, at which were present Lord Cholmondeley, and his brother, the General, Sir Charles Sheffield, the owner of the Queen's Palace in St. James's park, then called Buckingham house, Sir William Stanhope, to whom Pope's place belonged, Mr. Simon Luttrell, afterwards Earl of Carhampton, my God-father Colonel Mathews, and others. As I was sitting upon the knee of the latter, after dinner, having just swallowed a bumper of claret which he had given me, I, with a deep sigh said to him,

"I wish I was a man."

"Aye," observed the Colonel, "and pray why so, William?"

To which I quickly replied,

"That I might drink two bottles of wine every day."

This wish, and the reason, being communicated to the company made a hearty laugh, and Mr. Luttrell, who was a famous hard liver, pronounced that I should live to be a damned drunken dog, the rest agreeing that I should undoubtedly be a *very jolly fellow!* I believe, with no more than justice to myself, I may say, the latter prediction, as the milder of the two, proved nearest the truth. I certainly have at different periods drank very freely, some-

times to excess, but it never arose from the sheer love of wine. Society—cheerful companions, and lovely seducing women always delighted me and frequently proved my bane, but intoxication for itself I detested, and invariably suffered grievously from. Spirits of every kind I greatly disliked and never touched; generous wine, in the way above mentioned, I had no objection to, preferring claret, yet enjoying a bottle of port.

In the same month of July (1756) my God-father, Mr. Ryan, lost his life, by an accident. Having retired from business, with a very independent fortune, he had just converted his late tavern into a capital private dwelling house, and intended to open the same with a splendid entertainment, to which his numerous friends and supporters were invited. One of his guests on the morning of the day on which the dinner was to be, hearing him lament that he should be deprived of his usual ride from his horse being ill, offered him the use of his, an offer that was accepted. The animal, which was of high blood, being alarmed as he was passing the Gate of Hyde park coming into Piccadilly, became restive, and threw his rider, who unfortunately pitching upon his head on the pavement received a dreadful and fatal fracture. He was immediately conveyed into St. George's hospital, within a few yards of which the accident happened, and where the ablest surgeons of London did every thing that could be done, but on the first examination of the wound, the case was pronounced desperate, and he died within an hour. The corpse was conveyed to his house in Pall Mall, where it arrived at the very moment several of the gentlemen invited to the dinner were getting out of their carriages at the door. Upon the opening of his Will the next morning, my family were much disappointed at finding me a legatee for only one hundred pounds, as, from what he had frequently said with respect to me, and considering the uncommon affection he always shewed towards me, it was expected he would have bequeathed me an infinitely larger sum; especially as he had no child, nor any near relation. He died worth upwards of seventy

thousand pounds, the whole of which, with the exception of a few legacies, trifling as my own, he left to his wife.

I was too young to feel any mortification at the smallness of the bequest to me, indeed, selfishness never has been amongst my numerous faults, but I cried bitterly at the loss of one who I felt loved me sincerely, and for years afterwards I never passed the house without paying the tribute of a sigh to his memory.

CHAPTER II

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

MY coat, and all the other paraphernalia of a midshipman were now prepared, and a day appointed upon which I was to leave London for Portsmouth, with my Commander, who was to eat his last dinner at my father's, and carry me off with him in a post-chaise. He accordingly came, and found his young midshipman properly equipped, but a circumstance occurred at the dinner that totally altered my mind, and put a stop to my intended naval career. It was this: I had a natural, and unconquerable antipathy to fat of every kind, and never could swallow a morsel. This my mother, imagining it to arise merely from caprice, did all in her power to make me get the better of, and mentioning the circumstance to Captain Gambier, he instantly said, and in a tone of voice and manner that I did not approve of,

"Oh! never fear, Madam, when once William and I are fairly out at sea, he will forget all his absurd prejudices, and I daresay will be glad to have a bit of fat with his brother midshipmen."

From that moment I had done with Captain Gambier, and directly exclaimed that I did not like him, and would not go to his ship. He was astonished, appearing really disappointed and vexed. He said and did every thing in his power to make me change my determination, but I resolutely adhered to it, protesting he never should have it in his power to force me to eat what I abhorred. My father and mother too by no means seconding him in endeavouring to prevail on me to proceed, he was obliged to depart without me. Notwithstanding this capriciousness in me, he continued my name as a midshipman upon the *Burford's* books the whole time that ship remained in

commission, which was for a period of six years, and whenever he afterwards saw me, used, very good humouredly, to call me his little fickle midshipman, adding, that as my rank was still going on, he yet hoped he should live to see me in the road to becoming an Admiral. It has since been my lot to be very much at sea, but I have never in the whole course of my life been able to eat fat, not even that of venison, or turtle.

In the Autumn of this year there came to live with my mother a pretty, smart little girl named Nanny Harris, who was strongly recommended by the Duchess of Manchester. Her situation in our family was between that of a companion and servant, in the latter capacity chiefly to attend to two young sisters of mine, twins, the last children my mother had. The whole of the mornings she worked at her needle in the same room with my mother, and dined in the Nursery, where she also slept, my bed being in an adjoining closet. Nanny Harris at once became my delight, and I was no less so hers. Every night when the servant had taken away the candle, she used to take me to her bed, there fondle and lay me upon her bosom. She was as wanton a little baggage as ever existed, and it was some years afterwards discovered that the Duchess of Manchester had discarded her for debauching Master Montague (her only son) when thirteen years old, which circumstance her Grace most improperly omitted to mention, when recommending the girl, as a confidential servant in a private family. Upon such conduct I shall make no comment nor should I have noticed it at all, but that the ways of Nanny Harris strongly influenced me through several years of my life. This infatuating jade did not continue much above a year in our family. Her amours were too numerous, and too undisguisedly carried on not to be seen by my mother. She was consequently discarded with ignominy, and immediately after went into keeping with a young gentleman of fortune, who had seen and admired her whilst living with us. I shall have occasion to make further mention of this unfortunate girl hereafter.

My father now resumed his hopes that I should fulfil his wishes, and that he might possibly live to see me a Chief Justice or Lord Chancellor of England, for which purpose he exerted his utmost endeavours to lead my young mind to look up to, and aspire to those dignified and elevated situations.

The famous poet, Charles Churchill had just at this period, published proposals for receiving into his house, and educating, for the Universities, six youths of good connections and my father had it in contemplation to send me as one of the number, but upon consulting some friends thereon, particularly Mr. Edmund Burke, with whom, and all his family, he lived upon the most familiar terms, that gentleman was of opinion that the profligacy and immorality of Churchill's private character rendered him a most unfit person to undertake the education and training of young people, and it would seem the same sentiment generally prevailed respecting him, as not even a single pupil was offered to him. It was then determined that I should be sent to Westminster school, preparatory to which I was placed at a day school in Charles Street, St. James's Square, for the purpose of learning to read and write, as well as to acquire the rudiments of the Westminster Grammar.

At Christmas my brothers were taken from Harrow where they had been upwards of two years, and in January 1757, we all three went to Westminster ; they having made some proficiency in Latin, were stationed in the upper second, whilst I took my seat in what was denominated, "The Idle Class," that is, at the very bottom of the school, where all those who have not received some previous instruction in Latin are placed. I however soon got out of that disgraceful and ignorant form, passed with rapidity and *eclat* the under and upper petty, and entered into the upper first, where most unluckily for me the famous Bob Lloyd, the elegant poet and scholar, but dissipated friend and companion of the above mentioned Charles Churchill, presided as usher. He was an only son of the worthy and

truly respectable Dr. Lloyd, then, and for many subsequent years, the under master, the equally respectable and esteemed Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, (who lately closed a long and honourable life) being the head master.

From some boyish, but mischievous pranks of mine, this Reverend gentleman, Mr. Robert Lloyd, though himself far from a Saint, took a strong and rooted dislike to me, which he had many opportunities of betraying, and in consequence of his prejudice he let no occasion pass of what is there termed, "shewing me up," that is, conducting me to his father the Doctor, to procure me a flogging, the Ushers having no authority to use the birch, that tremendous instrument to school boys, the rod, being within the peculiar province of the two Masters only. The culprit thus "shewn up" is never heard in the way of defence, the charge, as exhibited by the Usher, is conclusive, and the posterior of the unhappy delinquent undergoes a castigation. This ceremony the frequency of its recurrence in no degree reconciled me to, and as I imagined I was often unjustly punished, I took a violent dislike to the school, and every thing appertaining to it, with the exception of a few of the boys, to whom I was greatly and sincerely attached. Amongst these, my chief favorites were, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, the father of the present Baronet, and Robert Henley, who afterwards succeeded to the title of Earl of Northington; the latter and myself were sworn brothers, and many a scrape we mutually got each other into.

The disgust at the harsh treatment I met with produced an indifference as to all the school exercises. I falsely argued, that as I was to be flogged, it had better be for some offence, than without cause; instead therefore of preparing my Theme, Verses, or construing Virgil, I loitered away my time in Tothill fields, and St. James's park, or if I could muster cash, hired a boat to cruise about Chelsea reach; in most of which excursions my friend Henley accompanied me, and consequently came in for

his share of stripes. One of our chief amusements was going to the parade at the Horse Guards, to look at the soldiers exercising, and at nine o'clock accompanying the daily relief in their march to Kensington, where His Majesty then resided.

One of the most severe floggings I received was for going on several following days to gratify an idle curiosity in staring at a house in Leicester fields, where a murder had been committed upon the person of a Mrs. King, the owner of the house. This lady had some years before been in keeping by a gentleman of large fortune, who, upon his death, bequeathed to her an annuity of two or three hundred pounds a year, together with the house above alluded to, in Leicester fields. For the purpose of increasing her income, she let the greater part of this mansion out to lodgers, herself occupying the parlours, sitting in the front, and using the back one for a bed chamber. In her youth she had been an extraordinary fine woman, but at the time of her death was rather on the decline, and nearly approaching to her fortieth year. She kept only one servant, a female. Her first floor was unoccupied, a family who had resided there for many months having just left it. The second floor was let to a foreigner, I believe a Frenchman, named Gardelle, a quiet, well disposed person, who, during a long period he had lodged there, conducted himself with the utmost propriety and decorum. He spent much of his time with his landlady Mrs. King, and frequently drank tea in her apartment. During this friendly intercourse she let him into part of the history of her earlier years, from the knowledge of which circumstances he at length began to think he might as well avail himself of her former levity of character, and proposed himself to supply the place of her discarded patron, a proposal she rejected with the utmost disdain. She nevertheless still continued to receive and entertain him as a visitor. Thus encouraged, he imagined a little gentle violence might effect his amorous object, and he determined to make his attack before she rose from her bed, with which intention he left his own room

between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, when, telling the maid servant her mistress would not want her for two or three hours, as she seldom rose until after ten, he requested her to go to the most distant part of Holborn, there to purchase a particular kind of snuff for him.

Having thus got rid of the servant, he immediately descended to the front parlour, through which he entered into the adjoining chamber, where Mrs. King lay asleep. Upon his pulling down the bed clothes and kissing her, she awoke and screamed. Gardelle greatly alarmed thereat told her who he was and that he meant her no harm, for the room being in almost utter darkness she could not distinguish his features. Upon his so announcing himself, she abused him grossly, bidding him instantly quit her chamber or she would be the death of him, and being a strong, powerful woman, she at the same time gave him so severe a blow in his stomach as nearly to knock him backwards and deprive him of all sense. Staggered and appalled (as he afterwards described himself to have been from the severity of the blow Mrs. King gave him) he seized the poker from the fire place, which unfortunately was close at hand, and with it struck the unhappy woman so desperate a blow on the head that the blood gushed out in a torrent, and she fell back on the bed utterly insensible. In absolute despair at what he had done and at perceiving the blood streaming down the bed, he concluded he had killed her. His thoughts were thereupon occupied entirely as to the best method of disposing of the body. After some consideration he drew from his pocket a large clasp knife, which opening he instantly separated the head from the body, and wrapping up the former in one of the already bloody sheets, he carried it down stairs, through the kitchen, and deposited it in the dust hole, which was in the front area, there covering it carefully over with dust and rubbish.

By the time he had done this, he expected the maid servant might return with the snuff; he therefore locked the parlour door, and putting the key in his pocket sat down in the front room of the first floor to wait her

arrival, having previously washed his hands to get rid of the stains of blood. Upon the maid servant's knocking at the door he went down and let her in, and told her that in about half an hour after she left the house, a lady had called in a post chaise to inform Mrs. King that a favourite sister of hers was suddenly seized with a dangerous illness and expressed a very earnest desire to see her, in consequence of which she (Mrs. King) had hastily packed up a few clothes and set out with the lady who brought the intelligence, into Herefordshire. He also told her that as Mrs. King did not know how long she might be absent she had directed him to pay what wages were due and to discharge her, a chair-woman being sufficient to light his fire and make his bed as he never ate at home. The servant observed that this was a very extraordinary manner of turning her off who had committed no offence; however, she added, she had not the least objection to leaving such a place, where there was a great deal of labour and bad pay. She accordingly collected her things together, and in about two hours afterwards left the house, but stopped at the next door but one to tell a friend who lived there as cook, of the sudden and odd way in which she had been discharged.

Having thus got the house to himself he began to consider in what manner he should dispose of the unfortunate woman's body. After various plans that hastily occurred to his mind he finally resolved upon burning it, as the most likely way to leave no trace of the transaction. To carry which purpose into effect he dragged the mangled corpse from the back parlour, up stairs into one of the garrets, where he kindled a fire. Then cutting the body into small pieces he thus consumed it, but the fireplace being very small the process was of course slow and he was six days in completing his horrid task, during which period he never once went outside of the street door, subsisting himself upon the food that happened to be prepared at the time of the fatal transaction. After being taken into custody he declared that during the whole of those six days the agita-

tion of his mind was so great that he totally lost all appetite and did not believe he ate an ounce a day, nor ever drank anything but water.

On the sixth evening, having made a larger fire than usual, to complete his miserable object, some of the neighbours observing a prodigious smoke bursting from the top of the chimney, apprehended it was on fire and in consequence they knocked loudly at the door, when no one answering, their fears were confirmed, and after consulting what was best to be done, it was agreed to force the street door and examine the house. This was accordingly done. Upon entering the front parlour they saw the marks of blood in several places upon the floor, and from under the door of the adjoining room, where it was known Mrs. King always slept, they also perceived a stream of blood running, whereupon they broke that door open likewise, when from the state of the room it was but too evident that murder had been committed. A general search instantly took place throughout the house, and Gardelle was discovered in the garret sitting in a most disconsolate state by the fire. Being charged with having committed the murder, he directly confessed that he had put the unfortunate woman to death, describing the manner in which he had disposed of the body, adding, that the head of the deceased would be found in the dust hole, he having intended to consume that and the sheet of the bed in which it was wrapped, the following morning. The dust hole being examined, the head was there found in the manner he had described he had placed it.

Being taken before a Magistrate, after a scrupulous examination into the circumstances of the case, he was committed to Newgate, and at their next Sessions, being brought to trial, he was convicted and sentenced to death. He did not deny the fact but declared, when he went down to Mrs. King's room he had no more idea of committing murder than he had of mounting the throne of Great Britain, that he was so astonished at the resistance she made and the violent blow she gave him, as not to

know what he did at the moment, and in his fright conceiving she would kill him, he with a view merely to defend himself, seized the poker which unluckily stood within his reach and struck the fatal blow, which blow he at the time imagined had killed her, under which impression his sole object then became to evade discovery and to dispose of the body. Being asked why he had not during so long a period attempted to escape when there was no one to oppose his so doing, instead of staying so many days in the house to consume the corpse, he replied that he had at three different times attempted it, having actually descended the stairs and got into the passage leading to the street door, for the purpose of leaving the house, when there always appeared to be an armed man standing close to the door who opposed his progress, in consequence of which he abandoned his purpose and returned to the garret.

This unfortunate man was executed in the Haymarket, at the corner of Panton Street. He would have suffered upon the spot opposite the house wherein he had committed the murder, but that it immediately faced the then residence of some of the Royal family in Leicester House. After execution the body was cut down and conveyed to Hounslow heath where it was hung in chains. The gibbet being in the course of my morning rides from Twickenham, I about two years afterwards passing under it, like an inconsiderate foolish boy, struck at the remains of the skeleton and actually knocked off the toes from one of the feet. For many weeks after the discovery of the murder a large mob assembled in front of the house, every person in turn putting their noses to the keyhole of the front door when each individual went away perfectly satisfied that they smelt the burning of the flesh and bones. The house remained untenanted for several years, but the story being at last forgotten it became once more inhabited and still continues so.

My mother had, I think, five children within the eight years after my birth, who all died in early infancy. In 1758 she was delivered of the twins before mentioned, both girls, who were born within ten minutes of each other, and

so alike that a ribbon was put round the arm of the eldest, to distinguish her from her sister. These twins were christened Ann and Sarah, and are both still living. The likeness however did not continue long; Ann became an erect, slim, and beautiful figure, whilst Sarah remained a fat *fubsy*—as she still is.

In the summer of this year, Earl Ferrers was brought to trial for killing Mr. Johnson, his steward, the preparations for which trial in Westminster hall was a source of much amusement to us Westminsters. His Lordship being found guilty and sentenced to death, Henley and I agreed to attend the execution and did so. His Lordship was conveyed to Tyburn in his own landau, dressed in a superb suit of white and silver, being the clothes in which he was married, his reason for wearing which was that they had been his first step towards ruin, and should attend his exit. In compliment to his peerage he was hung by a silk halter, a common cord being covered with black silk, and instead of a cart driving from under him, a stage or platform was erected, upon a trap door in which he stood, and on his dropping a handkerchief from his hand, the trap was lowered and he of course became suspended. He met death with fortitude, though many persons said there was a wildness in his eyes and countenance that strongly indicated a deranged mind.

CHAPTER III

BOYHOOD

ABOUT a year after I had been at Westminster, my father got a prize in the State Lottery, which he said, although he always put himself in fortune's way, was the only one he ever had, and this one instance of luck he owed to a man named Edmund Watts, who had lived with him a dozen years as a footman. Watts had been brought up in the family of an old friend of my father's, a Mr. Charlton, who upon his death bed consigned him (Watts) to my father's care, and he proved an affectionate and faithful servant. The drawing of the lottery being within a few days of concluding and the largest prize continuing in the wheel, made the price of tickets uncommonly high, which made my father resolve to sell his, as he should thereby secure a gain of twenty pounds. He accordingly delivered the ticket to Watts, desiring him to go to a Lottery office and sell it. Enquiring the following morning whether this had been done, Watts answered he had been too late. My father thereupon ordered him immediately to search if it still remained undrawn, and if it did to sell it. Watts again left home, and remained abroad until near the usual hour of dining, when he returned with the ticket still unsold. My father was very angry that his orders were not obeyed and swore that if Watts did not dispose of the ticket, pursuant to his orders, that day, he would make him responsible for the then value of it. Directly after dinner Watts sallied forth fully determined to sell the ticket, when searching at the office he daily frequented, he had the satisfaction to be told it had been drawn that morning a prize of one thousand pounds. Delighted at the success attending his obstinate perseverance in omitting to sell the ticket as ordered, he ran home to communicate the pleasing news.

Shortly after this circumstance had occurred, Mr. Francis Charlton, a son of Watts' old master, wrote from India to desire Watts would come out to him, as he should have it in his power to put him in the way of making a moderate fortune in a few years. In consequence of this letter, my father applied to the Court of Directors, and obtained free Merchants Indentures for Watts, with liberty to proceed on one of their ships to Bengal. Besides which he equipped him with a sufficient stock of clothes and paid his passage money; an act of generosity and kindness Watts always very gratefully acknowledged; and my father had the gratification fifteen years afterwards to see him return to his native country with a handsome independence, where he married a woman to whom he had been attached from early youth, and lived happily for several years, having departed this life but lately.

On the 22nd of October 1760, I had intended to skip school, and take the usual march with the Guards to Kensington, but knowing that I was too early for the parade, I was sauntering about the Abbey between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, when I heard an elderly gentleman address an acquaintance of his who was looking at the monuments, and after the common salutation, asked him if he had heard the news, to which being answered in the negative, he added, "The King is dead, I saw a messenger who brought the intelligence to Whitehall just now. His Majesty was seized with an apoplectic fit at six o'clock this morning, and died in half an hour." Upon hearing this I instantly ran into school, where Mr. Hinchliff, (afterwards Bishop of Peterborough) was the only Usher then present, and I roared out, "The King's dead," whereupon Mr. Hinchliff came up to me, and taking hold of my ear, said, "What's that you say, young man? Do you know you are liable to be hanged for treason?" Whilst I was explaining the manner in which I had gained the information, Doctors Markham and Lloyd entered the school, announcing the melancholy event, and as certain official situations which they respectively held, made their personal attendance

requisite, an immediate adjournment of school took place, when the boys, unmindful of the sad event that had occasioned the unexpected "early play," set up a loud huzza, according to custom when a holiday out of the common course was obtained, the technical term for which was "an early play."

Early in the year 1761, Mr. Thomas Hicky, an old acquaintance of my father's, came over from Ireland. This gentleman was an opulent merchant of Dublin. After being a fortnight with us in St. Albans Street, he took a great liking to my brother Henry, and proposed to my father to bring him up to his business, for which purpose he would receive him as an apprentice, and at the expiration of his clerkship would admit him a partner. This offer was too advantageous not to be readily accepted of, and Henry being much pleased with it he in another month took his departure for Dublin with his new master. During four years they agreed wonderfully well, at the end of which period Henry, getting into bad company, often stayed out all night, which occasioned remonstrances, without effect, whereupon Mr. Hicky told him that if he persisted in such evil courses, they must part. A temporary reform then took place and all went on smoothly. The time of servitude, (five years), being nearly out, Mr. Hicky, who was a bigoted papist, proposed to my brother to become a Roman Catholic, observing, that upon his doing so, he would give him his niece in marriage, take him into partnership, and at his death would leave him his heir. This advantageous offer Henry, upon principle, rejected, not thinking it correct to abandon the religious tenets in which he had been brought up, and he had the more merit in this from the greatness of the temptation, for besides the pecuniary consideration the proposed bride was every thing a man could wish for. The old zealot was enraged at Henry's refusal, and desired he would instantly quit his house for ever, which he accordingly did, and forthwith launched out into every species of extravagance and dissipation the City of Dublin admitted of. Within a twelvemonth the young lady died, and her

uncle survived only a few months, leaving nearly two hundred thousand pounds sterling to different public charities.

Upon Henry's return to England, after the above failure in the Irish scheme, my father, through the interest of the Earl of Egmont, procured him a situation of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, in the Victualling office, but such an income as that proved very inadequate to the style of living Henry had engaged in. He had connected himself with many of the gay adventurers of London, men who lived by their wits; that is nobody knew how, though some of them kept carriages, race horses, and establishments of the most expensive kind. Amongst the most conspicuous of these gentry was Major Walter Nugent, of His Majesty's Corps of Marines, whose fate it had been to fight several duels, although there never existed a milder or better tempered person than he was. Henry's other chief companions were, Tethrington, the notorious Dick England, Gilly Mahon, Swords, Wall, and many more of the same description; with all of whom I, as a fine forward youth, was in high favour, and many a bumper of champagne and claret have I drank in the society of this set, at taverns and brothels, accompanied by the most lovely women of the Metropolis, and this before I had completed my fourteenth year.

After such an account of the males of the party, I scarcely need add that their resources arose from gambling, but it is no more than common justice to say, all, and each of them invariably discouraged me by every means and every argument in their power from ever playing, and whenever they were about to commence hazard I was always sent away. The consequence was, and has been through life, that I have never felt the least inclination to gamble, and have at least escaped the evils attending that vice. Would it were in my power to say the same of many other vices, especially those of women and wine, but truth will not admit of it; in those two excesses I have too freely indulged.

My brother Henry's follies cost him many a painful,

many a melancholy day, and ultimately were the cause of his death. He continued the style of life, and in the society above mentioned until the year 1770, when, in a drunken riot, he being one of a party that sallied forth from Mrs. Harrington's Bagnio at Charing Cross, brim full of burgundy, and at a late hour of the night, an affray suddenly arose in the street in which a man was unfortunately killed, being, as it was imagined, run through the body by England. The consequence was the whole set immediately secreted themselves, and my brother Henry receiving information the following morning, that he was particularly named to the Magistrate before whom an account of the transaction had been officially laid, thought it prudent to leave the country and set off for Paris; though he afterwards often assured me by letter and orally, in the most solemn manner, that he neither drew his sword, nor struck a single blow, and had nothing at all to do with the unlucky accident further than being one of the company. After spending a few months at Paris, he went and settled with a respectable Abbé, at Caen, in Normandy, in which retirement he made himself a proficient in the French language, and passed the only three quiet, inoffensive, and happy years of his life.

The widow of the unfortunate man who lost his life having, long after the circumstance occurred, accepted a pecuniary compensation from some of the party, engaged never to prosecute any of them on account of her husband's death, which being communicated to my brother Henry, he and the others who had fled returned to England, when my father, being at a loss what to do with his said son, at last obtained a cadetship for him in the East India Company's army at Madras, and at the end of the year 1773 he embarked for Fort St. George, on board the *Colebrooke*, which ship struck on a sunken rock going into False Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, and was totally lost. the passengers and crew being all saved by the boats of the fleet in company. My brother, after a long and disastrous voyage, reached his destined port of Madras, but

though in the prime of life with respect to years, he was, owing to the excesses already alluded to, very old in constitution, his whole system being so shaken and enervated that he could not stand the sudden and violent change of climate. In six months after his arrival a fever proved fatal to him.

In detailing these latter circumstances relative to my brother Henry, I have carried my narrative to its conclusion with some anticipation as to the order of time, as I have also done in some other instances hereinafter. To return therefore to the year 1761, in the month of January of which year my elder brother (Joseph) left Westminster school, and was articled to my father as an Attorney. I continued at the school, but as well might I have been anywhere else, for I never attended to the books I read, further than barely to enable myself to pass through the daily examination, which was in fact a mere ceremony, the Master seldom observing whether the book was open or shut. I however, notwithstanding all my idleness and inattention, reached the upper fourth, and of course had commenced Greek, the whole of which, as also the Latin I acquired, has long since so far escaped my memory that I should find it difficult to translate a single sentence of either Horace or Virgil.

In the middle of the year 1761, I believe during the Whitsuntide holidays, two circumstances occurred at which I have since frequently laughed very heartily: one happened in London, the other at Twickenham. My father had an acquaintance named Joy, a very testy and surly old fellow: as I had never seen him, I knew not of a strange trick he had previous to uttering any sentence of saying, "tut, tut, tut, tut" four or five times, after which out came what he wished to express without further hesitation or difficulty. This gentleman called one morning in St. Albans Street, and upon the door being opened by a servant, seeing me playing in the passage, he instead of enquiring of the servant, addressed me, with his usual, "Tut, tut, tut, tut, is your father at home, my little man,"

to which I instantly and pertly replied, "Tut, tut, tut, tut, no my big man," whereupon he gave me so hearty a box on the side of the face as actually to knock me down, and calling me an insolent and impertinent Jackanapes, he walked away; nor could he ever afterwards bear the sight of me.

The other prank had more of mischief on my part in it. My father's next door neighbour, on the left, at Twickenham, was Mr. Hudson, the portrait painter, to whom the celebrated artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, had been a pupil. His figure was rather grotesque, he being uncommonly low in stature, with a prodigious belly, and constantly wearing a large white bushy perriwig. He was remarkably good tempered, and one of my first rate favorites, notwithstanding he often told me that I should certainly come to be hanged. I was always playing my monkey tricks with him, and thereby getting into disgrace. He was one day chatting with my father upon the lawn, and leaning his body forward upon a thick cane he used in walking. Upon observing the slanting direction of this cane, it occurred to me that a slight touch would give him a glorious tumble. The idea, and carrying it into execution were of the same moment. With all the force I could muster, I kicked the stick near the bottom. Away it went, and down came poor Hudson upon his fat paunch, with a tremendous grunt. I was terrified at my own feat, which however, having accomplished, I considered a retreat the next wisest measure for me to adopt, and accordingly took to my heels. Well it was perhaps that I did so, for the old gentleman in a violent rage, raising himself upon his knees, seized the stick and with all the strength he could exert in that posture, sent it flying at me; he however missed his aim, it passed without effect, and by the attempt I avoided a flogging, for my father who was seriously offended at this malicious trick, would have thrashed me soundly, but on seeing the heavy cane fly close to my head, he observed to Mr. Hudson, that as he had endeavoured to revenge himself, and had his object succeeded might have done me a serious injury,

that attempt should secure me from the punishment my wickedness deserved, and which I undoubtedly should otherwise have undergone. I was really and truly sorry for what I had done. Mr. Hudson I greatly respected, and doing him the slightest injury never entered my head. Feeling as I did the fault I had committed, I expressed my contrition and sorrow in a manner that highly pleased him, and he being a very different sort of man to Mr. Joy, he readily and kindly forgave me, and the next day we were as good friends as ever.

Whenever I was at Twickenham I passed much of my time upon the water, rowing about in a boat of my father's, and when I could get a companion—as I could not alone manage—sailing. In one of these excursions, having a Mr. William Cane, (of whom I shall hereafter have occasion to speak much) and a first cousin of mine, John Edwards, then a Lieutenant of infantry, with me, we were running up against the stream at a quick rate, when the boat, from a sudden gust of wind, taking a deep heel, I tumbled overboard and down I went, but as I had the sheet of the sail in my hand at the time, on my quitting it upon falling into the water, the sail blew about loose, which kept the boat nearly stationary. Edwards, who swam tolerably well, jumped over to endeavour to recover me. I rose twice, as Cane said, and was just again sinking when my cousin caught hold of me by the hair, and with Mr. Cane's assistance got me into the boat when nearly exhausted.

In consequence of this accident I was forbid going upon the water, but never very obedient to orders that I did not approve or considered tyrannical, I found frequent opportunities of taking a cruise, to put an end to which my father's next measure was securing the boat with an iron chain and padlock. This unjust step, as I pronounced it, only set my wits to work. I recollected that Mr. Hindley, who possessed a house late the property of Lord Radnor, a short distance from ours, had a small canoe, which was kept in a narrow channel, or creek of the Thames, opposite his house, merely as a pretty object

for the eye. This I conceived would answer my purpose, and I prevailed on the gardener not only to let me have the use of it, but to make me a double feathered paddle to work it with, which, when ready I began my manœuvres, taking special care until I became used to my ticklish vessel, not to venture into deep water. This canoe was just my own length, only fifteen inches wide, and of so tottering a nature that bending my body to the right or to the left would endanger the upsetting it. During my practice I got many a ducking, but in a few weeks I became so expert in the management of it that I with confidence ventured into deep water. Both ends were exactly of the same form, so that I could go either way without turning; it had no seat, I therefore placed myself as nearly in the centre as I could, and working the feathers of the paddle alternately, went on at a quick rate. Having thus accomplished the perfect management of my little vessel, the next object I had in view was unexpectedly to exhibit myself in it, and thereby dreadfully to alarm my fond mother for the safety of her darling boy, to effect which cruel and ungrateful purpose, I fixed upon a day when company were to dine at our house, who being assembled and walking upon the lawn previous to dinner, I embarked at Lord Radnor's and going round an Island suddenly made my appearance in the middle of the Thames, opposite my father's, to the infinite terror and alarm of my dear mother, but even this did not satisfy me, for laying myself flat along in the canoe, the whole party concluded the bottom had given way and that I was gone, never more to appear. A loud and general scream ensued from the party; servants were dispatched in all directions to procure assistance; our own boat, Mr. Hindley's, Sir William Stanhope's, Mr. Hudson's, and two fishermen's punts were in a few minutes all in motion, pulling away to endeavour to recover my little carcase. When I heard their oars near my canoe, to the utter astonishment of those on board them, up I rose on my breech. My father was excessively angry at this prank, but my mother's joy was so great at

seeing me safe that she proved a successful advocate in obtaining my pardon. My friend Mr. Hudson took that opportunity of once more remarking there was not the least danger of my being drowned, fate having decreed me a very different end.

Very soon after the above mentioned trick, I had another very narrow escape from a watery grave. I was paddling away close to the Island I have already spoken of, when sticking the end of the paddle into the bank to shove the canoe forward, the soil, being a stiff clay, made such a resistance as instantly to upset my tottering craft, and I was immersed in at least eight feet of water, under a perpendicular bank, and here my career would have ended had it not been for a fisherman named Rogers, who happened to be near the spot at the time in his punt, arranging baskets for catching eels, and seeing me in the water he instantly came to my assistance and picked me up. I had other escapes from perilous situations I got into with my canoe, which made my father think it would be better to indulge me with a boat of a safer kind: he accordingly ordered a small wherry to be built expressly for my use, in which I used to row myself up and down to and from Twickenham and London, a distance from the windings of the river of at least eighteen miles. Sculling this boat up in the Spring of the year, when the freshes prevailed was an arduous and fatiguing task; I have often been tugging with all my might for five hours between Kew and my father's house.

The Coronation of His present Majesty being fixed for the month of September, my father determined that all his family should be present at the ceremony. He therefore engaged one of the Nunnery's, as they are called, in Westminster Abbey, for which he paid fifty guineas. They are situated at the head of the great columns that support the roof, and command an admirable view of the whole interior of the building. Upon this occasion they were divided off by wooden partitions, each having a separate entrance with lock and key to the door, with ease holding a

dozen persons. Provisions, consisting of cold fowls, ham, tongues, different meat pies, wines, and liquors of various sorts were sent in to the apartment the day before, and two servants were allowed to attend. Our party consisted of my father, mother, brother Joseph, sister Mary, myself, Mr. and Miss Isaacs, Miss Thomas, her brother (all Irish), my uncle and aunt Boulton, and their eldest daughter. We all supped together in St. Albans Street on the 21st of September, and at midnight set off in my father's coach and my uncle's, and Miss Thomas's chariot. At the end of Pall Mall the different lines of carriages, nearly filling the street, our progress was consequently tedious, yet the time was beguiled by the grandeur of the scene, such a multitude of carriages, with servants behind carrying flambeaux, made a blaze of light equal to day, and had a fine effect.

Opposite the Horse Guards we were stopped exactly an hour without moving onward a single inch. As we approached near the Abbey, the difficulties increased, from mistakes of the coachmen, some of whom were going to the Hall, others to the Abbey, and getting into the wrong ranks. This created much confusion and running against each other, whereby glasses and panels were demolished without number, the noise of which, accompanied by the screeches of the terrified ladies, was at times truly terrific.

It was past seven in the morning before we reached the Abbey, which having once entered, we proceeded to our box without further impediment, Dr. Markham having given us tickets which allowed our passing by a private staircase, and avoiding the immense crowd that was within. We found a hot and comfortable breakfast ready, which I enjoyed, and which proved highly refreshing to us all; after which some of our party determined to take a nap in their chairs, whilst I, who was well acquainted with every creek and corner of the Abbey, amused myself running about the long gallery until noon, when notice being given that the procession had begun to move, I

resumed my seat. Exactly at one they entered the Abbey, and we had a capital view of the whole ceremony. Their Majesties, (the King having previously married), being crowned, the Archbishop of Canterbury mounted the pulpit to deliver the sermon, and as many thousands were out of the possibility of hearing a single syllable, they took that opportunity to eat their meal when the general clattering of knives, forks, plates, and glasses that ensued, produced a most ridiculous effect, and a universal burst of laughter followed.

The sermon being concluded, the anthem was sung by a numerous band of the first performers in the Kingdom, and certainly was the finest thing I had ever heard. The procession then began to move towards Westminster Hall, at which moment my father received a paper from Lord Egmont, enclosing four hall tickets, two of which he gave to Mr. Thomas and me, desiring us to make the best of our way. We descended, and attempted to follow the procession, but were stopped by the soldiers, and told no one could be allowed to pass that way, and that we must go round to the Palace yard gate. Whilst endeavouring to prevail on the men to let us proceed, I spied my friend Colonel Salter, of the Guards, who was upon duty, and applying to him for assistance, he directly took us with him, and we reached the hall, which we otherwise never should have accomplished.

Upon getting into the raised gallery, it was so crammed that I could not see an inch before me, until some gentlemen kindly made way to let me forward, and then some ladies, who were in a part that was railed off, seeing a fine looking boy (which at that time I was) in distress, they with the utmost good humour let me in, making room in the front row. Thus I found myself in the very best place in the hall, and within a few yards of their Majesties. I afterwards learnt that this situation belonged to the Duke of Queensbury, in right of some official post he held, they who occupied it being relations and friends of the Duchess. We were supplied abundantly with every kind of refresh-

ment. Sitting perfectly at my ease, I saw the Dinner, the Ceremony of the Champion, and every particular, and was at a loss to decide which I thought the most magnificent, the Abbey scene, or that of the hall. About ten at night the whole was over, and I got home as fast as the crowd would permit, highly delighted at all I had seen, but excessively fatigued, not having had any sleep the preceding night, and having been so actively employed the entire day.

In the winter of this year I accidentally met in the park, Mr. Murrough O'Brien, afterwards Earl of Inchiquin, and finally Marquis of Thomond. After questioning me about the school, he gave me a guinea, the first I believe I ever had possessed. Having just then discovered the residence of my wanton little bedfellow, Nanny Harris, I directly went to her lodgings which were in a court that ran out of Bow Street, Covent Garden. I told her the strength of my purse, and proposed going to the play, which she consenting to, there was I a hopeful sprig of 13, stuck up in a green box, with a disreputable woman. From the theatre she took me home to supper, giving me lobster and oysters, both of which she knew I was very fond of, and plenty of rum punch; with my head full of which, at a late hour I went home, and as I would not tell where I had been, I received a smart flogging from the arm of my old operator, Doctor Lloyd.

CHAPTER IV

THE REMOVAL FROM WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

IN the summer of 1762, just as I was embarking in my wherry, intending to proceed to Twickenham, one of the City Companies' barges went by, on their annual excursion of pleasure, having a band of music with them. This was an irresistible attraction to me. I accompanied them up the river, keeping upon their quarter, except that now and then I exerted myself and dashed ahead as if they had been at an anchor. Vanity induced me to do this, in order to shew my skill and adroitness, in which my object was fully answered, the gentlemen appearing delighted at the dexterity with which I manœuvred my boat. They presented me with cakes and wine from their windows. At the end of the Terrace at Kew they stopped in order to let the men who rowed rest a little and take some refreshment. Whilst so doing, the band played several martial airs, which drew a number of listeners, both on the land and in boats.

Upon again moving from Kew, they invited me to come on board their barge, which I immediately did, and upon finding that I was going to Twickenham, they insisted upon my remaining with them, and directed my wherry to be made fast astern of the barge. By the time they had reached Richmond I had made myself of so much importance by my spirits and fun that one and all protested I must stay and eat turtle with them. I, who at no period of my life could resist a convivial party, very readily consented. By this time I had discovered that it was the Fishmongers' Company, going to a Turtle and Venison feast at the Castle tavern at Richmond. The party in general were very civil and attentive to me, but more especially an elderly gentleman of the

name of Grubb, an eminent attorney in the City, and Clerk to the Company. He desired me to sit down next to him at table, and said he would take care of me. At two o'clock we landed at the Castle and by three the party, consisting of upwards of one hundred, sat down to a magnificent dinner, consisting of three courses, in which every luxury in the eating way appeared. This was followed by a dessert equally splendid and costly with every hot house fruit procurable. My new friend Mr. Grubb, who seemed to have taken a prodigious liking to me, observing that I poured down champagne at a great rate, with much good nature cautioned me, observing that as I could not be in the habit of drinking such potent wine, it would soon affect and make me ill, to which I replied that I could drink as much as the best of them, and thanks to my friend Henley, and other Westminsters with whom I frequently took of large potations, though not of champagne certainly, but port, strong ales, and punch, and when our funds were low as sometimes happened, hot flip, I had, for such a youngster, a tolerably strong head.

As the evening advanced, my spirits were exhilarated, and I sung several songs with which the company were highly pleased, though some of them expressed no little surprise at my selection, which undoubtedly was not of the modestest sort. The party sat to a late hour, but I held out until they broke up, when I was so drunk that on rising from my chair I fell flat on the floor, where I was given in charge of the master of the house who knew me well. He had me put to bed, where I slept as if dead until ten the next morning, at which time I awoke with an excruciating headache, and found myself and the bedclothes in woeful plight, having whilst I lay like a beast, quite senseless, disgorged from my overcharged stomach all the good things I had put into it. Upon going down stairs I found considerable relief from drinking strong coffee which the landlord's wife had very considerately prepared for me. I was then told that the company had departed about one in the morning, some of them in full

as bad a state as myself, having been carried bodily to the barge, wholly incapable of walking or using their limbs. At noon I got into my boat, and rowed up to my father's, but did not recover from this debauch for several days, and was in sad disgrace at home on account of it.

My propensity for the frequenting of public places of entertainment increased monthly, and, if possible, I became more idle and inattentive in the prosecution of my school duties than ever. This my father easily discovered from my inability to answer the questions he put to me on the subject of the authors I ought to have been reading. Upon finding me altogether ignorant of what I should have been perfect in, he remonstrated, upbraided, coaxed, threatened, in short did everything that a fond parent could, to induce more attention to what, as he truly observed, was intended solely for my own advantage, and although I felt the force of his remarks, it was all in vain. He then stopped my weekly allowance, hoping that might have some effect, instead of which it only set my wits to work in what manner to raise cash. At last my idleness, dissipation, and neglect of the school exercises drew upon me the censure of Dr. Markham, who finding his repeated lectures and repeated floggings equally unavailing, told my father, whose intentions relative to me he was well acquainted with, that it was in vain to think of making me a classical scholar, and that he had better adopt some other line than that of a learned one. Whatever cause I may have to regret this determined inattention and idleness, whereby the plan suggested by my fond and indulgent parent was entirely frustrated, clearly I have been the author of my own misfortune, and can blame no other than myself. My father, upon Dr. Markham's representation, reluctantly abandoned all hopes of seeing me shine as a lawyer, and at the end of the year 1763 I was therefore taken from Westminster School, most deservedly in high disgrace.

Shortly before my leaving school a melancholy accident happened, which made a strong impression upon all our young minds, and which from its being attended with uncommonly

affecting circumstances, interested all London, and indeed the whole Kingdom. Lady Molesworth, the relict of Lord Molesworth, a Field Marshal in His Majesty's service, was a most accomplished and elegant woman, beautiful in person, and of the most enchanting manners. She devoted her whole time to the bringing up a lovely and numerous progeny of children who adored her, when one disastrous night put an end to her happiness and life. In the month of May a fatal fire broke out at her house in Upper Brook Street, at four o'clock in the morning, supposed to have happened from Captain Molesworth, a brother of her Ladyship's, reading in bed, when falling asleep the curtain took fire from the candle. Lady Molesworth was in bed at the time with her eldest daughter, then a lovely girl about sixteen years of age, when suddenly awaking from a profound sleep, she eagerly exclaimed, "Henrietta, what is the matter? I hear a noise, and feel as if almost suffocated by smoke; I am sadly afraid the house is on fire." Miss Molesworth thereupon leaped out of bed and ran to the chamber door, which she attempted to open, but the lock was so hot it burnt her hand. Finding herself nearly stifled she crossed the room and threw up the sash of the window, which caused such a draught that the flames instantly burst through the door enveloping the whole chamber in one blaze. The poor girl, in agony and despair, directly threw herself out of the window, which was towards the street, up two pair of stairs, unhappily falling upon the pointed spikes of the iron railing, whereby both thighs and one leg were dreadfully fractured. In this miserable state she was conveyed into the next house, where Lady Grosvenor resided, having been lifted off the rails by Lord Grosvenor, who resided in another street, but having heard the fire was near his mother's house had immediately gone to render any assistance in his power and to see the object of his ardent love in a situation dreadful beyond parallel. Lady Molesworth perished just as her daughter took the fatal jump, a ring she constantly wore, some of her bones, and part of the bed being afterwards dug out of the ruins.

Whilst they were, with all possible tenderness and anxiety, conveying Miss Molesworth to a bed chamber, she recovered her senses, and fixing her languid eyes upon Lord Grosvenor, she in a tone so piteous as to draw tears from all present, asked, "Are you, sir, my uncle?" to which he, in the deepest distress, answered, "No, my poor dear sufferer, I am your friend, Lord Grosvenor." To this she faintly replied, "Pray then take care of me," and instantly relapsed into a state of utter insensibility.

The most eminent surgeons being summoned were of opinion from the nature of the fracture of the leg, no possibility or chance of saving her life remained but by amputating the limb above the broken thigh, which operation was forthwith performed, and without her knowing anything of the matter. When she once more came to herself, it was deemed prudent not to inform her of what had occurred, lest grief at being thus mutilated might prevent her having that repose indispensably requisite to her recovery. In this ignorance she remained nearly two months, the other broken thigh going on very well, and the many horrid bruises she had in different parts of her body being got the better of. During those two months she often complained of violent spasms and shooting in both legs and feet, a deception easily accounted for. Sensation arising from the nerves, the extremities of which had been in the foot upon amputation of the limb, rose to the remaining part, and the mind accustomed to refer pain to the nerves affected, ignorant of any part having been taken away, continued to imagine it proceeded from the foot, to promote which belief a case and bandages had been fixed to the stump of the thigh that she might not discover her loss.

A female relation to whom Miss Molesworth was greatly attached had constantly attended her since the accident. This lady being requested to communicate the sad loss the patient had sustained, was more than fifteen days devising different plans for giving the information when she at length began to prepare her as if to undergo an operation,

in this way leading her to apprehend amputation might become necessary. After hinting at this repeatedly, the unfortunate girl exclaimed, "Oh, why did they not do it whilst I lay insensible! What a blessing would it have been for me, and how happy I should now have felt." The friend took that moment to tell her it was already taken off. Whereupon she turned extremely pale, continued silent for a few seconds—and then eagerly said, "Thank God, for such an exposure of my person at this time would I am convinced have killed me."

Lord Grosvenor, during her residence at his mother's house, omitted no attention that he thought would contribute to sooth her mind, passing several hours daily in her chamber with his mother and attendants, and as soon as she was able to bear it, making little parties of music for her entertainment, but the dreadful accident entirely put an end to all thoughts of matrimony.

Lady Molesworth had one son, a boy about twelve or thirteen, and then at Westminster. He had been sent for home to celebrate some family festival, and was to have remained in Brook Street for a week, but the evening preceding the fire, the little Lord committed some offence that occasioned his being directly sent off to school in disgrace, by which most probably his life was preserved. Two children of eight and nine years old were burnt in their beds without a possibility of affording them the least assistance. Two other daughters had just time to get out of their sleeping room when finding the staircase and lower apartments in one dreadful blaze, they, with their governess, ascended to the top of the house. The crowd in the street, seeing the extreme danger the three unfortunate persons were in, spread feather beds and mattresses upon the pavement calling out to throw themselves down. The governess did so, but falling upon the stones was shockingly mangled. The eldest of the girls, terrified at the tremendous height, said to her sister, "Though I see by staying here we must be burnt I have not courage to jump down; do pray push me off and then follow

yourself." The youngest did as desired, pushed her sister off, instantly following herself. Providentially they alighted on the things spread to receive them, and were both miraculously preserved.

By this dire calamity, eleven persons lost their lives. The grief of the surviving daughters for their unfortunate and much loved mother, their sisters, uncle, and domestics who fell sacrifices to the all devouring flames, is not to be described. Yet grievous as was their misfortune, specially that of the eldest daughter, evils accumulated. Several years after the fatal fire, a young nobleman as wealthy as amiable became enamoured of Miss Molesworth, who resisted his suit for near a twelvemonth, on account of her being a cripple. His perseverance however prevailed; she consented to marry him. Settlements were drawn and a day actually appointed for the ceremony; only a few hours remained when he was brought home a lifeless corpse; his horse having thrown him he pitched upon his head and was killed on the spot. The lenient hand of time alone recovered his luckless mistress from this second irreparable disaster. The youngest of her two sisters who threw herself from the top of the house afterwards married a son of Mr. Ponsonby, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

Some weeks after my leaving Westminster in manner above related, my father one day gravely addressed me, observing that I had then been at home near two months, during which, notwithstanding former misconduct he had flattered himself with the daily hope that my spirit would have induced me to propose some line of life for myself, and not indolently continue to eat, drink, and sleep away my time, labouring too, as I must feel I deserved, under his and my mother's displeasure, but as he had been again disappointed in his hopes, he would no longer support me in idleness, (Upon this subject I had long wished to speak and was only deterred from a consciousness of my ill-behaviour, and how little I deserved to be believed as to any assurances I might make, I therefore put it off from

day to day until my poor father's patience was quite exhausted). He then asked me whether I would be an Attorney, there being still time enough left for me, if diligent, to acquire a knowledge of that profession, adding that he did not approve of having two sons in the same line of business, but my misconduct had left him without alternative. I readily consented to become an Attorney, promising the most indefatigable attention, a promise I certainly meant to keep. It was thereupon determined that I should be instructed in the common acquirements of a gentleman, for at Westminster nothing is taught but the classics.

My father, anxious to keep me as much as possible out of temptation made enquiries as to where I might be likely to receive the best education out of the Capital, and an academy, then of considerable repute, at Streatham in Surrey, five miles from London, was fixed upon. It was kept by a widow lady of great respectability, a Mrs. Keighly, the Reverend Mr. Jackson, a pious and very learned man, officiating as Master. I went to Streatham in March 1764, and with the utmost zeal commenced Arithmetic, Writing, French, Drawing, and Dancing. I also resumed Latin and Greek, to the whole of which I bestowed unremitted attention for five months, when I was taken very ill with a fever, which soon shewed itself the forerunner of small pox. It therefore became necessary, on account of the other boys, to remove me, and my situation being announced to my father by special messenger, he immediately sent his coach with two trusty servants to convey me home, and wrapped up in blankets I safely reached St. Albans Street.

Whether this removal in the height of the fever tended to increase the malignancy of the disease or not, I cannot tell, but I had it very severely. Dr. Nugent, an able physician, father in law of Mr. Edmund Burke, and a very intimate friend of my family's, attended me with unremitting kindness. I was equally fortunate in the apothecary, Mr. Hernon, an eminent practitioner of Suffolk Street. These two gentlemen at once pronounced the pock

to be of a good sort, but that as I should be very full I should consequently undergo considerable pain and uneasiness. This was completely verified, my face being so swelled and inflamed that for many days I could not see at all. The violent itching almost made me frantic, and if I had not been closely watched day and night, I should probably have made a dismal figure of myself, and in spite of all the watching, I was so perpetually clawing at my nose, (always a prominent feature,) as materially to increase its size.

At the proper stage of the disease my sisters, Ann and Sarah, were brought into my room for the purpose of receiving the infection, which they both did, and had it very favourably. Although naturally good tempered, I was exceedingly irritable and impatient under my confinement. Upon recovering, and looking at myself in a glass, I discovered that there was an end of all my beauty, which was, as I emphatically observed, "for ever gone," and I became quite as plain as my neighbours. An old servant, named Mary Jones, who had lived in our family prior to the time of my birth, endeavoured to console me by saying I still had a pair of bewitching eyes, which thereafter would make many a poor girl's heart ache.

As I have already stated, Dr. Nugent was an intimate friend of my family's, every one of whom looked upon him with respect and gratitude as having been the preserver of my father's life, who a few years after his marriage became seriously indisposed, lost his spirits, and in a great measure his appetite, every month becoming weaker and weaker. The medical gentlemen, long at a loss to give a name to his disorder, after drenching him in vain with physic pronounced him to be in a deep decline. He was therefore put upon a vegetable diet, forbid the use of wine and strong liquors, and according to the then and still prevailing system, when the London doctors know not what to do, was, as a forlorn hope, ordered to Bristol. To the hot wells he accordingly went, where he was gradually and fast sinking to the grave, when fortunately for him Dr. Nugent arrived. They had been at Dublin College together, and there formed a friend-

ship of the warmest nature. This was their first meeting since leaving the University. The Doctor expressed great concern at seeing his fellow Collegian in so reduced a state. He enquired into the particulars of his case and the manner in which the medical man had treated him. After having satisfied himself on those points, he said, "Well, Joe, we must now try what can be done for you here, and I by no means consider your case a desperate one. I shall come and dine with you, when we will talk further upon the subject, so order a nice small sirloin of beef to be roasted, and, I scarcely need add, a bottle of good claret." The order being obeyed, and dinner served, the friends sat down, my father having his miserable basin of gruel placed before him, of which however he scarcely swallowed a spoonful. Dr. Nugent helped himself liberally to the roast beef, which he pronounced excellent, and admirably dressed. After eating some time he asked my father whether the smell of the victuals oppressed or was disagreeable to him, to which he was answered,

"By no means, quite the reverse, the savour of the meat is pleasant to me."

"Why then," continued the Doctor, "perhaps you'd like to have a slice."

My father, who concluded he was not serious, replied,

"That is not fair, Doctor, to tantalize me when I am sure I could eat a pound of it."

"Say you so, Joe," said the Doctor, "then by Jove you shall have a good slice, though not a pound," and he immediately cut him a tolerable sized bit.

My father, in utter astonishment, could hardly believe his sight or hearing; he however devoured the beef with infinite glee.

"And now," said the Doctor, "probably you would like to wash down the meat with a glass of claret," accompanying his speech by pouring out a couple of bumpers, one of which my father swallowed with equal surprise and pleasure. "And how do you feel after that?" enquired the Doctor.

"Quite a new man," answered the patient, "and ready for a second edition."

But to that the Doctor gravely said:

"No, no, you have done very well for a beginning, and must now be content to see me eat and drink, but to-morrow morning I shall call early, and if I find you as well as I expect and hope for, you shall at four o'clock not only repeat the dose, but increase the quantity."

My father, after a better night's rest than he had experienced for many months, rose wonderfully recruited in strength and spirits, took two slices of beef and two bumpers of claret the second day, discarded all his phials and slops, and from that time to the day of his death, which did not happen for upwards of fifty years afterwards, never knew a day's illness.

After the small pox I was sent to Twickenham for change of air, where I had the use of my father's saddle-horses, daily riding about the country. In a fortnight being quite recovered, I returned to town stronger and better than ever. Whilst at Twickenham upon this occasion John Macnaghten, Esq., an old friend of my father's, came over from Ireland, and paid him a visit of several days. He was one of the handsomest men I ever beheld, notwithstanding which there was a peculiar fierceness in his manner that astonished those not intimately acquainted with him, and my mother, who was one of the mildest and gentlest women that ever breathed, could not bear the sight of him, at which my father always expressed his surprise, declaring Mr. Macnaghten was one of the most elegant and accomplished gentlemen of the age. My mother readily admitted all his merits, that in person he was an Adonis, and she made no doubt accomplished in the highest degree, yet still she said there was a something about him she could not account for or describe, that she never looked at him without terror, and never felt easy in his presence.

It is a singular circumstance that shortly after his visit at Twickenham he returned to Ireland, where becoming enamoured of a Miss Knox, a fine young woman with

a large fortune, he proposed marriage, which it was supposed she had no objection to, but her uncle, who had brought her up, and under whose care she was, refused his consent, on account of the immorality of Mr. Macnaghten's private character. After various ineffectual attempts to soften the old gentleman, he laid a plan for forcibly carrying off the lady, and attacked the carriage she was in going with her uncle to his country house. Mr. Knox, suspecting what might happen, had armed his servants, one of whom upon Mr. Macnaghten's attacking the coach, discharged a blunderbuss at him, which, though it did not take effect, so exasperated him that he drew from the holsters a pistol, and instantly fired into the carriage at Mr. Knox, but instead of killing him the ball went through the heart of his beloved girl, killing her on the spot. Frantic at the mistake, he expressed his misery in the most moving language. He made no attempt to escape, which he might have done with ease, being a universal favourite with the peasantry. Being brought to trial he was found guilty, condemned, and executed, shewing during the last sad scene the same impatience and violence of temper as had prevailed through his life, and brought him to a disgraceful and untimely end. He would not wait for the executioner's turning the ladder, but the moment he ascended jumped off with so much force as to break the rope. The jerk stunned him and he remained several minutes ere he could again mount the ladder. He however at last did so, jumped off in the same manner as before, and was thus launched into Eternity.

After Mr. Macnaghten's visit, the family of Chetwoods, consisting of father, mother, and three daughters came to spend some time with us at Twickenham. At the end of six weeks they were to depart the following morning, which occasioned much grief and tears from the women. This melancholy neither Mr. Cane, just arrived from Cambridge for the vacation, nor I, at all approved of, and we had mutually more inclination to laugh than to cry. The supper had nearly passed over and very gloomily, when

seeing a broad grin upon Cane's face, I felt myself in great danger of bursting into laughter, to prevent which I crammed my mouth full of peas that were on my plate. Scarcely however had I done so when the inclination to mirth became irresistible; away flew the peas in all directions, and not one of the party at table but partook of my distribution. The effect was ridiculous beyond imagination, and completely put an end to weeping for the rest of the night.

CHAPTER V

SCHOOL DAYS AT STREATHAM

IN January, 1765, I returned to Streatham, when my conduct became very different from what it had before been. No longer diligent or attentive, I, on the contrary, neglected every duty, except drawing, because of that I was very fond. My chief business was running after the maid servants, particularly one named Nancy Dye, a fine little jade. She frequently visited me at night, for as one of the privileges of a parlour boarder I had a small bed chamber to myself, to get to which however, I was obliged to pass through a room where seven or eight of the boys slept, amongst whom was one named Blackall, of nearly the same age as I was, and having the same amorous propensities, but being a sulky, ill tempered fellow he was equally disliked by the scholars and servants. This lad discovered my amour by happening to be awake two or three times when she passed by his bed. Having clearly ascertained that I was the object of these nocturnal visitations, he without saying a syllable to me of his discovery proposed himself to become a partaker, which Nancy very contemptuously rejected, nor would she ever submit to the most trifling familiarity from him. This hauteur of the cherry cheeked dairy maid raised Blackall's indignation, and he threatened if she persisted in refusing to him what she had so freely granted to me, he would inform Mrs. Keighly of her behaviour. Of this threat Nancy informed me, whereupon I remonstrated with Blackall, but instead of attending thereto he was insolent, and I gave him a sound drubbing, which had he possessed a grain of spirit could not have happened, he being in form and strength much superior to me. Upon receiving this chastisement, he ran blubbering away to Mr. Jackson to make his complaint, and state the circumstance of the girl's nightly

visits to me, which, being of course communicated to Mrs. Keighly, a terrible uproar ensued. I was threatened with expulsion, about which I was wholly indifferent, but I was greatly distressed at the evils that might arise to the partner of my guilt, who after being grossly abused and called by all sorts of opprobrious names, was ordered instantly to leave the house, whereupon I ventured, notwithstanding I was in such high disgrace, to plead for her, attaching to myself the additional crime of seduction, but Nancy on hearing this, with great spirit assured her mistress it was no such thing, nor was there any seduction in the case, and turning to me desired that I would not make myself unhappy on her account, and that as to being turned away, the place was no such catch and thank her stars she could get a better any day in the week. "Indeed," added she, "I fully intended leaving it at the end of the month, for I am going to be married." (I had soon afterwards the pleasure to hear that she did marry a confidential servant of Sir Charles Blount's, who lived in the neighbourhood, and that she was very happy.)

I was severely lectured on all quarters for my libertinism at so early an age, and my future misery and ruin predicted should I continue the same bad courses. Every individual of the family frowned upon me, except a daughter of Mrs. Keighly's, an elegant young woman of about two and twenty, who, in spite of the grievous offence I had committed, spoke to me at meals as usual and frequently looked at me, as if she did not like me the worse for my gallantry.

I had made acquaintance at Streatham with Mr. Rose Fuller, a Banker, and man of large fortune, who had a handsome house near the Academy, where he lived in a splendid style. This gentleman became very partial to me, and generally once a week, at least, sent a servant to Mr. Jackson to request I might be permitted to spend the day with him, which, from his rank in life, and respectability of character never was refused. He was a widower, with one son just of age. To Mr. Fuller, upon his questioning

me on the subject of pocket money, I did not hesitate to say that what my father allowed me was very inadequate to my wants, upon which representation he furnished me with a supply, and desired whenever I had occasion for a little cash that I would consider him as my Banker, a liberal permission that I did not presume upon, nor ever availed myself of, but upon real emergency. In this manner passed away the summer of 1765.

Towards Autumn, two fine West India lads, named Harrison and Lewis, who were wards of Mr. Fuller, came from Eton school to pass some weeks with him previous to embarking on their return to their parents in Jamaica. They had therefore as great a range in point of amusements as they chose, and an abundant supply of cash. These young men, who were my seniors by eighteen months, were my constant companions, and as they knew the state of my finances one or other of them always insisted upon paying during the frequent excursions we made either on horse back or in post-chaises. In one of our trips of the first kind, i.e. on horse back, we rode across the country, and through Richmond park, when dashing down the hill towards the town as hard as we could pelt, who should arrest my progress but my brother Joseph, who called out to me, and upon my stopping enquired where the deuce I came from, and whither bound in such haste ; to which I replied that we were only taking a ride, but that I could not stay longer lest I should lose my companions, and cautioning him not to betray me at Twickenham, I galloped after my young friends.

In December of the same year (1765) we three went, as we had often done before, to London, where I had introduced them to two females. We were preparing to return to Streatham when one of the girls said there was to be a new play performed that night at Covent Garden, and proposed our going to it. Though at all times prone to mischief, the boldness of such a proposal nevertheless staggered me, and I strongly objected, but I was laughed at for my prudence, my objection over-

ruled, and to the theatre we proceeded. The performance being finished, the ladies suggested the propriety of a little supper, to which Harrison entered his caveat, whereupon I observed, "'In for a penny in for a pound,' we shall be no worse off by arriving at three o'clock than at one." My logic prevailing, we went to the Shakespear, and after eating heartily, qualifying the victuals with a sufficient quantity of punch, we took a hackney coach to Westminster Bridge, where we mounted our nags and rode off for Streatham, which we reached a quarter before three, and found the whole village in an uproar. The person to whom the horses belonged, told us that Mr. Fuller, Senior and Junior, also Mr. Jackson and Hodgson (the head usher) had been there several times, and made such minute enquiries he had been obliged to declare the truth, that we were gone to London, at which they all appeared greatly shocked.

My friends then took leave and I gently rung the gate bell, and being let in, was received by an old maiden sister of Mrs. Keighly, who said they had been under the greatest terror about me, that her sister and Mr. Jackson had only just retired to their chambers, the latter from extreme agitation, very ill. Whilst stating these facts, Mrs. Keighly made her appearance, assuring me I should the following morning be conducted to St. Albans Street, for that she would not have the character of her Academy injured, if not entirely ruined, by such a profligate boy as I was. With this denunciation I was dismissed, and went to my room. Agitation at the serious scrape I had involved myself in prevented sleep, a severe headache came on, and before the customary hour of rising I was seized with so violent a vomiting, with considerable fever, as to be thought actually dying. The apothecary being summoned pronounced me alarmingly ill, and that I must be kept as quiet as possible. I remained the whole day in bed; at night the fever increased with a delirium, in consequence of which Mrs. Keighly determined to send to my father to let him know the state I was in,

but on the second morning the medical man pronounced me better, and it was therefore deemed unnecessary to alarm my family.

I kept my room a week, and was wonderfully pulled down by the severity of the attack. The first day I appeared in the parlour I had a very serious lecture from Mr. Jackson, who said he should recommend my father to send me to sea in order to preserve me from absolute destruction : that as the school was to break up in a few days for the Christmas holidays, I might remain until then, but return I never should. I was informed that during my confinement Mr. Fuller had daily sent to enquire after me, but that he was so deeply offended at my bad behaviour as to have resolved never more to see or speak to me, and I was peremptorily forbid going to the house. I nevertheless did call, and was told by a servant his master was out, though I was certain I had seen him at the window. This made me very miserable.

On my return to school I sat down and addressed a supplicatory letter to Mr. Fuller, in which I did not attempt to palliate but freely admitted the enormity of my offence, for which I most earnestly solicited his forgiveness, and that as a few days would take me for ever from Streatham, I besought him not to let me leave the place under his displeasure. My misery was much increased at not getting any answer to this letter, for independent of my personal attachment to Mr. Fuller, which was ardent and sincere, I had naturally a mild temper and tender nature, and at no period of my life ever deliberately caused even a momentary pang to those I loved, or indeed to any human creature. In the present instance I was conscious I had justly irritated a benevolent and kind friend for which I felt equally ashamed and sorry, and in consequence made to myself a thousand good resolutions.

The day after I had written and sent my letter to Mr. Fuller, I saw him in the parlour in conversation with Mrs. Keighly and Mr. Jackson. Upon his going away Mr. Jackson sent for me and desired I would immediately go to Mr. Fuller's,

whose anger was in no way abated, but he wished to tell me so in person that I might not again trouble him with any letters. Dejected and oppressed in spirit I went, but on the way a false and mistaken pride, which involuntarily came across my mind, made me determine, as pleading guilty had produced no mercy, not to betray any further symptoms of contrition. Upon my arrival at Mr. Fuller's, I was conducted into his study, where I found him with as stern a countenance as his naturally mild features could assume, and he coldly pointed to a chair. This reception, so different from what I had been used to, struck to my heart, already full and overcharged, and in spite of my determination to the contrary, I burst into a violent fit of tears, sobbing aloud and bitterly, which instantly softened the kind old gentleman, who fondly clasping me to his bosom, kissed and comforted me, assuring me of his full pardon. From a state bordering on despair, I was thus raised to the height of joy. He repeated in the kindest terms his affectionate regard for me, avowing that his anger had been assumed, as both his wards had done me the justice to declare I had strongly objected to going to the play, and that the whole scheme was their own. Mr. Fuller however added that we were all three much to blame ; and he had in consequence sent the young men to London earlier than they otherwise would have gone and intended they should embark on the first ship that sailed for Jamaica. I then took my leave of this sincere friend, who desired I would call upon him often in town, but unhappily I saw him no more, as in less than two months after my last interview he died suddenly.

In a week after I went home, when my father observed to Mr. Jackson that I was now arrived at an age that made it right to establish me in a profession, and therefore I should not return to Streatham. He then thanked him for his attention during my stay at Streatham, which he trusted had not been ill-bestowed. The Reverend gentleman very kindly and considerately made no complaint, merely saying he hoped my future conduct would be such as to merit his

(my father's) approbation. Then shaking me with great cordiality by the hand, he wished me well and departed; and this was the last time I ever saw him; in the following Spring he was during the night seized with a fit of apoplexy, and in the morning was found a corpse.

About this period Mr. Edmund Burke, so justly celebrated not only as a literary man but as a politician, came forward into public life. The circumstances which brought him into notice were these. Mr. Burke's family consisted of himself, Mrs. Burke, one son, named Richard, a brother, (also named Richard,) Dr. Nugent of whom I have already spoken, and who was Mrs. Burke's father, and Mr. William Burke, of whom I have likewise already spoken, and who, though in no way related to Mr. Edmund Burke had from early infancy lived in habits of the strictest friendship and unceasing attachment. Earl Verney, at that time a man of immense fortune and great parliamentary interest, being the professed friend of Mr. William Burke, he offered, as the time of a General Election was approaching, to return him for one of his Boroughs, an offer Mr. William Burke accepted, but in a few days after having done so, he called upon his Lordship and requested he would transfer the favour intended him to Mr. Edmund Burke, who possessed the most brilliant and extraordinary talents, and who he was satisfied would prove an honour to his country, and do credit to any and every one who patronised him.

Lord Verney observed that he had heard the gentleman spoken of with much respect, and he should readily comply with Mr. William Burke's wish. He accordingly did cause Mr. Edmund Burke to be returned for Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, and in a few weeks after brought in Mr. William Burke also for another of his Boroughs, the latter gentleman then being under Secretary of State to General Conway.

Mr. Edmund Burke had been but a short time in the House of Commons when he rose to speak in an important debate, upon which occasion he displayed such transcendent abilities, such profound learning and such force of eloquence

as to astonish his hearers, and drew from the great Mr. Pitt a most elegant compliment. This eminent orator rising after Mr. Burke, to speak to the same question, amongst other flattering things said, "the young member who had just sat down had given him more information then he ever had received from any individual in that house."

Mr. Burke, early in his Parliamentary career, connected himself with the Marquis of Rockingham and his party, to which he continued unalterably attached through life.

I have stated the foregoing facts because many persons have supposed and even asserted that it was Mr. Edmund Burke who brought his friend William into public life. Many have also thought that they were brothers.

CHAPTER VI

IN TRAINING FOR THE LAW

A MOST important change in my life was now about to occur; from a mere schoolboy I was to become in a great measure my own master, at least for some hours in the day, and, unfortunately for myself, I was more forward and manly than youths of my age usually were. Of this my father was perfectly aware, and in consequence somewhat alarmed. He knew how volatile I was, and my tendency to dissipation and conviviality. He therefore upon my coming home addressed me very gravely, slightly touched upon former errors, and observed that I must now have done with all such follies; that I was arrived at an age when boyish tricks no longer became me, and I ought to begin not only to think but to act like a man endued at least with common understanding; that I must turn to, heart and hand, to improve myself, which could only be accomplished by intense application to my studies; that a good inclination was all that was necessary, for being (as he was pleased to say,) blessed by nature with no ordinary talents, I had it in my power to do anything I pleased. This paternal anxiety and excellent advice I duly felt, and determined to follow, in every respect, with diligence and propriety, which I was conscious must be for my own benefit and advantage. How long I adhered to these good resolutions will soon appear.

In the year 1765 my father had taken my brother Joseph (then admitted an Attorney) into partnership, also Mr. Nathaniel Bayley, who had practised several years, and was considered an uncommonly clever Solicitor. This gentleman had inherited, and run through a fortune of twenty-five thousand pounds in less than ten years, pursuing for that period, with avidity, all the follies of the times,

thereby sacrificing both his property and his health, bringing on a premature old age. This brought him to his recollection. With the wreck of his fortune he quitted his debauched companions, went to reside in Chambers, and attended as closely as his health would permit to the law, for which profession he had originally been intended, and at the time of his connecting himself with my father he was in every respect regularity itself.

To this Mr. Bayley, in the month of January 1766, I was articled as a Clerk, for five years, my father conceiving he, as a stranger, would have more control over me than himself. As an encouragement to me to be diligent and attentive, I had an allowance of half a guinea a week for pocket money, also a guinea on the first day of each term, besides which I was told that I should frequently receive presents of from two to five guineas, upon attending the execution, and becoming a witness to deeds of various descriptions drawn in the office. All this I thought augured well and I was much pleased at the prospect before me. I was further gratified by having my hair tied, turned over my forehead, powdered, pomatumed, and three curls on each side, with a thick false tail, my operator being Nerot, a fashionable French hair dresser and peruke maker justly considered the best in his line, in London. And thus equipped, I came forth a smart and dashing Clerk to an Attorney.

For eight months my conduct was irreproachable, my attention to the business such as to gain the highest approbation of my father and of my master, Mr. Bayley. I soon became a favorite with most of the then leading men at the Bar. These were, the Attorney General, Mr. Yorke, and Mr. Willes, Solicitor General, Mr. De Grey, Sir Fletcher Norton, Mr. Wedderburn, Mr. Dunning, Mr. Maddocks, Mr. Perryn, and others, who used to compliment me upon my quickness, and they frequently congratulated my father and Mr. Bayley upon their having so promising a youth for a son and Clerk. Amongst those most kind upon all occasions, it would be ungrateful in me did I not particularize the late Lord Thurlow, who was my fast friend. He

however, notwithstanding his favourable opinion of me, used sometimes to express his doubts whether I was calculated to make an Attorney, having from his observation upon my habits and manner conceived that I never should bring myself to submit to the dull and irksome drudgery of that laborious profession, but should be disgusted with it as soon as the novelty of the employment ceased.

Mr. Thurlow was at that time just rising into eminence as a lawyer. My father, who considered him as possessing abilities greatly superior to any of his contemporaries, was anxious as far as lay in his power, to bring him forward. Mr. Thurlow, though indefatigable in his attentions to whatever he once undertook, was by no means a laborious man in general, especially during the early part of his life, when he avowed his disinclination to going to his desk, or looking into a book in an evening. Consequently, he never, except on particular occasions, was to be found at his Chambers after five o'clock in the afternoon, and in order to avoid being interrupted in his hours of recreation by Attorneys or their Clerks, it was a rule with him never to dine two following days at the same house, but to use various taverns and coffee houses (in the neighbourhood of the Temple, where he lived,) indiscriminately, and wherever he went the waiters had a general and positive order, if enquired for, to deny his being there, and this usually succeeded.

A business was transacting in our office, whereon my father was extremely desirous of consulting Mr. Thurlow. The matter pressed in point of time, not an hour was to be lost, and as two of the clerks who were sent in search of him had failed in their object, my father bid me try what I could do, and if I succeeded he would give me a guinea. Out I set, and as I had at the commencement of my clerkship made friends with most of the head waiters in the taverns and coffee houses in Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, and that part of the town, I felt confident I should obtain the promised reward, and did so, though after more difficulty than I expected. After going the usual round in vain, I called upon the Bar-maid at Nando's, with whom I was a favorite,

and entreated her to tell me where Mr. Thurlow was. At first she protested she knew not, but by a little coaxing I got the secret, and proceeded to the Rolls Tavern, where I had already been, but there happening to be two new waiters who were of course unacquainted with me, they were faithful to their orders, and denied his being there. Upon my second visit I went into the Bar, where addressing the landlord, I told him I had ascertained Mr. Thurlow was in the house, and see him I must. The host was inflexible, and would not *peach*, but in a few minutes after I entered, he called out—

"Charles, carry up half a dozen of red sealed port into No. 3."

It instantly struck me that must be the apartment my man was in, and as the waiter passed with the basket of wine I pushed by him, ran up to No. 3, boldly opened the door, and there sat Mr. Thurlow and four other gentlemen at a table with bottles and glasses before them. Upon seeing me he exclaimed :

"Well, you young rascal, damn your blood, what do you want ? How the devil did you find me out ? Take away your papers, for I'll be damned if I look at one of them. Come, come, you scoundrel, I know what you came for ; you take after your father and are a damned drunken dog, so here, drink of this," filling a tumbler of wine which I had not the smallest objection to, and drank to the health of the company. "But how did you find me out ? " asked Mr. Thurlow.

"Why, Sir," answered I, "I heard the master of the house order six bottles of port for number three, and I was certain there you must be, so up I ran and entered without ceremony."

This made a great laugh, putting Mr. Thurlow into high good humour who swore I was a damned clever fellow, and should do, and turning to his companions he said—

"This is a wicked dog, who does with me as he pleases, a son of Joe Hickey."

I was thereupon particularly noticed by them all, and

pulling out my papers Mr. Thurlow looked them over and immediately wrote a note to my father upon the subject, which I carried home, thereby gaining not only the promised guinea, but credit for the manner in which I had effected the business. (The Bar-maid at Nando's was the *cher ami* of Mr. Thurlow, with whom she continued all her life, and was by many supposed to have been his wife. She bore him two daughters, both now women and well married, he having left them large fortunes.)

I had the same sort of influence over Sir Fletcher Norton, who by nature, was a rough, violent man. He wrote a vile hand, yet nothing offended him so much as any of it being referred back to him for explanation, and when such a circumstance did occur, he was not sparing of abuse to the messenger, in consequence of which all the Attorney's Clerks had a great dislike to going near him, but I heeded him not. He had once answered a case of importance for my father, relative to a plantation appeal, where the opinion was so execrably written that neither my father, who could in general decipher his scrawl, nor any one else could make it out. I was therefore dispatched to his Chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where his clerk told me he was so busy he could not be broken upon. I declared I must and would see him, but the clerk would not go in to tell him so down I sat in the outer room, his carriage being at the door to take him to the House of Commons. In about half an hour he was passing through in a great hurry when I arrested his progress, with my Case. He would not touch it, endeavouring to put me aside, saying,

"My dear boy, I am already too late. It is impossible for me to stop one moment, I am going to the House, and then to a consultation. Come to-morrow," and on he pushed down stairs. I nevertheless stuck close, and to his utter astonishment followed him into the carriage. At first, he seemed offended, but soon observed I had done wisely, adding, "and now, my man, tell me what's your business."

I presented my Case telling him the predicament his opinion stood in.

"What," said he, "cannot your father read it?"

"No, Sir."

"Nor Bayley?"

"No, Sir."

"Nor you, or any one in the office?"

"No, Sir."

Then looking over it himself he exclaimed:

"By God, nor I either. I must answer it again; come to me at nine this evening."

Taking out a pencil and bit of paper I made him write "admit."

"And pray what is that for?" asked he.

"Oh Sir," replied I, "my going to your Chambers would otherwise avail nothing, I should not be admitted."

"Well thought of, my man," said he.

By nine I was at Lincoln's Inn, the Clerk peremptorily refusing me admittance, and even after producing the written word, he made many objections. At last I prevailed and got in, and at half-past eleven marched off with my Opinion in legible characters. Sir Fletcher besides writing so execrably was sadly dilatory in business, and had a particular dislike to answering Cases, so that it was extremely difficult to get one from him.

There was at this period an old Irish woman, named Judy White, daily at our office, having come to England on behalf of a near female relation who was involved in an Equity suit, and for whom Mrs. White acted as Agent, supplying such information as my father, who was her Solicitor, called for. She had formerly been considered the handsomest girl in Dublin, where she was long the reigning toast with the men. The remains of beauty, though she was now upwards of sixty, were still very visible. Prolixity was one of her grand foibles, and at times worried my father, (not the most patient of men,) exceedingly. When more than ordinarily out of humour he would let fly a volley of oaths, swearing he neither could nor would waste his time by listening to the damned infernal nonsense of such chattering stupid old gossips and bidding her get

out of his office. These ebullitions of passion sadly annoyed Mrs. White, who used to come into the Clerks' office and declare that Mr. Hickey's violence and brutality was such that he would not allow her to state her relation's case, or say half that was necessary relative to it. As my father's warmth was always of short duration, he, upon recollecting himself, felt sorry at hurting the old lady, and generally apologized, though not often with effect. A fracas of this nature had occurred one morning that I was to accompany her into the City to witness the execution of some deeds. On our way to Lombard Street, in her carriage, she suddenly exclaimed :

" What an abominable brute that man is, sir, he is an absolute devil in human shape." (The old lady imagined me to be a common articled clerk, no way related,) As I seemed rather to agree in opinion with her, she continued abusing him vehemently. At length, she asked, " Pray, young gentleman, is the wretch married ? "

" Yes, ma'am."

" No child, I sincerely hope."

" Yes, Ma'am, several."

" God Almighty help them," said she, " how can they exist with such a horrid monster."

" Oh Ma'am," replied I, " he is only a little passionate, which those used to it do not mind, and it is soon over."

" Soon over indeed," retorted she, " the devil confound him, he frightens me out of my wits."

With this conversation we arrived at the place of destination, where after Mrs. White had executed the deeds, I signed my name as a witness, whereupon she with a great brogue, screeched out :

" Oh holy Jesus, and so, you little imp, I have been abusing your father to you all the way. Why did you not stop me by letting me know you was one of the race." Observing me grin, she continued, " Aye, aye, I see you are a true Hickey—all devils alike."

Upon our return to St. Albans Street, she said to my father :

"Faith and troth but I have made a pretty mistake here, in giving a very free opinion of you to your own flesh and blood, and that saucy whipper snapper monkey, let me go on deeper and deeper. However, I don't care, I said nothing but the truth, and what I still think."

My father laughed heartily, and enjoyed the old lady's anxiety. Soon after this she became so habituated to his manner that it ceased to terrify her, and when he flew into a rage, she, with the utmost composure said :

"Be quiet Hickey, none of your abominable cursing and swearing. I know you now, and don't value you a fig. I will have my own way, and say all I have to say, too," which conduct completely answered always restoring my father instantly to good humour.

Except during term time, or when there was any Cause of consequence coming on, my father rarely slept in London during the Summer months. It was customary for my mother and family to remove to Twickenham shortly before Easter, and there to remain until the middle of November, at which season they returned to London, my father's principal object in receiving Mr. Bayley as a partner having been to take the burthen of the business from himself, thereby enabling him to live more at his ease and amongst his friends.

During the vacations between the terms I usually went to Twickenham and stayed until Monday morning, often sculling myself up and down, as I still possessed my little wherry. Everything went on smoothly until August, 1766, at which time my father and mother set out for France, taking the twins Ann and Sarah with them for the purpose of placing them in a Convent for education. About the same time my brother Henry returned from Ireland, accompanied by Tethrington, whom I have already mentioned. He (Tethrington) did not look more than seventeen, though he was full four and twenty, and had already passed some winters in all the profligacy and dissipation of Dublin. There was nothing remarkably attractive either in his face or person, yet altogether he was

a smart little man, had the most intelligent and piercing eyes, sung an admirable song, was proficient at tennis, fives, billiards and all fashionable games, an uncommonly elegant dancer, and blest with so strong a head that he could put the stoutest fellows under the table at fair drinking. Besides all these qualifications, he was a prodigious admirer of the fair sex, and a universal favorite of theirs; I have heard many lovely girls declare him irresistible and assert that he fascinated every female he addressed. He was a younger son of an Irish gentleman who had a large family and limited fortune. Like myself, his father had intended him for the Bar, and like myself, Jack disappointed his parent's views. Whilst in the College of Dublin he associated with his superiors, by whom he was led into an expense he could not afford, which first drove him to gaming tables, where proving fortunate he obtained frequent and ample supplies. Such a life was inconsistent with study, his books were neglected and Coke lay upon his table unopened. The ultimate consequence may be easily seen; he became embarrassed, for good luck could not last for ever, and being threatened with a gaol, the horrors thereof induced him to decamp, and he embarked for England in the same vessel with my brother Henry, with whom he had previously associated in Dublin.

There is an old English vulgarism, "Birds of a feather flock together," which was completely verified in Tethrington, and myself, and at our first meeting we became friends, for several years after which he shewed the utmost regard for me, and although he no doubt led me into some extravagancies I might otherwise have avoided, yet he always gave me excellent advice and never would allow me to gamble, to which in fact I never had an inclination. His purse was ever at my service; when in parties together, without a shilling in my pocket, as was sometimes the case, I had only to give him the slightest hint and my reckoning was discharged. Moreover, whenever I required a couple of guineas, or more, I had only to send to his lodgings and my wants were supplied.

With my introduction to Tethrington ended all my good resolutions, and former follies were resumed in an increased degree; I had seen him play at billiards in a style of execution that delighted me and I became so fond of the game that morning, noon and night was I looking on at the players, and at length took up a cue myself; instead of attending to my business, passing my time at some public table, and this continued for a couple of years. Let me, however, again observe it was not from a wish to win money at it, but a real liking for the game; nor did I ever lose anything material. The old sharks, of which there were a certain number that frequented each house, knew me very well, and the state of my finances. Aware that if I lost a sum that vexed me, I should probably cease to play, they conducted themselves accordingly. At first they challenged me to play simply for the charge of the table, but after a week or so declared me wonderfully improved, and proposed sixpence a game, at which rate they would entertain me as long as I chose, taking care never to leave off winners of more than half a crown, that is, five games at one time, and they would often permit me to be even, or loser of an odd game, although had they used the superiority they possessed, I should not have got a single game in a month, yet they always appeared to wish to make the match even, by giving such odds as they pretended to deem equal.

These poor devils also taught me to guard against the various tricks and stratagems practised by sharpers to deceive and cheat the young and unwary. Having no other mode of subsistence than what they cursorily picked up from novices and strangers, I proved a fine subject for supplying funds for a daily meal, with which they were satisfied, and so was I. They had some private agreement amongst themselves respecting a division of the spoil obtainable from me, trifling as it was, for I observed that I scarcely ever played two succeeding days with the same person, though there might be several in the room. I was a favorite with them in general, and not a

man but would with the utmost good nature give me instructions, pointing out when I played for a wrong hole, and the reason, also telling me when it ought to be my sole object to leave my own ball safe, notwithstanding there was an apparent hazard, which my adversary had purposely placed, as a trap to catch me, knowing the probability was I should hole myself. Thus, in six months I became in some measure a proficient, knew the principles of the game and had tolerable execution with the cue.

The tables I usually frequented were, Windmill Street, Whitehall, the Admiralty, The Angel, at the back of St. Clements, and Chancery Lane, at one or other of which I usually spent at least a couple of hours daily, and sometimes much longer, and I was as well known at all those places as at any of the public offices about Lincoln's Inn or the Temple.

CHAPTER VII

BAD HABITS

IN September, my favorite, Nanny Harris, returned from Ireland, where she had resided for some time, and called several times in St. Albans Street before I knew any thing of the matter, as the servants had been cautioned respecting her. But a new one, who had recently come from Dublin with my cousin John Edwards, upon my coming home one evening told me that a smart young lady had the instant before been enquiring for me, and could not then be many yards from the door. Having ascertained the way she went, I pursued, soon overtook, and recognised my early bed fellow. She appeared greatly rejoiced at the meeting, telling me she had been in Ireland with a man of large fortune, with whom she continued until his marriage, when they separated, he presenting her with a couple of hundred pounds, with which sum in Bank notes as well as a handsome and plentiful wardrobe, she sailed for England, and had been in London one week, during which she had every day in person, enquired for me in St. Albans Street, and twice sent Chair-men with notes for me, but the servants faithful to the charge they had received from my mother returned the notes and never told me a word of the visits. This I afterwards learnt was entirely owing to the zeal of my friend, Molly Jones, all the other maids being desirous of telling me, from doing which she dissuaded them, stating Nancy Harris to be a wicked, artful hussey, whose object was to ruin me.

"And now my dear Billy," said Nanny, "we are once more together let's see who shall part us."

She was highly pleased at hearing my father and mother were abroad, and conducted me to a very comfortable, neat and well furnished lodging in Berwick Street, Soho,

where I passed the night. Upon going to office the following morning, my brother Joseph thought proper to call me to account for staying out all night, and interrogated as to where I had been. But not feeling that his having come into the world a few years sooner than myself gave him any authority over me, I pertinaciously declined response, receiving his lecture and admonitions with contemptuous silence. When he ceased to speak, I in a peremptory tone, desired his right to question or censure me, and refused to satisfy what I pronounced his impertinent curiosity. He then threatened to complain to my master, Mr. Bayley, which only excited my mirth, for I cared as little for that gentleman as I did for himself, and for the next three nights my abode was the first floor in Berwick Street, to which place my brother having traced me, Mr. Bayley thereupon called upon my fair companion, whom he successfully alarmed by assuring her that if she persisted in receiving me, he would cause her to be committed to hard labour in Bridewell, which she was liable to for inveigling away and harbouring an apprentice. Quite in terror, she informed me, who, though greatly vexed, was as much frightened as herself at the threat. I instantly went to Mr. Bayley, and upon his agreeing not to molest her, I faithfully promised never to stay out another night, or go again to Berwick Street. The first condition I adhered to for some time at least, but the latter was quite out of the question and I made my visits by daylight, when Nancy said she would save my word as to not going to Berwick Street, by changing her lodging, which she accordingly did, and took a first floor in Cecil Street in the Strand, a convenient situation for me, being in my road to the Temple.

In November my father and mother returned from Paris, and as neither Mr. Bayley nor my brother said anything of my misconduct during their absence, I received from my father, approbation and congratulations for my good behaviour, which I felt I was as undeserving of as any young gentleman within His Majesty's dominions. My father further said he was sure the utmost confidence might

now be placed in my future well doing. Conscience certainly reproached me on receiving these unmerited encomiums and compliments, and I made in my own mind many fair promises, every one of which proved transitory as before, and I yielded to the first temptation that offered.

My brother Joseph had been instructed in every gentlemanlike qualification, amongst which he was a very tolerable swordsman, having been taught by Mr. Telligory, an Italian then in high repute. My father as an encouragement to me to continue in the right line, sent for this person to attend and give me the requisite number of lessons. Upon his first visit, my father being in the room, I took up the foil with my left hand, having always been what is termed 'left-handed.' My father instantly exclaimed,

"Look at the awkward boy. Change hands, Sir; surely you cannot suppose Mr. Telligory will attempt to instruct a left-handed fellow."

But the Italian directly replied:

"Oh yes, I will, Sir, and recommend you by all means to let him be so taught, for, as a manly exercise and accomplishment, the effect will be precisely the same, and should he ever be obliged to use his sword in serious attack or defence of himself, the advantage from his so doing with the left hand will be great and manifest."

With the left therefore I learnt to fence, in fact, I used my left hand playing at all games, cricket, billiards, tennis, &c.

My father had all his life been a remarkably early riser, I, on the contrary, was a sluggard, and if allowed to pursue my own inclination, never left my bed before nine o'clock. It was therefore much against the grain that I was now compelled to rise every morning by five, sometimes earlier, my father calling me himself, and directing me to go to my books, using every argument in his power to persuade me to read hard. Over and over again would he say:—"Now is your time, my dear William, for studying to advantage; read hard, read day and night. Until you are forty it will all prove beneficial, and you will retain it, but after that

age reading becomes a mere amusement for the time, as the memory then begins to flag." For two or three months I did obey my father's injunctions, and read a good deal, doubtless with considerable advantage to myself. Had I through life continued the same course I should at this day have been a very different sort of creature to what I am.

From the end of the year 1766, I was in a great measure deprived of my respected monitor, my father being very little in London, and except when he was at my elbow, urging me to what was correct, I thought of nothing but dissipation and folly; my books were entirely neglected, and I became idleness personified.

In February 1767, my father went to spend a month at Bath. Previous to leaving town he recommended Mr. Bayley to make me "the out of door clerk," that is, executing all business at the different law offices, issuing writs, and every other process in the progress of a Cause, delivering Briefs, and all other documents to Counsel, and paying the fees, and this he advised as the most effectual mode of making me master of the practical part of the profession. My brother, who acted as cashier, was directed to furnish me with money for those purposes, and kept a book in which I was ordered to enter all receipts and disbursements. My father likewise made it his particular request that either Mr. Bayley or my brother would every Saturday night examine and check my account, receiving back all my vouchers. Had they done as desired by my father, probably much of the subsequent evil that accrued to me and themselves would have been avoided, but unfortunately they wholly neglected the use of such precaution, Mr. Bayley being satisfied by once in three or four months looking at the totals and finding the Debtor and Creditor sides corresponded, made no further scrutiny or examination of the items. My error commenced in not keeping my pocket money distinct and separate from that belonging to the office. The consequence of not doing so was that I had unconsciously trespassed upon the latter before I was aware, and at the first discovery thereof was greatly alarmed.

This proper feeling however soon subsided, and, like all those once commenced upon bad habits, I became by regular gradations, first uneasy, next indifferent, and by continued practice callous. Finding the balance every week considerably increasing against me, I endeavoured to counteract it by introducing sums I had never disbursed, entering others higher than I actually paid. True it is the old and faithful monitor conscience, frequently reminded me that such means were as dishonourable as unjustifiable, and upon discovery, which I knew must in the end take place, would bring me to disgrace and shame. Still, these internal upbraidings grew less and less, and I reconciled myself to making false entries by feeling that the cash I was thus purloining belonged to my father, and that plundering him was a different thing entirely to robbing a stranger.

Lord Northington, then the Chancellor, used frequently to speak to me when attending at Lincoln's Inn Hall, very kindly enquiring after my father. His Lordship however was not one of my friends, the roughness of his temper was not in my mind at all like that of Mr. Thurlow or Sir Fletcher Norton, and I was actually afraid of him. This probably in some measure arose from his constant incivility to a man I greatly liked, the Honourable Charles Yorke. This gentleman was remarkable, when Attorney General, for going late into Court, for which the Lord Chancellor often said very rude things to him; one in particular I heard, and it made a great impression upon me. There being a Cause of importance fixed for a certain day, Lord Northington at the rising of the Court said, "I shall on Thursday morning sit precisely at eight o'clock, and hope Mr. Attorney General you will be ready. Mr. Yorke, bowing answered, "Certainly, My Lud." The day arrived and Mr. Yorke, according to custom, did not make his appearance until near ten, when he began apologizing for being so late, whereupon the Chancellor abruptly stopped him in the most ferocious manner saying, "Don't beg pardon, Mr. Attorney, for I care not when you come or whether you come at all, but

beg your Client's pardon, whose money you have taken and done him no service for it."

I now became a constant frequenter of the Bedford and Piazza Coffee houses, but my chief place for eating was young Slaughters, in St. Martin's Lane, where I supped every night with a set of extravagant young men of my own stamp. After some time we were displeased with the noise, and the promiscuous company that frequented the Coffee room, chiefly to read the newspapers, especially half a dozen respectable old men, whom we impertinently pronounced a set of stupid, formal, ancient prigs, horrid perriwig bores, every way unfit to herd with such bloods as us. It was therefore resolved that we should have private rooms, and we were transferred to the two pairs of stairs front room, where we established ourselves into a roaring club, supped at eleven, after which we usually adjourned to Bow Street, Covent Garden, in which street there were then three most notorious Bawdy houses, all which we took in rotation. The first was kept by a woman whose name I have forgotten ; it was at the corner of a passage that led to the theatre, the second was at the top of the street in a little corner or nook, and was kept by an old Irish woman, named Hamilton, with whom I was upon remarkably good terms of which she gave me most convincing proof in many times offering me money, saying, "My dear boy I always have plenty of loose cash about me and it will do my heart good to furnish your pocket when in want of lining." Though I felt the kindness, I never availed myself of the offer, I believe, to her great surprize. The third brothel was kept by Mother Cocksedge, for all the Lady Abbesses were dignified with the respectable title of Mother. In these days of wonderful propriety and general morality, it will scarcely be credited that Mother Cocksedge's house was actually next, of course under the very nose of that vigilant and upright magistrate, Sir John Fielding, who, from the riotous proceedings I have been a witness to at his worthy neighbour's must have been deaf as well as blind, or at least, well paid for affecting to be so.

In these houses we usually spent from three to four hours, drinking Arrack punch, or, as far as I was concerned pretending to do so, for being a composition I had an uncommon dislike to, I never did more than put the bowl to my lips, without swallowing a drop, and romping and playing all sorts of tricks with the girls. At a late, or rather early hour in the morning, we separated, retiring to the private lodgings of some of the girls, there being only two that resided in the house, or to our homes, as fancy led, or according to the state of finances.

In the summer we had another club which met at the Red House in Battersea fields, nearly opposite Ranelagh, a retired and pretty spot. It was kept by an aged pair named Burt, having one daughter called Sally, about nineteen, and very pretty, with whom I speedily ingratiated myself. This club consisted of some very respectable persons, amongst them were Mr. Powell, of the Pay office, Mr. Jupp, the East India Company's Architect, Mr. Whitehead, a gentleman of independent fortune, King, the celebrated actor, Major Sturt of the Engineers, and others. The game we played was an invention of our own and called field tennis, which afforded noble exercise. The situation of the house, which was close upon the edge of the river, and no public carriage road near it on the land side, rendered it as private as if it had been exclusively our own. Our regular meetings were two days in each week, when we assembled at one o'clock, at two sat down to dinner, consisting of capital stewed grigs, a dish Mrs. Burt was famous for dressing, a large joint of roast or boiled meat, with proper vegetables and a good sized pudding or pie; our drink consisting of malt liquors, cyder, port wine, and punch. At four our sport commenced, continuing until dark; during the exercise we refreshed ourselves with draughts of cool tankard, and other pleasant beverages. The field, which was of sixteen acres in extent was kept in as high order, and smooth as a bowling green. When we could no longer see we returned to the house and drank tea or coffee; after

which the Bill was called for and each paying his quota, the party broke up. I generally remained to pass an agreeable hour or two with my fair Sally, and fair she literally was, her hair being the lightest in colour I ever saw. She was generally distinguished by the wits of the Thames, with the name of "Silver Tail."

Our Club consisted of twenty, and was always well attended; any member who absented himself, no matter from what cause, on a club day forfeited half a crown, which was put through a hole made in the lid of a box, kept under lock and key, and opened only once a year, when the amount of forfeits was laid out in an extra dinner at the Red House, generally about the 20th of December, and consisting of venison and all sorts of dainties, the liquors being claret and madeira, purchased for the occasion. Besides our regular days, some of the members met every evening during the summer months to have a little field tennis. It was just a mile from Buckingham gate to the Chelsea water works, from whence Burt's boat immediately conveyed us across the water, being rowed by an extraordinary man, who though born deaf and dumb, was the quickest and most intelligent creature, and could make us perfectly understand who were already arrived, having a particular sign by which he distinguished each member. This person went daily to Clare market, where he would execute punctually every order, purchasing all that was wanted as correctly as if he had not been deprived of the faculties of speech and hearing. At the time I am now speaking of, he was a stout well looking fellow of about two or three and twenty, and as we all saw, a laborious and useful servant.

The annual dinner I have above alluded to, took place this year (1767) on the 19th of December, on which day I rowed myself up to the Red House, got abominably drunk, as did most of the party, and in spite of the remonstrances of Burt and his wife, backed by Sally too, I, at two o'clock in the morning staggered to my boat, which I literally tumbled into, and, without recollecting one word of the

matter, obstinately refused to let anyone accompany me, and pushed off. Whether, intoxicated as I was, it came into my head every body would be in bed at Roberts's at Lambeth, where my boat was kept, or not I cannot tell, or what guided my proceedings, but it seems I ran her ashore at Milbank, there got out, and endeavoured to walk home. Unfortunately for me they were then paving anew the lower parts of Westminster, and I in consequence encountered various holes, and various heaps of stone and rubbish, into and over which I tumbled and scrambled God only knows how, or how I contrived to get so far on my way as Parliament Street, but a little after seven in the morning, a party who had supped and afterwards played whist all night, at a Mr. James's, were just sallying forth to get into a hackney coach, waiting to convey them to their respective homes. Mr. Smith, one of the company, who was a riding master of His Majesty's, stepping to the rear of the coach, descried a human figure laying in the kennel, whereupon he called to his companions, who, upon examination, found it was poor pilgarlic in woeful plight. Being thus recognized, though I was utterly incapable of giving any account of myself, or of even articulating, they lifted me into their coach, Mr. Smith and another attending to support me, and thus I was conveyed to my father's and there put to bed, having no more recollection of a single circumstance that had occurred for the preceding twelve hours, than if I had been dead. My boat, which was known to all the watermen above bridge, was found at daylight laying aground at Milbank, having only one scull in her. Upon enquiry, a watchman said he had observed a young gentleman who appeared very tipsy, land from her, and seeing how incapable he was of walking, and that he fell every yard, offered to assist him, which was violently rejected, and he therefore went to his watch house, it being near break of day.

I awoke the following day in my own bed, as from a horrible dream, unable to move hand or foot, being most miserably bruised, cut and maimed in every part of my

body. The three first days, my old friend Dr. Nugent, and Mr. Samuel Hayes, an eminent surgeon, were much alarmed, telling my father I was in imminent danger, a strong fever having come on, and from some symptoms they apprehended serious internal injury. Youth however, and a naturally good constitution, befriended me. I got better in a week, and on the tenth day was allowed to rise for an hour, but more than three weeks elapsed ere I left my chamber.

At the Red House I became acquainted with Mr. Symonds, as worthy and truly honest a man as ever lived. He was a great politician and patriot, not according to the modern acceptation of that term, but from sheer principle. He was a Liveryman of London, in executing the duties of which station his sole object was the advantage and well doing of his native land, nor was he ever known to give his aid or influence to mere party measures, or to censure or find fault with Ministers, only because they were in office. This truly respectable gentleman continued to carry on the business of a wholesale stationer in which he had succeeded his father, in a large mansion close to the East India house in Leadenhall Street, serving that Company, the Bank of England, and other public bodies, and this notwithstanding he possessed an ample fortune, which fortune shortly after my acquaintance with him commenced was materially increased by the death of a relation, who left him an estate of upwards of two thousand pounds per annum, in consequence of which he took the name of Smith. He had a noble house upon the border of the river, a little above the town of Battersea, where he lived in the true style of old English hospitality in the midst of a happy family consisting of a wife, one son, and one daughter, entertaining his numerous friends with a warmth and cordiality that never was exceeded, seldom equalled. After a liberal quantity of the best port and madeira, which followed an excellent dinner, himself and guests adjourned to the billiard table, or Bowling Green, according to weather, or the season of the year. From either of those amusements they

went to the drawing room, where tea and coffee being served, music filled up the space till ten, at which hour supper was served, and at eleven every body retired to their homes, or if his guests for the night, to their chambers, where every comfort awaited them.

And here did I, who in London passed my evenings and nights in theatres, taverns, and brothels, amidst abandoned profligates of both sexes, and in every species of folly and intemperance, at least once in every month, and sometimes oftener, quietly and soberly, as well as rationally, spend Saturday and Sunday in the society of this worthy and respectable family; with the utmost complacency, and actual satisfaction to myself, complying with all the customary and decent forms of the house, regularly attending the whole family on Sunday, both morning and evening, (of such force is example, whether good or bad,) to the meeting house, their place of worship, Mr. Smith being a Dissenter, and rigid observer of all the forms adopted by that sect. On the Sabbath therefore we never had the billiard room opened, nor any amusement except admirable sacred music.

Mr. Smith was very fond of sailing, and had a fast going little vessel, built from a Dutch model, in which I took many a cruise with him, he constantly standing at the helm, with a pipe in his mouth, being a great smoker. My father, who was by this time but too well acquainted with my vicious habits, would not give me credit for passing two days a week in so respectable a family, and so sedate a manner as I have described, and upon my often assuring him on my honour that I had been there, and no where else, would feelingly exclaim how depraved and lost to all sense of shame I must be to pledge so solemn an affirmation to what I must be conscious was utterly false. Really mortified at this doubt of my veracity, though certainly I had given too much reason to bring it into question, I pettishly answered:

"If, Sir, no reliance is to be placed on my word why do you not call at Mr. Smith's and ascertain the truth or falsehood of what I say?"

"And so perhaps I may, and sooner than you will like," replied my father.

Shortly after this had passed, I was surprized at a sudden alteration in my father's manner towards me. From an angry and offended countenance, with the coldest behaviour at all times when we met, he resumed his natural character respecting me by becoming kind and affectionate as ever, and every thing I said or did seemed to please him. For this change I could in no way account, knowing that I had done nothing to entitle me to it. Upon my mother's coming to town for a day on some business, I asked her if she knew what had occasioned this favourable change as to me, when she told me that he had a few mornings before rode over to Mr. Smith's, where upon enquiry he found that I had said what was true; that Mr. Smith spoke of me in the most affectionate language, and terms of the highest panegyric, saying that so far from my betraying any symptoms of profligacy or immorality during the many times I had been his guest, I shewed myself the most correct and best principled young man he ever knew; that my lively and cheerful disposition deservedly made me a favourite with every one acquainted with me, so much so that not only himself, but every individual of his family felt gratified when they saw me enter the house. A eulogium so unexpected and so flattering to me had delighted my poor father.

The same morning on which I received this information my father learnt from my mother that it had been so communicated. He then sent for me to his office, when putting five guineas into my hand, he burst into tears, tears that cut me to the soul, and drew from my eyes a gush of exquisite anguish. After a silence of some minutes, he pressed me close, kissed my cheek, and adding, "Persevere, my dearest boy, in the right line and you will be an honour to yourself and me," dismissed me. I can safely aver that these five guineas were the only ones I in my life ever received without feeling a particle of satisfaction or pleasure in the possession of them, but such is the fact.

The same silent but powerful monitor that had often before spoke within, again told me how very undeserving I was of my father's affectionate attentions, and that the same was bestowed upon a reprobate and an ingrate. The drawing of tears, though in part tears of satisfaction, from such a parent hurt me more than I can express. I formed a thousand good resolutions, but alas, as usual, to end in nothing.

CHAPTER VIII

LIFE IN LONDON AND A YACHTING EXCURSION

IN January 1768, my father by way of recreation, took me with him to Bath. Whilst there, we made excursions to the seats of different friends of his who resided at Bristol, Gloucester, and other places in that part of England, and after an absence of five weeks spent in the pleasantest manner, we returned to London.

In February I accompanied my father to Twickenham, where he went in order to inspect some alterations and additions making in the house. A few minutes after our arrival, the valet of Mr. Nunez, an opulent Jew, who lived near our house, called to say his master had come from town that afternoon quite alone, appearing much indisposed, but would not let any medical person be sent for. He therefore entreated my father would visit his master, and endeavour to learn what was the matter. We accordingly went directly, and found him in a most dejected state. He at first attempted to rally, declaring he had nothing more than a slight head ache, but soon again sunk into silence and despondency. My father, who knew his propensity to gamble, thought it probable he might have recently lost a sum that preyed upon his spirits, and therefore put the question, observing that if he had been out of luck, he had many friends ready and willing to come forward with pecuniary aid, and that he was amongst the number. Mr. Nunez expressed his grateful sense of such generosity, but assured him nothing of that kind had occurred. My father then, though with some difficulty, prevailed upon him to return and sit with us until bed time. At supper he eat an egg, and drank several glasses of Bishop, (that is, red port made hot, having a roasted orange put into it, with sugar and nutmeg,) which he seemed

to enjoy. At ten o'clock he wished my father, good night. I accompanied him down stairs, and when at the door he stopped, put his hand in his pocket and taking out three guineas, presented them to me, saying, "I conclude you have full as much occasion for money now as when you were at Westminster." He then shook me eagerly by the hand, at the same time pressing it strongly, and with considerable agitation said "Adieu, God bless you, William," and left me.

My father called me between six and seven in the morning, and I was but just dressed when the same valet came running in, panting for breath, and with horror most strongly depicted in his countenance, exclaimed, "Oh sir, my poor master is dead." My father and myself instantly returned with the servant, and found Mr. Nunez a shocking spectacle indeed. He had risen before six, and hastily putting on his clothes, the moment the day broke he said he would go and walk in the garden, which was on the opposite side of the road to the house, and went with a gentle slope to the Thames. His valet, alarmed at his appearance, and his rising so much earlier than usual watched him, apprehensive that he would throw himself into the river, but seeing that after a few turns on the lawn he went into the Summer house, he hoped all was well. In less than five minutes afterwards he was terrified at the report of a pistol, whereupon he flew across the road, rushed into the Summer house, and there saw his master laying upon the floor weltering in his blood, and quite dead. He had put a small pocket pistol into his mouth, and actually blown off the entire upper part of the skull, blood and brains being scattered round the room. We found the fellow pistol to the one discharged fast clenched in his left hand, and loaded up to the muzzle.

This was by far the most severe shock I had ever experienced. I had known Mr. Nunez from my infancy, was always a pet of his, and he gave me many a guinea whilst I was at school. At the time of his committing the rash action he was only thirty years of age, a remarkably handsome man, and of most engaging manners.

I never afterwards passed that fatal Summer house, either by land or water, without a sensation of misery and regret that I cannot describe. Upon our return to London my father learnt that Mr. Nunez had the night previous to our seeing him at Twickenham, lost near ten thousand pounds at White's in St. James's Street, which following close upon other serious losses induced him to commit suicide. It is singular that he had always spoken of self murder as a most atrocious crime, and that he considered it the most dastardly and disgraceful act any person in the situation of a gentleman could be guilty of.

In consequence of the good resolutions I made upon receiving the undeserved five guineas from my father, more than two months had elapsed without my once going to any of my old haunts, and I had during that period conducted myself with the utmost propriety and decorum, so that I began to congratulate myself upon a complete reformation. My vanity even carried me so far as to suppose I now possessed fortitude sufficient to resist temptation, and that I might venture occasionally to visit the Club of Slaughters without renewing my former vicious habits. Full of this erroneous idea I, one evening in March, called in at Slaughters, where some of my quondam associates immediately gathered round me, with warm congratulations upon my return to them, protesting that they would have a gala night to celebrate the restoration of so worthy a member. Up I went to the Club room, down went the wine and punch, and away went all my plans of reformation. Society, as usual, proved my bane, for, although I at first attempted to flinch, pleading ill health and being forbid spirituous liquors, I was only laughed at and ridiculed. In short my resistance was of no avail; I yielded, and drank deep as the rest.

I was informed with vast glee by these wild young men that during my secession they had discovered two new houses of infinite merit, with which they were sure I should be wonderfully pleased, and to both of which they would introduce me before we parted. At the customary hour,

being brim full of wine, we sallied forth, went the old Bow Street rounds, from whence I was led into an absolute hell upon earth. The first impression on my mind upon entering those diabolical regions never will be effaced from my memory. This den was distinguished by the name of Wetherby's, situate in the narrowest part of Little Russell Street, Drury Lane. Upon ringing at a door, strongly secured with knobs of iron, a cut throat looking rascal opened a small wicket, which was also secured with narrow iron bars, who in a hoarse and ferocious voice asked, "Who's there?" Being answered "Friends," we were cautiously admitted one at a time, and when the last had entered, the door was instantly closed and secured, not only by an immense lock and key, but a massy iron bolt and chain. I had then never been within the walls of a prison, yet this struck me like entering one of the most horrible kind. My companions conducted me into a room where such a scene was exhibiting that I involuntarily shrunk back with disgust and dismay, and would have retreated from the apartment, but that I found my surprize and alarm were so visible in my countenance as to have attracted the attention of several persons who came up, and good naturedly enough encouraged me observing that I was a young hand but should soon be familiarised and enjoy the fun.

At this time the whole room was in an uproar, men and women promiscuously mounted upon chairs, tables, and benches, in order to see a sort of general conflict carried on upon the floor. Two she devils, for they scarce had a human appearance, were engaged in a scratching and boxing match, their faces entirely covered with blood, bosoms bare, and the clothes nearly torn from their bodies. For several minutes not a creature interfered between them, or seemed to care a straw what mischief they might do each other, and the contest went on with unabated fury.

In another corner of the same room, an uncommonly athletic young man of about twenty-five seemed to be the object of universal attack. No less than three Amazonian

tigresses were pummelling him with all their might, and it appeared to me that some of the males at times dealt him blows with their sticks. He however made a capital defence, not sparing the women a bit more than the men, but knocking each down as opportunity occurred. As fresh hands continued pouring in upon him, he must at last have been miserably beaten, had not two of the gentlemen who went with me, (both very stout fellows) offended at the shameful odds used against a single person, interfered, and after a few knock me down arguments, succeeded in putting an end to the unequal conflict.

This, to me, unusual riot, had a similar effect to Othello's sudden and unexpected appearance before his inebriated officer, Michael Cassio, for it produced an immediate restoration of my senses, the effect of which was an eager wish to get away, for which purpose I, in the confusion, slunk out of the room into the passage, and had just began fumbling at the street door, hoping to be able to liberate myself, when the same fierce and brutal cerberus that had admitted my party coming up, roughly seized me by the collar exclaiming—

"Hulloa, what the devil have you been about here?"

To which I answered meekly,

"Nothing, but not being well I am desirous of going home."

"Oh you are, are you. I think you came in not long since, and with a party. What! do you want to tip us a bilk? Have you paid your reckoning, eh? No, no, youngster, no tricks upon travellers. No exit here until you have passed muster, my chick."

More shocked than ever I was compelled to return to the infuriate monsters, the ferocious door keeper following me and addressing one of my companions whom he knew, said—

"So the young 'un there wanted to be off, but I said as how I knew a trick worth two of that, too much experience to be taken in by such a sucker, told him not to expect to catch old birds with chaff, didn't I, young 'un, hey?"

In this dreadful hole I was therefore obliged to stay until my friends chose to depart, and truly rejoiced did I feel at once more finding myself safe in the street. I expressed in strong terms my disgust at what I had just witnessed, declaring my determination never to subject myself to the like again. This only excited the laughter of my companions, who, notwithstanding all my remonstrances and resistance, dragged me with them to another scene of nocturnal dissoluteness, situate in the same street, but on the opposite side. This was called "Murphy's," where, although there was no actual personal hostilities going on when we entered, the war of words raged to the utmost extent, and such outrè phrases never before encountered my ears, though certainly until that night I had considered myself a tolerable proficient in blackguardism. I found that it was the custom at Wetherby's never to serve any liquor after the clock struck three, so that those jolly blades whose bottles or bowls were empty when that hour arrived then adjourned to Murphy's, which at the end of that year changed its name to "Marjoram's," and here also the time for serving liquors was limited, the hour being five in the morning. From this latter nest of pickpockets, and lowest description of prostitutes we got away about half past four, I inwardly wishing every mishap might attend me if ever I again crossed the threshold of either of the Russell Street houses during the remainder of my life.

I continued to frequent the Club at Slaughters, but rigidly adhered to my resolution not to accompany my friends to Wetherby's. In the early part of May however, having dined with my brother Henry, and a party of his convivial associates, at the Shakespear, some one at a late hour proposed a visit to Wetherby's, when I instantly entered my negative. The company, surprized, asked the reason, and I related what had occurred to me, which excited much mirth. They however told me that I had been unlucky in encountering such a riot. Tethrington and my brother then said they would escort me, and that I should find it a

very different thing. Thus encouraged and being fortified with an ample dose of claret, I made no further objection, and was agreeably disappointed. At the sound of Tethrington's voice, the door was opened wide. Upon entering the former place of action all was now perfect peace, where three or four small parties of both sexes were drinking in high mirth and good humour. The women jumped up and ran to us, vociferously enquiring of my brother and Tethrington what they had been doing with themselves for an age past, then directing their attention towards me, they asked, "And who is this nice youth pray?" Being informed I was a brother of Henry's, half a dozen of them assailed me, and I thought would have stifled me with their endearments. One of them was particularly lavish of her kindnesses, in whom, to my utter astonishment, I recognised one of the ferocious combatants of the former night, whose name I now learnt was Burgess.

Our party adjourned from the public room to a private one in the rear of the house, where I at once discovered my brother and Tethrington to be quite at home. Burgess sung a number of admirable songs, and was very entertaining, as was another sad profligate girl, who had justly acquired the name of Blasted Bet Wilkinson. Burgess and I became very sociable, and I asked her how it happened that she could have been a principal in such a horrid broil as I had witnessed; to which she replied, that both herself and her antagonist were exceedingly intoxicated, having drank an unusual quantity of spirits, and in their cups had quarrelled; that the other battle royal, of which I was also a spectator arose from the man (who was a notorious woman's bully) having basely robbed the two who attacked him, that the rest concerned were the friends of one party or the other, and acted accordingly. This Miss Burgess lived for several years afterwards with Dibdin, the actor, who had just at the above period commenced his theatrical career, in the character of Hodge in the comic opera of the Maid of the Mill.

After spending a couple of hours with great glee at

Wetherby's, we all crossed the street to Marjoram's, which we found well stowed, a large crowd being collected round the famous and popular Ned Shuter, who, although immoderately drunk, was entertaining the circle of by-standers, with all sorts of buffoonery and tricks. Here too, my companions seemed to be as well known and in as high favour as at Wetherby's, for upon our approach, an opening was voluntarily made and chairs placed for us close to the facetious comedian, who for above an hour, by his drollery kept us in a continued roar of laughter when he suddenly fell from his seat as if he had been shot, and I really feared he was dead, until those better acquainted than myself, observed, if he was, it was only dead drunk, a finale nightly repeated. He was then lifted up and carried off like a hog to his lodgings, which were in the neighbourhood, and we departed to our beds, I being as much pleased with the night's amusement, as I had on the former been disgusted. The following day I asked my brother Henry how it happened that I, who had been above a twelvemonth ranging about the Jelly shops, and Bawdy houses of Covent Garden, had never met with Burgess, or any of the women I saw at Wetherby's and Marjoram's, when he told me the females that frequented those two houses, scarcely ever went anywhere else unless it were to the Dog and Duck in St. George's Fields, or to Bagnige Wells and White Conduit house, near Islington, at both which places I had been once or twice, but as I never was partial to those kinds of entertainments, nothing took me to them but company.

My Battersea friend, Mr. Smith, had now purchased from a Mr. Clark of Christchurch, in Hampshire, a beautiful yacht, about fifty tons burthen, a heavy dull sailer, but with capital accommodation, having a spacious cabin aft her whole width with sash windows astern. This was used as the sitting and eating apartment from thenceforward; on each side were three comfortable cabins with fixed bed places, so that a party of six or eight might be well lodged on board. Mr. Smith told me he had thoughts of collecting

a few friends and making an excursion of a week or ten days, and if I was so inclined and could obtain my father's permission, he should be happy that I made one. The next time I visited Battersea, he said, Major Sturt, Mr. Pritzler and Captain Cecil had arranged the tour, and they proposed embarking in the *Lovely Mary*, his yacht's name, the ensuing Monday. I promised to apply to my father, and having his leave, to join them at the appointed time. But as I felt certain my father would object to my absenting myself for so long a period, when there was much business in the office, I thought I had better dispense with the application, and accordingly putting up some linen and other necessaries in a portmanteau, I privately sent them off on Saturday, and on Sunday went myself to Mr. Smith's. After supper, instead of retiring to our chambers we went on board to sleep, that we might drop down in the night close to London Bridge, so as to pass through at high water, and thereby secure an entire ebb to start with and carry us clear of all the shipping in the Pool.

We commenced our voyage on the 20th of April, with charming clear and open weather, having a fine breeze of wind from the Westward, which in five hours carried us to Gravesend, at which place we anchored, all hands going on shore to call upon Mr. Pendock Neale, an intimate friend of Mr. Smith's, and acquainted with all the party. He held an appointment under the East India Company, which made it necessary he should reside at Gravesend. He insisted upon our staying the remainder of the day with him. At dinner was one of the largest and finest flavoured turbots I ever tasted. After being most hospitably entertained, at eleven at night we returned to our vessel, proceeding downward.

The following day it blew fresh at South West, which rattled us on at such a rate that by dusk we reached Margate, landed, and went to Michiner's, where we got an excellent supper, and then re-embarked. On the 23rd we left the Pier, steering direct for the Nore, at which we turned off by Sheerness, entered the Medway, passing

Chatham and Rochester, and after a delightful sail up that romantic and picturesque river, early in the morning of the 25th arrived at Maidstone, and here we spent five days very agreeably our head quarters being Mr. Watman's, a great paper manufacturer, who entertained us in a princely style. His mills and extensive works were a source of amusement to us several hours in each day, every one of our party making (awkwardly enough) a sheet of paper. In the evenings little dances and parties of the most select kind filled up the time to the hour of bed, never later than twelve.

Early in the morning of the 30th we once more went on board the *Lovely Mary*, leaving the good humoured and unostentatious hospitality of Maidstone with much regret. As we approached home I began to feel some unpleasant doubts respecting the reception I should meet with. We arrived at Battersea on the 2nd of May, in the evening, where Mr. Smith found a letter from my father, written in very severe and reproachful terms respecting me. He had learnt from the family at Battersea that I was gone down the river. In this letter he did Mr. Smith the justice to conclude that I had made him believe I had my master's permission to be absent, instead of which consent my father stated the clandestine manner in which I had felt the house without saying a word to any one, leaving business of importance which it was my duty to have attended to, totally neglected. He concluded by entreating of Mr. Smith never more to admit me within his doors, for I should only bring disgrace upon every one who shewed me kindness, repaying them with black ingratitude, if not worse, if worse could be.

This address gave Mr. Smith real concern, and certainly both vexed and mortified me from tending to lower me in the opinions of my friends. I was however too firmly established with Mr. Smith and his family to lose their esteem without a struggle. A consultation was held by them and Major Sturt, unknown to me, what steps should be taken most

likely to soften my father's anger, when, as I subsequently found, Mr. Smith determined to call upon him in person and plead for me, which he did, and so successfully, that instead of upbraidings and reproaches which I felt I so richly deserved, my father upon my going home only shook his head, observing that I had a most zealous and powerful advocate in Mr. Smith, and ill merited the affectionate regards of such respectable and worthy people. "I have," continued my father, "given my word once more to pass over this new transgression, and I hope by future diligence and attention you will make up for lost time."

Thus easily did I escape from a serious scrape, and vowed to myself to follow my father's advice and fulfil his hopes, but alas, I never possessed a single grain of self command or control over my passions; one short week ended all my good resolves, and I sunk deeper than ever in error. Not a night but I passed a considerable portion of in every degree of dissipation and debauchery, mixing with the most abandoned of both sexes. In addition to Wetherby's and Marjoram's, I had now discovered two other places of the same stamp, or if the degrees of depravity and infamy would admit, even worse. The one was facetiously called, "The Soup Shop," a dirty vile ale house in Bridges Street, Drury lane, where it was the custom to take a basin of ox cheek broth at six o'clock in the morning, a villainous compound of filth I took special care not a drop of should ever pass my lips. The other new discovery was significantly named, "The Finish." This was a shed in Covent Garden market, thentofore dignified by the title of, "Carpenter's Coffee house," and where they still continued to dole out a Spartan mixture, difficult to ascertain the ingredients of but which was served as coffee. Returning home from these intemperate scenes if my father was out of town, as he generally was, I went to bed for four or five hours, but if in town I went directly to my desk, where, laying my head down upon it, I soon fell asleep, in which state Mr. Bayley would often find me, when, awaking me, he with a solemn face would say, "Indeed, William, these

are sad doings, and God only knows to what a life of such excess will lead you."

Unfortunately for me, who required no encouragement, or any persons to shew me bad example, my own evil propensities being quite sufficient, there was at this time in the office a young man, employed as a hackney writer, whose name was Daniel Weir. He was Irish, a smart well made fellow, and a great admirer of the fair sex, with whom he was a universal favorite, and I believe from the same reason as Tethrington. This person sometimes accompanied me in my nocturnal rambles, which he found both pleasant and convenient, not being overburthened with cash, and wherever we went I being paymaster. In return however for my money he at different times introduced me to women of a very superior sort to any I had thentofore been acquainted with. These were mostly in keeping, and as I suspect is almost always the case, were unfaithful to their immediate patrons, always having one or more other gallants.

One of Weir's fair friends to whom he had introduced me, called herself Fanny Temple, and afterwards changed it to Hartford. A finer woman in every respect could not be. With her I became so great a favorite that she never was happy unless I was with her. Unlike the generality of women in that line of life, her manners were perfectly correct, nor did I ever once hear a vulgarism or coarse expression pass her lips. She was mistress of music, had an enchanting voice, which she managed with the utmost skill, danced elegantly and spoke French, *assez bien*. She inhabited an excellent house in Queen Ann Street, and had besides neat lodgings in the country, pleasantly situated near the water side just above Hammersmith, and kept her own chariot, with suitable establishment of servants, the whole being paid for, as well as her domestic expenses, which were liberally allowed for, by a gentleman of rank and fashion, possessed of a splendid fortune, whom she told me my family was well acquainted with. Yet notwithstanding I frequently en-

treated her to tell me his name, she never would, observing that she had made a solemn promise never to divulge it to any body whatsoever, and being a most liberal and worthy man, she considered herself bound in honour and conscience never to betray him. This being a line of conduct every man of sentiment must approve, I ceased to importune her on the subject. In a few weeks however I discovered the person without the smallest blame attaching to her. Thus, she and I had been one evening to Ranelagh, from whence I had accompanied her to Queen Ann Street, there to pass the night. Having supped, we were just stepping into bed, when we heard some one running quickly up stairs, and a great bustle in the passage, whereupon she exclaimed, "My God! I am undone, there is Mr. ——" I darted into a closet, the door of which was scarce closed, when in he walked, and to my inexpressible astonishment I recognized the voice of a gentleman I was perfectly well acquainted with, whom I knew was married to an amiable and accomplished woman, who had borne him eight children, all then living, with which wife he was upon the best terms, and they were by the world considered as a rare instance of conjugal felicity in high life. He was too at this time considerably above sixty years old. Fanny, with a readiness that seldom fails the sex, called the maid to take out and air clean sheets, leading her friend by the hand into the dining room. The servant instantly locked the door, and gathering up my clothes, carried them down to the parlour, to which I softly descended, there dressed myself, and made good my retreat.

The following day I received a note from Fanny desiring me to come and dine with her. I accordingly went, when after a warm embrace she observed what a narrow escape we had had, where one minute more must have been fatal. It seems the coachman had just stepped across the street to order some porter for himself and kitchen companions, leaving the door ajar in the interim. The old gentleman arriving, he of course entered unannounced, and was marching up stairs when the cook hearing him, and fearing what

might be the case, ran up screeching, and crying "thieves," in order to prepare us. The result is already known. Fanny informed me everything passed off without the least suspicion on his part. He had asked what ailed her, for she seemed uneasy and flurried, which she ascribed partly to head ache, and partly to the unexpected happiness at seeing him!

Early in this month, May, the famous riots occurred, on account of Mr. Wilkes, then confined in the King's Bench prison under a sentence of the Court of King's Bench. A prodigious mob assembled for several days successively, in front of the prison, but no violence was committed until the 9th when a large body of sailors made their appearance, some of whom like monkeys scrambling up the wall, were in a minute at the window of Mr. Wilkes's apartment, whom they offered directly to liberate, declaring if he gave the word they would soon have the prison level with the ground. Mr. Wilkes very prudently begged them to desist, expressed his thanks for their personal regard to him, adding he had no doubt the laws of his country would ultimately do him justice. He therefore besought them to do as he should, that was patiently to wait the result, and that they would return peaceably to their own homes. Upon which they gave three cheers and dispersed, saying they would come again the next day, in case he (Wilkes) should change his mind and wish to come out. Upon their arrival at the prison, Mr. Thomas, the Marshall, being much alarmed, sent off for a party of the guards. These soldiers very imprudently on reaching the prison, where not one of the sailors then remained, began beating and maltreating the lookers on, which irritated the mob, some of whom threw stones at the Guards, but nothing serious happened that day.

As I had been present the whole of the 9th and concluded there would be a renewal of the disturbance on the following day, I was stationed close to the prison gates by nine in the morning of the 10th, where I found already assembled a large party of the Third Regiment of Guards, which consisted principally of Scotchmen, a cir-

cumstance that tended to increase the mischief. Several Justices of the Peace, and an immense body of constables were also in attendance. At ten o'clock full a thousand seamen made their promised visit, again mounting to Mr. Wilkes's window, offering him liberty if he chose it, notwithstanding the presence of the "lobsters" (as they called the soldiers), Wilkes renewing his entreaties that they would depart quietly. They as before, cheered, and did so, a mere gaping inoffensive mob remaining. A stupid, over zealous Justice however thought proper to read the Riot Act, which not one hundredth part of the crowd knew had been done, after which the same blockhead of a Magistrate (Mr. Gillam) ordered the constables to disperse the mob, which they attempted by seizing several inoffensive persons and delivering them into charge of the military. This ill timed and unnecessary violence at last raised a general indignation amongst the spectators; loud hisses commenced and abuse of the Scotch soldiers, and some few stones were thrown, one of which hit Gillam, whereupon the Magistrates ordered the Guards to fire, which the infernal scoundrels instantly did, with ball, whereby several persons lost their lives, some of them not being in the mob at all, for the vile assassins fired in all directions, and even across the public high road. One poor woman was killed seated upon a cart-load of hay going by at the time.

At the time the firing commenced I was leaning upon the railing that separated the fields from the road, talking to a gentleman who stood near me, and we were mutually reprobating the infamous conduct of the soldiers and Magistrates when we observed several of the Guards running towards us, and soon they were in pursuit of a man in a scarlet waistcoat, who jumped over the rail within a foot of us, four soldiers being about fifty yards behind him in chase. My new acquaintance and I followed. The pursued man ran round a windmill, when finding himself in danger of being overtaken, he made for an Inn near the Borough, kept by a Mr. Allen, the yard of which he entered, darting through a barn used as a cow house, having a door at each

end, two of the Guards being then close at his heels. At the very instant he passed the second door, the son of Mr. Allen entered by the opposite one, and unluckily having a red waistcoat on, one of the soldiers, upon seeing him, presented his firelock and the young man in a fright dropped on his knees, when the soldier fired killing him upon the spot. All this was the work of a minute, my companion and myself being witnesses of the whole transaction. The mob, now justly irritated at the brutality of the soldiers, became outrageous, and volleys of stones flew in every direction. The soldiers loaded and fired again and again, by which many lives were wantonly sacrificed. It struck both me and my companion as wonderful that the soldier who shot Allen, and his comrades, were suffered to return unmolested, except by hooting and hissing, to the main body, but the uproar then increasing, it was thought a proper precaution to withdraw him from duty, and he was lodged within the prison. The fellow pretended that it was not his intention to have fired, and that his musket went off upon half cock. A very large body of Horse Guards having now joined the foot, galloping round the ground, striking every one they met violently with their broad swords, made the remaining there any longer a service of danger. I therefore proposed leaving the spot, to which my new acquaintance acceded, and we agreed to dine together, during which meal I learnt that his name was Baker, that he resided at Deal, in which town he had a large estate in houses. With this gentleman I afterwards became intimate.

A Coroner's inquest being held upon the mangled corpse of young Allen, after a full investigation of the circumstances, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder by certain persons whose names they could not discover, but whom they had ascertained to be private soldiers in His Majesty's 3rd Regiment of Foot Guards." A monument was erected over the grave, with an inscription stating that the deceased had been barbarously murdered by a party of Scotchmen belonging to the Third Regiment of Guards.

CHAPTER IX

DISGRACED

IN the month of June 1768, my early favorite, Nanny Harris, whom I have already so often mentioned, died, a martyr to a life of excess. The death of this young creature caused me real and unfeigned sorrow.

A great part of the day I generally passed at tennis, billiards, the Red House with Silver Tail, and in every sort of dissipation. Sometimes I went with parties upon the water, and I still continued an uncommonly expert and skilful rower. I was one of the eight proprietors of a rowing cutter, in which we made excursions upon the Thames; wore very smart uniforms, having a waterman in a rich livery to steer us. In the end of June 1768, we performed what was by all the Thames people, and those conversant in such matters, deemed a very extraordinary feat, nothing equal to which had ever been done before. We started from Roberts's, at Lambeth, at high water, being then four o'clock in the morning; reached Gravesend, a distance of forty miles, by half past seven; at nine left it on our return, passed Lambeth a little after twelve, and got to the Castle at Richmond by three, where we dined and remained near four hours; at seven got again on board our cutter, and by half past ten at night landed at Lambeth, having thus rowed ourselves full one hundred and thirty miles in thirteen hours.

In July of the same year, we exhibited ourselves in a very superior style. The Earl of Lincoln, who had a beautiful house at Weybridge, near Walton Bridge, having with him a large party of the nobility, male and female, upon a visit, adopted various modes of amusing them, amongst others

he planned what was termed a Regatta, to which all the gentlemen of the neighbourhood who kept boats were invited. The whole were to assemble at the foot of his Lordship's terrace, from thence in procession (the order of moving being previously arranged) drop gently down with the stream to Hampton Court, in the garden of which an elegant collation was prepared in tents put up for the occasion. After remaining there till towards sunset, they were to pull up again to his seat, where a magnificent dinner awaited them, with fireworks and superb illuminations, the night to conclude with a Ball. This Entertainment we determined to partake of, as far as with propriety and civility we could; and having heard and seen the costly preparations the noble host had made for the reception of his party, we agreed at least not to disgrace the cavalcade we intended to accompany. We accordingly had our cutter entirely new dressed and fitted up. She was painted of a bright azure blue, with gold mouldings and ornaments, the oars and every article finished in the same way, richly embellished with aquatic devices. The awning was of the same colour, in silk, as were the dresses of the eight rowers, the jackets and trousers being trimmed with an uncommonly neat spangle and foil lace, and made easy, so that we could row perfectly well in them. We wore black round hats with very broad gold bands, and small bright blue cockades in front. The ensign was of richest silks; under the awning we had capital French horns and clarinets, the performers being dressed exactly like the rowers.

We sent the cutter, covered with matting, by West Country barge to Walton, where we assembled in the morning of the day of the entertainment, and having equipped ourselves at the inn close to the bridge, we started from thence to attend the Regatta. The novelty, as well as the splendour of our appearance, drew every eye upon us, and we undoubtedly made a very showy and brilliant figure, far surpassing any one of the boats in the procession. We pulled what is called the Man of war's stroke.

The rapid manner in which we moved in all directions and our masterly manœuvres, surprized, and seemed highly to gratify the ladies of the party, so much so that nothing but our boat was attended to. Thus we accompanied the noble party to Hampton Court, at times rowing ahead, and then again dropping astern of the Fleet. Upon bringing too, Lord Lincoln sent a servant to our helmsman to enquire who we were, and having ascertained that we were gentlemen, he very politely came in person to our boat, returned his own and his party's thanks for the great addition we had made to their entertainment, and requested our company, to partake as well of their cold collation as of the dinner in the evening. This we as civilly declined, but our band continued playing alternately with their own while they remained at Hampton Court, his Lordship sending us an abundant supply of refreshments, with ices and iced wines of all sorts. The repast being over, we attended the procession back to Weybridge, our band playing martial tunes whilst the company were landing. Being all on shore, we arose, and took leave with three cheers, which were most cordially returned by the gentlemen and ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and Lord Lincoln again very politely thanking us for our company.

It is scarcely necessary to add that such a life as I led must unavoidably have been attended with a much greater expenditure than my funds admitted of. In July my father proposed taking a journey to Paris, with my mother, sister Mary, and brother Joseph, to see the twins then in the Convent of Panthemont. When preparing for this excursion he was more in London than usual, and soon discovered the irregularity of my conduct; aware that my allowances could not enable me either to dress as I did, or to be so much from home, he desired Mr. Bayley immediately and accurately to investigate my office accounts. This being done accordingly, a deficiency of near five hundred pounds appeared within the last seven months. Disgrace deservedly followed: my father declared himself at a loss how to act, or what to do with me.

In a most disagreeable state of suspense I continued a week, during which I never made my appearance before the family. At the end of that time I thought of applying to my mother to intercede in my favour, and I did so. At first she peremptorily refused, observing that I had behaved so uncommonly ill, and that too after such repeated forgivenesses, that she had not a word to say in my behalf, nor dared she entertain a serious hope that I should ever forsake the evil courses I had so unfortunately fallen into, and, she was sorry to be obliged to add, against which I did not seem to make the slightest struggle. At this period however, I possessed the power of persuasion in a considerable degree, especially with those fond and partial as my mother was, and finally I prevailed. My mother kindly undertook to make the application, and having made it succeeded. Another tender, and to me, truly distressing scene took place between my father and me, at which I made a thousand protestations of altering my habits of life, and I can truly say I once more resolved rigidly to keep my word, and become a new man. My father assured me every thing that had passed should be buried in oblivion, and that no one should ever upbraid me respecting my late irregularities. As a proof of the reliance he placed in me, and the confidence he had in my honour, he said he should leave me sole master of both the Twickenham and St. Albans Street houses, with the keys of the cellars, &c., the use of his saddle horses, and, in short, everything appertaining to town or country; his carriage and pair of horses he intended taking with him to Paris.

On the 6th of August, the family departed for Dover, to which place my father had previously written to hire a vessel to conduct them all across the Channel. On his leaving London he gave me a draft upon his Bankers, Messrs. Drummonds, for seventy odd pounds, also a letter to Mr. Motteux, desiring him to settle an account then subsisting between them, and in case of my calling for it to pay to me whatever the balance in his favour might

be. They left St. Albans Street before five o'clock in the morning, and as I had got up to see them depart, I then returned to my bed to finish my sleep. At ten I arose fully determined to act correctly, and in no way betray the confidence my father had so generously placed in me.

It being the long vacation, and Circuit time, there was little to do in the office. I therefore resolved to pass a couple of days at Twickenham, principally with a view to avoid encountering any of my dissolute companions, and keeping myself out of the way of temptation. At noon I mounted a beautiful blood mare of my father's, and rode to Twickenham, where I dined and passed the rest of the day with our neighbour, Mr. Hindley. The next morning I went over to Hampton, to enquire about a Cricket match, which had been made more than a month before by the Duke of Dorset, between Eleven Gentlemen who had been educated at Westminster, and Eleven of Eton, in which I was nominated as one of the former, being considered a famous stop behind wicket. At the Inn I was informed that great enquiries had been made after me, and much surprize expressed at my not attending the days of practice, of which due notice had been sent, and I certainly received, but this happening during my disgrace I could not leave home. I further learnt that it was to be played the following Wednesday on Moulsey Hurst, for twenty guineas each person, the amount to be given to the poor of the two parishes of Moulsey and Hampton. Any one of either side neglecting to attend on the day was to forfeit twenty guineas. The hour of pitching the wickets was eleven.

The next day I returned to Town, and immediately went to Queen Ann Street, not having seen my fair friend Fanny Hartford for a fortnight, though I had written her a particular account of all that had occurred in my family. She most heartily congratulated me upon the good resolutions I had made, and no Bishop could have penned a better lecture upon morality than she did, strenuously advising me to shew myself deserving of the

good opinion my father entertained of me, and worthy of the implicit confidence he had placed in me. Above all things she recommended me to persevere in my determination of keeping out of the way of temptation, by avoiding all my gay associates, fairly confessing she had no other reliance upon any of my good resolutions than that of my avoiding evil example. "If," said she, "you will put yourself under my care, I will engage to save your honour, so seriously given in deposit to your father. Come to my house as often as your requisite attention to business will permit. We will go together to the public places that are open, and I shall at least have the merit of keeping you out of harm's way." For two days I did so, when mentioning the Cricket match she exerted all her persuasive powers to prevent my going to it, saying she would cheerfully pay double the forfeit rather than have me there, and she did every thing she could devise to deter me from making one of the set. I argued that I could be in no danger from going ; the party consisting of none but young men of the best connexions, several of fashion and large fortune, the head of it being His Grace of Dorset—also Lord Francis Osborne, Lords Bulkeley and Molesworth, my old friend Bob Henley, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, Mr. Colquhoun, Ramus, Pinnock, &c., not one of my London acquaintances being likely to be present. She at last, though very unwillingly, consented to my going, exacting a faithful promise that I would avoid excess in wine at the dinner which I had told her was to be at the Toy after the match was over.

The next morning, being Tuesday, I went to Drummonds and received the amount of my father's draft, which was paid in the Portuguese coin of half Joes, or six and thirty shilling pieces, at that time made current in Great Britain. I then called to say adieu to Hartford, who renewed her endeavours to prevent my going, but finding me inflexible, she contented herself with very gravely requesting me to bear in mind my sacred promises to my father and mother, I again assuring her, as the

fact was, that I run no risk whatever from the Cricket party. I then went home, put on my boots, and by way of lounging away an hour walked into the Park, intending to pass through it up Constitution hill and to Hall's stables, near Hyde Park Corner, where my father's horses then stood. Unhappily for me, in the Mall, I met two young men to whom I was very partial, brothers, of the name of Williams, both born in the West Indies, from whence they had been sent to England for education by their Guardians, and had been in England about five years when I first became acquainted with them. They were lively, pleasing lads, according to fame living at a rate greatly beyond their means. They expressed much joy at meeting me saying, I must join a nice snug little party at the Shakespear that day. This I pronounced impossible, telling them I was then on my way to Twickenham, and that the following day I was to play in a great Cricket match upon Moulsey Hurst. They continued walking by my side, soliciting me to join their gay set, which need not interfere at all with the Cricket ; that Vincent and Newton (two remarkably pleasant women) were to be present, and that it was a choice party, one after my own heart. I resisted long, but finally agreed to attend, determining however within myself to avoid excess and to leave them early. Alas !—I never could depend upon myself when once embarked in convivial society. The consequences of that, to me, fatal night, gave an extraordinary turn to the whole tenor of my future life. Instead therefore of proceeding to Twickenham, I merely took a ride in Hyde Park, returned to Hall's and desired the mare might be saddled and ready for me at nine o'clock in the evening, by which hour I should be there again.

Booted and spurred as I was, I then went to the Shakespear, where I found the two Williams's, a man of the name of Jennings, a great sportsman, who kept several racers, and lived in a most dashing style, though no one knew from whence his resources came, a Captain Taylor, who commanded the *Hampshire*, East

Indiaman, Lowry, an eminent Banker's son, Clapereau, a remarkably handsome youth, who was afterwards for some years a companion of the Prince of Wales, the above mentioned Misses Vincent and Newton, with two other equally jovial damsels. The whole party, male and female, were of the description yclept "hard goers." This did not alarm me, for in those days I could keep way with the best of them at fair drinking. After my spirits were exhilarated by a liberal dose of champagne (still keeping in mind my determination to go to Twickenham that night) one of the waiters came in and said a gentleman wished to speak with me. I went out and found Tomkins, the master of the house, who directly said :

"I sent for you, Mr. Hickey, to put you on your guard. You are in bad company such as you should avoid; above all things avoid getting drunk. Take my advice as a well wisher; I promised Tethrington and your brother, if ever I saw you in danger, to protect you. You are so now, so take care."

I felt all he said, and assured him I would be on my guard and leave the party immediately. Upon my return into the room Newton was singing one of her best and most convivial songs, in the progress of which at least half a dozen bumpers were toped down. Her example was followed by Vincent in a song of the same kind. I was next called upon, and sung "Let poor priggish Parsons, &c." By the time I had finished, so much wine was in my head that prudence and all my good intentions were drowned; none then so vociferous for more champagne as myself, and, as was always the case with me when at a certain pitch of intoxication, I became desperate, drank past all recollection, and of what ensued during several subsequent hours I was wholly insensible, but collected the various circumstances at subsequent periods, and from different persons. Between eight and nine o'clock it seems the women, tired of drinking, proposed going to tea at the Pack horse, Turnham Green, and there have a swing. Carriages were ordered and away we went, I being drunk

as a beast. After tea, Jennings proposed a supper at Stacey's the Bedford Arms in Covent Garden, which was vehemently opposed by Captain Taylor, and Clapereau, who from shirking the wine had kept tolerably sober; I was decidedly for the supper, which was therefore determined on and to Stacey's we went, Clapereau accompanying, solely with the humane intention of rescuing me from the fangs of the harpies he saw I was the object of. He therefore begged and entreated me to let him carry me home, which only excited my anger and indignation. After submitting to the grossest abuse from me for a long time, he at last got up, told the triumvirate that he knew I had a considerable sum of money about me and was too stupidly drunk to take care of myself, that they were therefore bound in honour to protect and take care of me, and with this hint to them that he suspected their intentions, he left me to my fate. The three worthies, Jennings and the Williams's, having thus succeeded in getting me to themselves picked my pocket!—literally so, as I have every reason to believe.

My first return of sense or recollection was upon waking in a strange, dismal looking room, my head aching horridly, pains of a violent nature in every limb, and deadly sickness at the stomach. From the latter I was in some degree relieved by a very copious vomiting. Getting out of bed, I looked out of the only window in the room, but saw nothing but the backs of old houses, from which various miserable emblems of poverty were displayed, such as ragged shifts, petticoats, and other parts of female wardrobes hanging to dry. I next took up my breeches to examine the pockets; well stored as they had been the preceding day not a sixpence remained. My gold watch and appendages were likewise gone. To describe my feelings, mental and bodily, upon this occasion would require a much abler pen than mine. At that moment I do not believe in the world there existed a more wretched creature than myself.

I passed some minutes in a state little short of des-

pair; I rung a bell I found in the room for the purpose of ascertaining where I had got to, and other particulars. No one answered until I had three or four times repeated my application to the bell rope, when at last a yawning man, who seemed half asleep, made his appearance immediately exclaiming, "Good God, how drunk and riotous you was, Sir! I never saw anything to equal it." I enquired where I was, observing that the night before I had a considerable sum of money, of which nothing was left, my watch, chain, and seals being also gone. The man replied that I was at the Cross Keys Bagnio, in Little Russell Street, Drury Lane, having been brought there by the watchmen at five o'clock in the morning, in woeful plight; that the watchmen said I had been turned out of Wetherby's, which they were not surprized at, for so noisy and ungovernable a young gentleman they never before met with; that they were obliged to summon a number ere they could secure me, which having effected, they had determined to convey me to Covent Garden watch house, there to wait the rising of a Magistrate. But two of those respectable Guardians of the night stood my friends, saying they knew me well from frequenting the houses in that neighbourhood, and that I had given them many a shilling to drink; one of the waiters also coming out from Wetherby's became a zealous advocate for me, and assuring the watchmen I was a generous fellow who would amply reward them, he recommended their carrying me to the Cross Keys, in the same Street, which they accordingly did, I resisting as long as I was able; that upon giving me into the hands of the waiters the watchmen pointed out that I had lost one of my silver spurs, they knew not where, but supposed whilst I was struggling with them, but that my watch was safe, the waiter pulling it from his fob. He further said he had searched my breeches pockets in presence of the watchmen, and found them quite empty. The recovery of my watch, which was a valuable one, was some consolation. I found it was then just nine o'clock.

Whilst putting on my clothes, the waiter assisting me, he observed on taking up my coat there was something sounded like money. Whereupon, feeling in the pocket, I, to my inexpressible joy, found seven half Joes, or six and thirtys, and from the other pocket I took a letter which proved to be my father's to Mr. Motteux enclosing the draft for balance of an account. This was like a reprieve to a man under sentence of death; I liberally rewarded the waiter and watchmen, two of whom I was informed were waiting at the door for me, and although so ill that I could scarcely hold up my head, I got into a hackney coach, directing to be driven to St. Albans Street. I vomited out of the coach window the whole way to the great entertainment of the foot passengers.

On my arrival at home, the servants were shocked to see the condition I was in, looking pale as a corpse. They strenuously recommended my going to bed, but that I declared absolutely impossible, as I must be at Moulsey in little more than an hour. The clearing my stomach of the vile stuff it contained had in some measure relieved me, though I still had an excruciating head ache.

Whilst changing my clothes the servants prepared some very strong coffee, which proved of infinite benefit. Having washed, put on clean linen, and had my hair dressed, I again stepped into the same coach that brought me home, and drove to Hall's stables, stopping on the way to purchase a new pair of spurs, and a whip, for that was also lost. By the time I mounted the mare it was a quarter past ten, so that I had only three quarters to go twelve miles in. I made the noble animal (always willing enough to dash on) put her best leg foremost, and notwithstanding a horrible head ache, and at times sickness, I went at speed the whole distance, the clock striking eleven just as I entered Hampton. I found the contending parties then in the act of crossing the Thames, having got a volunteer to supply my place as they had given me up. I instantly followed and thus saved my credit and my money.

Our party proved successful, after a hard match. As the

Westminsters insisted, we should have won easier had I played as usual, but I was so ill all the time that I let several balls pass me that ought not to have done so, by which our adversaries gained a number of notches. We then adjourned to the Toy, where a magnificent dinner was prepared, no part of which could I relish, the loss of my money the night before, and the early forfeiture of my promises to my parents, weighing heavy on my spirits. Even champagne failed to cheer me ; I could not rally. The moment therefore the bill was called for, and our proportions adjusted and paid, I mounted my mare, and in sober sadness gently rode to my father's at Twickenham, a distance of between two and three miles.

I never could account for the seven pieces of gold, and the draft upon Motteux, being in my coat pockets, nor how they came there, unless, with the degree of cunning that lunatics generally shew, the same sentiment operating with me drunk as I was, I secreted them by shifting them from my breeches to my coat with the idea of saving something. Clear it is, I think, that my scoundrel companions would not have let even that small proportion of the booty escape them, had they known I possessed it. Possibly my father's draft upon Motteux they might have left as useless, from not having my endorsement upon it.

Whilst upon the subject, I may as well conclude the account of this transaction, and the history of the three plunderers. The way I discovered the robbery was this : Walking in St. James's park, near three months after the circumstance above related had happened, one of the Williams's joined me, and, after the customary salutations were exchanged, he began to speak of the Shakespear and Bedford Arms party, observing how much concerned he had been at my obstinately persevering in my determination to play, notwithstanding the rest opposed it, whereby I had been a sufferer. Conscious, and certain as I was, that in the whole course of my life I never was the person to propose gambling, nor ever played at

any games but tennis and billiards, and that for amusement, but at the same time anxious to gain all the information I could relative to that night, I appeared to acquiesce in all he said, observing that it arose from my being so abominably drunk. I added that I had paid dearly for my folly, having lost near seventy pounds. Whereupon Williams, with great quickness, replied :

" Oh no ! not near so much, you did not lose more than fifty pounds, at most."

I then said :

" Why really, my head was so full of wine that I have a very imperfect recollection about the matter, and do not even remember what we played at."

" Dear ! " answered Williams, " I wonder you forget that, because it was you that named the game of Brag, declaring you would play at nothing else."

" And pray," asked I, " how did I perform ? Like a novice I suspect."

" Oh no, very well, and sharp enough I assure you."

" That's not a little extraordinary," said I, " for it so happens that I never played, or even saw the game of Brag played in the course of my life, nor do I at this moment know a single card at it."

The rascal looked quite confounded, began to hem and haw, to talk of the weather, horse racing, and other matters in quick succession, when finding I made no answer to any of the subjects he thus broached, he affected to see a person he wanted to speak to upon business of importance and suddenly darted off.

Having learnt the above circumstances from one of the party concerned, I immediately went to Stacey to ask some further particulars. He made no difficulty in telling me that Jennings was the person who called for cards, and that two packs were taken up, neither of which were opened, and he was positive no cards were played at all. " Indeed," added he, " you was so drunk as to be utterly incapable of knowing what you was about, and I recommended that a Chair should be called for to

convey you home, to which the gentlemen acceded, and I ordered a waiter to call one." Thus it is beyond all doubt that they actually picked my pocket! The fate of these three men was extraordinary. The elder Williams shortly afterwards was thrown from his horse at Guildford races and broke his neck; the younger brother having run out of every thing was thrown into the Fleet prison by his creditors, where being in want of the common necessaries of life, he finished his career by putting a pistol to his head. Jennings was taken up for a highway robbery, tried, and but for the leniency of his prosecutor must have suffered at Tyburn. He was transported for life. So much for my three precious friends.

CHAPTER X

THE LAST STRAW

I REMAINED at Twickenham the following day, being far from recovered from my debauch of two days before. In the evening feeling better, I went to Kew Gardens to see some fireworks, which were to be exhibited in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, at which the King of Denmark, then just arrived in England, was present. From Kew I returned to sleep at Twickenham. On the morning of the 14th I mounted my horse and rode to town. I found Mr. Bayley at his post, but as I had requested his permission to be absent a few days on account of the Cricket match, nothing was said to me on that subject, except his remarking that I looked very ill. After staying a few hours in the office, I walked up to Fanny Hartford's, but she had left town that morning for a short time. On my return I casually met my brother Henry, who told me Tethrington and three other jolly dogs were to meet him at Mrs. Harrington's, at Charing Cross, that day, and there dine, and he asked me to join them, which I consented to and accordingly went, but an unaccountable depression of spirits so harassed me I could not get on. The party rallied me and plied champagne and burgundy. It was in vain, and finding this, Tethrington kindly advised me to go home to bed, and he had no doubt I should be perfectly well the next day and able to enjoy the society of the same set who were to meet and dine together at the Rose tavern.

I did as recommended and had a tolerable night's rest; still, I rose sadly dejected, and after taking a long ride, feeling myself unequal to encounter the gaiety of the Rose party, I took a solitary meal at Slaughter's at an early hour. In the afternoon I walked towards Chelsea intending to cross over to the Red house, but at Pimlico

I was overtaken by some acquaintances who said they were going to see Balloni played, an Italian game then just come into fashion and played at a public house at Pimlico. As I had never seen it I joined them and looked on until dusk, when we went into the house to which the Balloni ground was attached, and drank coffee. It was then proposed to spend the rest of the evening at Vauxhall, whither we all went, but the same lowness of spirits oppressing me I left the party, and taking a boat I landed at Westminster Bridge, from whence I walked to Queen Ann Street, hoping to revive in the society of my fair friend, but she not being returned to town, I resolved to go quietly home.

Upon reaching St. Albans Street, about eleven at night, I knocked with, I knew not why, a tremulous hand and an uneasy sensation I could not account for, which was increased by seeing the street door opened by a man servant who had attended the family to France; at the same moment I observed trunks in the passage. This servant looked melancholy and distressed, but uttered not a word. My first idea was that some fatal accident had occurred, and I eagerly enquired for my father. The servant replied, "My master, Sir, is above in his bed chamber, extremely ill." I then concluded this illness had occasioned their sudden return, until asking after my mother the same servant, bursting into tears, said, "My poor mistress is dead."

This event so sudden, so entirely unexpected, gave me the severest shock I ever felt. It instantly came across my mind that in those moments I was spending in riot, drunkenness and excess, my revered parent was breathing her last. Conscience smote me severely, I had nothing to palliate my conduct, and I retired to my room grievously oppressed in mind, looking forward with terror to a meeting with my father, a meeting I was every way so ill prepared for, but which I every moment expected to be summoned to, feeling too utterly at a loss what to say for having so shamefully forfeited my honour.

My grief for the death of a fond and partial mother was ardent and sincere. I however derived a melancholy consolation from feeling that she had left the world unacquainted with my last folly, and scandalous breach of promise. I sat myself down upon my bed without taking off my clothes. During the night I closed not my eyes, and heard a constant bustle and running up and down stairs until five in the morning, when worn out by anxiety and want of rest, I sunk into a disturbed, unrefreshing slumber for a couple of hours, when I rose and softly opening my door I looked out. Every thing being quiet, I descended to the kitchen, where one of the maids was sitting, who to my utter astonishment informed me that my father and sister had set off in a post chaise for Twickenham before six o'clock. This I own was a relief, as it afforded me time to prepare for the meeting I so much dreaded with my father. She further told me that upon my father's leaving town my elder brother retired to his chamber, desiring not to be disturbed until he rang his bell, as he had been several nights with scarce any sleep. This servant was ignorant whether my father had made enquiries about me or not.

Upon my brother's coming down, he informed me that they had embarked on board a commodious vessel that had been hired for my father on the morning of the 8th of August, with a strong wind from the Northward. My poor mother, who always had a great dread of the sea, was extremely sick, as were the whole family. For two hours she remained up on deck, when being quite exhausted and faint from excessive vomiting, she took the Captain's advice by going down to the cabin to which she was assisted by him and the cabin boy, neither of the servants being able to move. In a few minutes the boy returned up on deck, telling my father the lady had laid down upon the bed, and was better, appearing to be in a doze. In little more than half an hour afterwards they entered Calais Pier, where all motion ceasing every one became instantly well, and Molly Jones, descending to inform my mother, screamed out that her mistress was dead. My father and every one else thereupon rushed

towards the cabin. It was alas too true, the vital spark had for ever fled, though she looked as if in a tranquil sleep, and she who only three hours before was in the full vigour of health and spirits, now lay an inanimate, breathless corpse.

My father's distress and agony was beyond description. Naturally of uncommonly strong passions, and possessed of extraordinary sensibility, the blow so unlooked for, so awfully sudden, nearly overwhelmed him. Fortunate it was that my brother Joseph was of the party. Though equally feeling the irreparable loss he had sustained, he had more command over himself than my father, and sensible that the peculiarity of their situation required the most active exertions, the first step he took was to procure the best medical aid that Calais afforded. Two French Physicians and a Surgeon went on board the vessel, who, upon inspection and examination of the body were all of opinion that life was irrecoverably gone, and the cause, apoplexy, probably brought on from extreme terror.

These important points being thus ascertained, my brother then applied to the Master, or Captain of the vessel, forthwith to convey the family and my mother's corpse back to Dover. But this he said was not in his power to do, being engaged to transport part of the Danish monarch's suite across the Channel, as was the case with every other vessel then at Calais, nor indeed could any thing possibly get out of the pier, the wind blowing hard and directly into the harbour. In this truly distressing situation my father and family were not only obliged to quit the sloop, but to have the corpse landed also, which the very hour it took place, the police and clergy interfered, claiming all the property of the deceased from being an heretic.

With much trouble and at a considerable expense my brother at last got all matters arranged. Two days elapsed before the King of Denmark's people were embarked, and two more ere my brother could procure a vessel to convey himself and our family to Dover. In the interim my mother's corpse had been enclosed in a leaden coffin, and

on the 18th was put on board a small fishing vessel in which the family also embarked, except the coachman who was left in charge of the carriage and horses, which the boat was not large enough to receive. At ten the next morning they landed at Dover, and immediately set off post for London, Molly Jones and another female servant remaining to attend the corpse, which Messrs. Minet and Factor of Dover, had undertaken to forward in a proper manner to town.

My brother also told me that my father upon his arrival had made particular enquiries about me, but had declined seeing Mr. Bayley, from being too ill and too much agitated. He had however requested him to go down to Twickenham the next day. The same evening (the 17th of August) the hearse containing my mother's body, and a mourning coach with the servants, reached St. Albans Street.

The following morning before eight o'clock, Mr. Bayley, who also resided in St. Albans Street, sent for me to tell me he had the preceding day been to my father at Twickenham, whom he found in a most pitiable state and so dreadfully affected by the misfortune that had happened, that he really apprehended it would break his heart. "I was so shocked at finding him so ill" (added Mr. Bayley) "that I dared nor venture to say how ill you had behaved, and how little I had seen of you at the office during the ten days of his absence, but, William, the hour of reckoning is at hand; your father will require your presence the moment he acquires strength enough to bear the interview. Prepare therefore for it, and if you can, to account for your conduct since he has been away. Let me also have a statement of the cash he left with you, which ought to be entire, as I see by the book you have not disbursed a shilling for the office."

I then briefly and candidly represented to Mr. Bayley every circumstance that had occurred, and the consequences to me, returning to him the draft upon Motteux, which was all that remained. He was sadly shocked, yet, seeing my contrition and how much I was distressed, he humanely

forebore all reproaches, merely observing he could not but dread the effect a discovery of my misconduct would have upon my poor father.

In three days after my interview with Mr. Bayley, I attended my mother's funeral. She was buried in a vault constructed for the purpose in Twickenham Churchyard, the service being performed with great solemnity by Dr. Duval, the then Rector. Previous to this last sad ceremony my father removed from his own house at Twickenham to my Uncle Boulton's at Coleherne, near Kensington, where he was informed of every particular relative to me, and I was desired to attend in person at Coleherne the following Sunday morning. Could the meeting by any means have been avoided, I know not what sacrifice I would not have made in preference to encountering it, but as I knew it was unavoidable and must take place, I began to consider how I should act. At one time I thought it would be most prudent to plead guilty and throw myself upon my father's mercy, but then conscience told me I had so frequently done the same that I could neither flatter myself with the hope of forgiveness, nor of having the smallest reliance placed in anything I should say or any promises I might make. I then thought of declaring myself incapable of fixing steadily to any thing, and that I must submit to be forsaken and left to my fate. In short I planned twenty different ways for conducting myself when before my father, every one of which were forgotten and abandoned upon seeing the grief worn countenance, the deadly yet strongly speaking melancholy impressed upon his sorrowful and expressive features. I was struck dumb with grief at beholding my much loved, indulgent and honoured parent in such a lamentable state, and at my having instead of being as I ought to have been a comforter, and a soother of his calamity, been an additional thorn in his side, an aggravator of his misery. Upon entering the chamber he was in, I burst into a passion of tears, bordering upon convulsion. The source of my father's was dried up, quite exhausted he uttered not a syllable, but looked so

agonized that my uncle, who was present, alarmed for his life eagerly and instantly taking hold of my arm led me out of the room. For ten days I saw no more of my father. At the end of that time I was again summoned to his room, he being still at Coleherne. I found him composed, but looking dreadfully ill, thin and pale. He languidly said :

" William, I lament that you should once more have deceived and disappointed me." Then pausing and covering his face with both hands for some moments, he continued : " But I have observed that plans fondly laid by parents for their children very early in life, are seldom or never made effectual. It has pleased an all wise providence to heap upon me accumulated afflictions, but God's will be done, it is as much my duty as my inclination humbly to bow to these visitations. As I find you cannot settle yourself to any thing in your native land, we must try another line and another country for you, and may the Almighty in his unbounded goodness vouchsafe to turn your heart. I still believe, notwithstanding all that has passed, that your wish is to do right, and that you are not void of sensibility and generosity, but resolution, or control over your passions you have none. Through life, young as you are, you have hitherto suffered them heedlessly to run away with you, even without a struggle." After another pause he added : " Since I saw you last I have procured for you the situation of a cadet in the East India Company's service, and God grant you may do better in future than you have hitherto. And now leave me, I feel too weak and exhausted to say more."

On my way back to London I reflected very seriously upon recent events, and the important change about to take place respecting myself, but as novelty is everything to a youthful mind, more cheerful ideas soon predominated, and I looked forward with something like pleasure.

In the middle of September, several friends having recommended my father to go to some place at a distance, in order to try to get rid of a nervous affection that preyed upon his spirits, he resolved to visit Bath and to take me

with him. In three days after we accordingly set off in my father's post chaise, attended by one man servant. After remaining one week at Bath, we went to Bristol, and from thence crossed the water into Wales, which we traversed until we reached Flint, at which town resided Mr. Chetwood and family, consisting of a wife, and three grown up, fine young women daughters, Ann, Hessy, and Elizabeth, with all of whom I was acquainted, they having spent some time with us at Twickenham. These were the girls that caused the sudden dispersion of my mouthful of peas already mentioned.

During our sojourn with this worthy family, my father's health and spirits materially improved. He would not, however, stay any longer, being anxious to get to London in order to prepare for my departure to the East. On the 6th of October therefore we took leave of the Chetwoods, and on the 9th arrived in St. Albans Street. During this excursion my father often, although with great moderation and temper, touched upon my follies and irregularities, earnestly beseeching me to learn to check my passions, and not, as thentofore had been the case, to yield to every temptation that presented itself. He particularly dwelt upon the necessity of my doing so as I was now going into the world my own master, with no parent's watchful attention to check or advise, that my first and principal object must be scrupulously and cautiously to avoid gaming and gamesters, which otherwise would prove my bane and ruin. I then assured him, as the fact was, that I had never in my life lost a guinea at any one time, never touched cards or dice, and although I had certainly played much at tennis and at billiards, I had done so solely for amusement and at the expense only of the court or tables with the exception of losing a few sixpences to the people I played with at billiards, as I have before mentioned.

It was evident that my father doubted my asseveration, for he observed, if the fact had been so it was utterly impossible I could have got rid of the large sums of money I

had squandered within the last two years, and notwithstanding my continued assurances that such was the case, he still doubted my word, giving me a serious lecture upon the very ungentlemanlike and disgraceful practice of swerving from the truth upon any occasion. He further said that the company I had kept was a flat and positive proof that I disguised the truth. The fair presumption being so much against me, I ceased to attempt any further defence, but assured my father he need be under no fears about my gambling in future. He then gave me permission to get what clothes I pleased made up, that he would accompany me into the City to learn what things were proper and necessary for me, and that with all such I should be supplied.

A few days after our return to town my father took me to visit Sir George Colebrooke, the director who had nominated me a cadet. The Baronet received us with great politeness, telling my father it afforded him pleasure to have had it in his power to comply with his request. He said he had appointed me for Madras in preference to Bengal, which was by many considered the most advantageous for a military man, because the coast of Coromandel was then the seat of an active war with Hyder Ali, and consequently more likely to give promotion to a young soldier, and that instead of remaining a cadet two, three, or four years, as would probably happen to those who went the ensuing season to Bengal, I should obtain a commission in the Madras army upon landing.

From Sir George Colebrooke's, we went to Mr. Laurence Sullivan's, then a man of great influence and a leading Director. He likewise was very kind, and promised to give letters that would be of essential service to me. He recommended my father to lose no time in securing a passage for me, as the ships would all be much crowded. From Mr. Sullivan's we went to the India house, where I was introduced to Mr. Coggan, one of the Company's principal officers, who being then very busy desired I would call the following morning and he would put me

in the way of doing what was requisite. I accordingly did so, when he gave me a printed list of necessaries for a writer, observing that most of the articles therein specified would be equally useful to a military man, only I must recollect in addition to take a few yards of scarlet, blue, green, and yellow cloths, in order to make up regimentals according to the corps to which I should be attached, the Infantry wearing scarlet, but with different facings of blue, yellow, or Green, the Artillery like his Majesty's, blue with scarlet facings, and the Engineers scarlet faced with black velvet. He advised me to try for a passage to Madras in the *Plassey*, and gave me a letter of introduction to Captain Waddell, who commanded her and who was a particular friend of his. This letter I delivered the same day to Captain Waddell at his house in Golden Square. He received me with much civility, saying that although he had determined not to take any more passengers than he had already got, he could not refuse his friend Mr. Coggan, and room must therefore be made for me. He told me he expected to sail early in December, and that I, as well as every body else, must be on board prior to the ship's leaving Gravesend. I next ascertained what was to be paid, and found it to be fifty guineas for a seat at the Captain's table. I then went to my father's tailor, Anthony Marcelis, of Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, to order regimentals, but not knowing to what corps I should be appointed, I conceived the best thing I could do would be to have a suit of each description, which I directed accordingly. Upon my way from Marcelis I met in the street a dashing fellow in a scarlet frock, with black waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, which in my eyes appeared remarkably smart. I therefore returned instantly to the tailor to bespeak a similar dress, as I was then in mourning for my mother. Marcelis suggested an improvement, which was to have the coat lined with black silk, and black buttons and button holes, which not only looked better than the plain red, but was more appropriate as military mourning.

Mr. Walter Taylor, a very old friend of my father's, presented me with a beautiful cut and thrust steel sword, desiring me to cut off half a dozen rich fellow's heads with it, and so return a Nabob myself to England. In three days after I received this sword, my clothes being sent home, I burst forth a *martial* buck of the first stamp, and not a little vain was I of the figure I made. I seldom appeared two successive days in the same dress; my intimates beheld me with astonishment, observing I was going abroad in a splendid style. Some of my brother Joseph's acquaintances enquired what the devil regiment I had got into, for that they met me in half a dozen different uniforms in as many days. I was now a gentleman at large, thinking myself at perfect liberty to make the most of the short time I had to remain in London.

About this period my brother Henry proposed introducing me to a society he said he was sure I should like, and in the evening took me to the Globe tavern in Craven Street when I was directly initiated as a *Buck*, and as Henry had predicted, was much pleased, all being laugh and pleasantry. I found a set of young men accoutred in splendid ornaments, arranged in great form, one who presided being elevated about three feet above the rest. In about an hour after my admission all the business of the meeting being finished, the Lodge was closed, when every person did as he pleased. Some ordered supper in detached parties of from three to six, others only drank wine, or punch, as fancy led. The eating being over, the best singing I ever heard commenced. There I first had the pleasure to hear Dodd, the player, sing his famous song of "Cease rude Boreas," and a charming performance he made it. He was followed by Hook, Champnes, Banister, Dibdin, and many other celebrated voices, who were all Members of the Lodge, which was distinguished by the name of "The Euphrates." There I spent a night of infinite gratification.

Shortly after my admission, John Wilkes, then a prisoner in the King's Bench, was proposed as an honorary Brother,

which being unanimously agreed to, a deputation was nominated, of which they did me the honour to make me one, to communicate the same to him, to pass through the customary ceremonials and invest him with the Insignia of the Order. Having given him due notice, we two days after waited upon him at his apartments in the King's Bench prison, where he received us most graciously, expressed himself highly honoured and flattered by the attention of so ancient and respectable a society as the Bucks, upon which he bestowed an elegant encomium. Of his speech he, upon our special request, gave a copy in writing, which we begged his permission to have inserted in the registry of the Lodge, which was done accordingly. There were many other Lodges in London, all of which occasionally visited each other in all their state. In November the Lodge called "The Macedonian" gave a very splendid entertainment at the London tavern to upwards of six hundred ladies and gentlemen, at which I was present.

In the midst of dissipation my poor mother's recent death was, I am ashamed to say, almost forgotten, yet in my minutes of reflection which would sometimes occur, I upbraided myself for thus soon nearly forgetting a fond and affectionate parent, as she had ever proved to me.

The first time I appeared in my scarlet and black, I committed a sad solecism in dress by wearing my military sword. Of this error I was unconscious until told of it by a young man who perfectly understood the etiquette of dress, and he said I was very wrong, that the sword should be black, with a sword loveknot of black. Of course I lost no time in equipping myself "comme il faut." My father made no complaint of my having such a variety of clothes, but much as to the cut of them. Making double breasted coats for such a climate as the East Indies he pronounced preposterous and absurd, yet in this he was mistaken. Officers in India dress precisely the same (in point of coat at least) as in Europe, and although certainly absurd in such extreme heat, actually button the lapel close up to the throat.

My attached Fanny Hartford was much pleased with my appearance *en militaire*, but grieved at thinking she was so soon to lose me. As she, like myself, had never seen the inside of a ship, I early in November proposed taking her to Gravesend, where the *Plassey* then lay taking in cargo. To this she consented, and we went down, and were received with the utmost attention by the commanding officer, Mr. Peter Douglas, the third mate, who conducted us through every part of the ship, explaining the uses of the different articles. He made a thousand apologies for the dirty state of the ship, which he said was unavoidable whilst receiving the cargo, but that if he had previously known we were coming things should have been in somewhat less disorder, and he would have prepared refreshments, whereas he now had nothing better to offer than a beef steak. We thanked him for his politeness, observing we had ordered dinner at the Inn, and should be happy if he would favour us with his company, which he promised he would.

The ship certainly was in a sad dirty plight, but Mr. Douglas's cabin was an exception to the general filth, being neatness itself, and most elegantly fitted up. It was painted of a light pea green, with gold beading, the bed and curtains of the richest Madras chintz, one of the most complete dressing tables I ever saw, having every useful article in it; a beautiful bureau and book case, stored with the best books, and three neat mahogany chairs, formed the furniture. In all my subsequent voyages I never saw so handsome an apartment in a ship. He said if we would wait until he changed his dress, he would attend us on shore. This we willingly agreed to, and found abundant entertainment in looking about the Round house, where every thing was quite new to us.

At three in the afternoon we landed, and set down in half an hour afterwards to as good a dinner as the cook of the Falcon Inn could furnish. We luckily found the champagne very passable, and gave our guest as much as he chose of it. He stayed with us till past midnight, when he returned

on board the *Plassey*, promising to spend the following day with us. Upon taking leave of me that night he expressed himself as being delighted with the beauty and the elegant manners of Hartford, and often since has declared to me that the two days he passed with her and me were amongst the pleasantest of his life. He was in our sitting room at the Falcon when I went down before 9 o'clock next morning, and whilst we were at breakfast, observing it was a charming day, he proposed by way of filling up the morning, to order a chaise and go to Chatham, where as he had a relation in the Dockyard he could procure for us a sight of every thing worthy inspection, and as we had been pleased by seeing a dirty East Indiaman in her very worst state, he was sure the view of a first rate, in the best order, would afford us high gratification. Fanny liking the excursion, desired I would order the carriage, and at half past ten, Douglas was agreeably surprised by getting into a very stylish post chaise (Fanny's own) with four post horses, being attended by her coachman, and man servant (the latter an inveterate coxcomb) on horse back. We proceeded to Chatham, and enquiring for Douglas's friend, who was the Master builder, our chaise was instantly admitted within the gates, and the gentleman, whose name I do not recollect, being summoned, immediately came and conducted us to his house, a spacious and handsome building, where, ordering chocolate and other refreshments, whilst they were preparing he gave directions for different persons to be called, ordering them to open the different warehouses and store houses. He then took us into every one of them, shewing us cordage, sails, masts, yards, and a variety of articles appertaining to ships of war, to the amount in value of near a million of money. He then conducted us to a Ninety Gun ship that had just been repaired and refitted, the magnitude of which astonished us; he next shewed us every part of a Seventy Four that was upon the stocks building, and explained the nature of the ways or slips by which she was to be launched.

Having spent upwards of five hours in the most agreeable manner surveying a thousand objects as novel as they were interesting to us, we returned to the house intending directly to get into the chaise, and proceed to Gravesend, where I had ordered dinner, but our liberal host would not hear of a departure, saying, without his orders, no carriage would be suffered to draw up, for he was lord paramount, in which capacity he commanded us to stay and partake of his dinner, which would be served in a few minutes. His manner was so hospitable, so polite and engaging, that neither of the party had the least wish to decline his proffered civility, and at five we sat down to a table sumptuously covered, being joined by a Captain of a man of war, and a fine youth of about eighteen, the builder's son. A desert and excellent wines followed, nor would he allow us to move until near eleven at night, when we got into our carriage and returned to Gravesend, very much pleased with our day's entertainment. Mr. Douglas, who as commanding officer, was bound to sleep on board his ship, then took his leave and went off. The following morning, after breakfast, Fanny and I went back to London.

CHAPTER XI

TO THE EAST AS A CADET

TOWARDS the end of the month (November) by desire of Mr. Coggan, I attended before a Committee of Directors to undergo the usual examination as a cadet. Being called into the Committee room after a waiting of near two hours in the lobby, at which my pride was greatly offended, I saw three old Dons sitting close to the fire, having by them a large table, with pens, ink, paper, and a number of books lying upon it. Having surveyed me, as I conceived, rather contemptuously, one of them in such a snivelling strange tone that I could scarcely understand him, said :

"Well, young gentleman, what is your age ? "

Having answered "Nineteen," he continued :

"Have you ever served, I mean been in the army ? Though I presume from your age and appearance you cannot."

I replied, "I had not."

"Can you go through the manual exercise ? "

"No, sir."

"Then you must take care and learn it."

I bowed.

"You know the terms upon which you enter our service? "

"Yes, Sir."

"Are you satisfied therewith ? "

"Yes, Sir."

A Clerk who was writing at the table then told me I might withdraw, whereupon I made my *congé* and retired. From the Committee room I went to Mr. Coggan's office, who after making me sit down for near an hour, presented me with my appointment as a cadet. also an order for me to be received and accommodated with a passage to Madras

on board the *Plassey*. But another document, wholly unexpected on my part, pleased me much more than either of the others. This was a check upon the paymaster for twenty guineas. Mr. Coggan, seeing my surprize, and that I did not know the meaning of this draft, observed that as it did not fall to the lot of every lad that went to India as a cadet to have friends that could fit him out for the voyage, the Company always supplied them with twenty guineas to purchase bedding and other necessaries. As these articles were already provided, I thought I could not dispose of the Honourable Company's donation better than in the society of a few unfortunate females. I therefore called upon one called Brent, and told her I was desirous of getting half a dozen poor girls together, and giving them a good meal, with their skins full of wine, at the Shakespear the next day, asking her if she was acquainted with any damsels to whom a dinner would be acceptable.

"Oh, that I am," replied she, "with many who I am afraid fast from not having the means of purchasing food," and she undertook to collect the party and order the dinner in my name. At four o'clock the following day I marched to the Shakespear, expecting to be the only male of the party, when lo, I was ushered into a room where I found my brother Henry, Tethrington, Major Nugent, Gilly Mahon, and others, with a parcel of women, several of whom I did not know. Upon my entrance there was a shout, the men calling me "A Grand Turk," that I wanted a Seraglio to myself, and much wit at my expense was sported. The women however defended me and my good-natured plan for the benefit of the distressed Sisterhood. I now learnt that Brent had betrayed me by communicating my intention to her male friends. They relished my scheme exceedingly and resolved to carry it into effect upon a more enlarged scale, and not at my sole charge. Dinner being announced, I was, much against my inclination, voted into the Chair, and Pris Vincent became my Vice, and a more competent one to the situation never sat at a

table. Indeed, we both did justice to our stations; nought but harmony and good humour prevailed.

We sat to a late hour, but as I wished to avoid making a Dutch feast of it, I acted with caution and kept tolerably sober. I felt that the expense must far exceed the strength of my purse, and not then being in the secret as to the determination of my male friends, I slipped out of the room to tell Tomkins I had not cash enough to pay his bill, but if he would let me know the amount, the next day I would discharge it. Whereupon he desired me not to give myself any trouble on that account, for that he had cash in his hands more than adequate to the payment of his bill, even were the company to continue drinking for four and twenty hours longer. He said he was glad to see me in so different a party to that I had last been there with, alluding to Williams's.

Rejoining the company, I observed to them that as I had been forestalled in my object, I must at least apply a part of my little fund for the relief of some unfortunate female. Tomkins being summoned was asked whether he knew of any one in distress, to which he answered he had that very day received a letter from Lucy Cooper, who had long been a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench, stating that she was almost naked and starving, without a penny in her pocket to purchase food, raiment, or a coal to warm herself. I instantly put down ten guineas, and the gentlemen present also subscribing liberally, fifty pounds were raised. This sum was put into Tomkins's hands to forward to her. I had afterwards the satisfaction of hearing that this seasonable aid had probably saved the life of a deserving woman, who, in her prosperity, had done a thousand generous actions.

At a late hour our party separated, Tethrington and his set being engaged to a hazard table. I therefore strolled to my old haunt, Wetherby's, where I had not been since my lamentable *Brag* scene. Upon my entrance the whole room attacked me, expressing their surprize at that night's exhibition, enquiring what I had

done to myself, for that I was absolutely mad, and not one of my favourites had the least influence over me; that they were all astonishment at seeing me who had always been perfectly good humoured in my cups, so entirely the reverse, and actually quite savage. Of course I had nothing to say in my defence, not having the least recollection of any one circumstance that passed, nor even that I had been in the house, but it has often struck me as very extraordinary that I, who was remarkable for my jocularity and good temper when drunk, should that night alone have been in the other extreme, and I have therefore been induced firmly to believe that the infamous scoundrels who plundered me of my money had also introduced some poisonous drug or ingredient into the liquor I drank, that caused a temporary insanity.

My brother Joseph wishing to see the ship I was to go in, we took a post chaise and ran down to Gravesend. When at the foot of Shooter's hill, my brother by the shadow upon the ground, saw some person had mounted behind, which from the hill being very steep, he did not approve of. He therefore leaned out of the window, desiring a stout, ferocious looking fellow that was seated there to get down. The man, instead of doing so, with a volley of oaths threatened my brother, saying, "If you don't keep your head in, I'll cut your eye out." My brother's indignation being raised, he hastily called to the post-boy to open the door and let him out, intending to thrash the fellow for his insolence, as he (my brother) piqued himself upon his skill in pugilism. The man, notwithstanding his bulk and apparent strength, directly leaped down, at the same time hailing some of his companions who were a little way astern, with, "I say, messmates heave a head. Damn my eyes if here is not a lousy, land lubber who wants to bring us to action." My brother, although very angry, did not think it prudent to encounter half a dozen. He however expressed an earnest desire to discover who the fellow was that he might cause him to be punished for his insolence. In vain I argued that *Jack* (for he was evidently

a seaman) had done nothing but what was natural, and should be laughed at.

We proceeded on our journey hearing no more of the men in our rear. As it was too late to go off to the ship that afternoon, we went on board the next morning, when the very first man I saw upon deck was our Shooter's hill friend, but who I was rejoiced to find my brother did not recognize. I found he was one of the Quarter masters. He was afterwards of great use to me upon various occasions, slinging my cot, and doing any job I wanted effected. I invariably found him to be a quiet, civil, and obliging fellow. After we had been some weeks at sea, I one day asked him if he recollected getting up behind a post chaise on Shooter's hill. "Oh, yes," said he, "that I do, and that an ill-natured devil, in the inside would not let me ride a bit."

My father was now mostly at Richmond, at the house of Mr. Grose, a friend of his, as since my mother's death he could not bear Twickenham, and soon after I left England he sold it to a Mr. Haldane.

In the beginning of December, a set of noblemen and gentlemen of the *Savoir vivre* club proposed giving an entertainment to His Danish Majesty, and suite, and a Masquerade was determined on as likely to afford the greatest novelty. The Opera house being engaged upon the occasion, was magnificently fitted up. My father having procured tickets, gave me one, and my sister Mary supplied me with a domino, and other requisites. At ten at night my brother Joseph and I got into Sedan chairs and were conveyed to the Opera house, where we found an immense company already assembled. The *coup d'œil* upon the first entrance was the grandest and most sublime thing I had ever beheld. This being the only masquerade that had taken place for many years, every body was anxious to see it, and even fifty guineas was offered by advertisement in the public papers for a ticket. In a few minutes after us, the King of Denmark and his party entered the theatre. He had nothing dignified or majestic in his figure, but seemed

affable and good humoured. The crowd being very great, it became difficult to move. His Majesty however bustled about, getting on by dint of elbowing. I had during the night more than once the superlative honour of being jostled and having my toes trod upon by a Crowned head, His *Royal* elbows not appearing to me a bit less pointed or rough in their application to my sides than would have been those of the vilest plebeian. The Buffets, which were numerous, were abundantly supplied with refreshments of every kind, amongst them ices, and the choicest fruits. At one o'clock the doors of the supper rooms were thrown open, the tables of which were fancifully decorated with emblematical figures complimentary to the Royal Guest, and the whole supper was worthy of the noble donors.

A little before the hour of supper, finding the heat very oppressive, and seeing several persons had unmasked, I did the same, soon after which I was laid hold of by a Minerva, whom I at once discovered to be Fanny Hartford. She had by the arm a gentleman in a rich old English dress, to whom she immediately said, "This is a young friend of mine that I must take care of." The gentleman looking at me answered, "By all means." She then whispered me that her companion was the Duke of Grafton, one of the principal managers and conductors of the entertainment, and she desired me to stick close to her. This I did, and was led into a private passage which went to an apartment at the head of about a dozen steps, in which was a table set out for the Duke's friends, and from the front of which we had an admirable view of the table at which the King was seated. His Majesty eat as if he was hungry, looked with much complacency around, and seemed highly gratified with the whole scene. After supper dancing was resumed.

Between three and four o'clock some of the indefatigable votaries to Bacchus, who had sacrificed too freely at the jolly God's shrine, became very noisy and troublesome. Bottles and glasses flew about in various directions, and some of the

most turbulent heroes came to fisty cuffs. At four, the King departed, and the house began to thin. I continued till near eight in the morning when I went home much pleased with all I had seen. Going to my bed I slept soundly for five hours, when I rose, dressed and drove in a hackney coach to Hartford's, with whom I dined, and at night accompanied her to Covent Garden play house. The following morning she took me in her carriage to the India house, and Jerusalem Coffee house. At the latter I met Captain Waddell, who told me he had just taken leave of the Court of Directors, and that I ought to send my chest down to the ship as soon as possible, and be on board myself by that day week. Upon my return home therefore I had my clothes all packed, and two days after despatched the same, together with a case of foreign liqueurs which I had bought at an Italian warehouse in the Haymarket at the price of sixteen guineas, by a Gravesend boy down to the *Plassey*. I then wrote to inform my father what Captain Waddell had said, in consequence of which he came to town, and we again visited Mr. Sullivan, who gave me letters to his Asiatic friends, as did Colonel Maclean, Sir Charles Sheffield, Admirals Sir Samuel Cornish and Sir George Pocock, also the Burke family, and others of my father's acquaintances.

I now heard, and with much pleasure, that a young London friend, Richard Bourchier, a nephew of the Governor of Madras, was going out a Cadet on board the *Plassey*, a circumstance we were mutually glad of. He was a smart fellow, about a year older than myself, and like me had been somewhat profuse and dissipated, which made his family think it prudent to send him out of England, for a short time at least, in order to get quit of a set of dissolute companions to whom he had attached himself. He had been educated in the Surgical line, and was a pupil of the famous Gataker. Bourchier and I agreed to depart for Gravesend on the 18th. Having therefore only four days left, my time was fully occupied in bidding adieus to friends of all description, male and female. My parting with

Fanny Hartford was a distressing scene and caused many tears from each of us. She presented me with an elegant tooth pick case, having an admirable miniature likeness of her on the inside of the lid, as a keep-sake.

On the 17th in the morning, I went to take leave of my Uncle Boulton at Coleherne, and of his family. I certainly expected a present of at least fifty guineas, as he was very rich, and in all probability would never see me more. He was liberal enough in his advice. After touching pretty forcibly upon the evil courses I had long pursued, and the consequent distress of mind to my father, he reminded me that as I was now going into the world it behoved me to act very differently to what I had done, and constantly to bear in recollection what an indulgent father I had and how handsomely and expensively he had equipped me. He ended his lecture by putting into my hand *five guineas !* which I felt a great inclination to return to him, but curbing my indignation, I coolly turned from him, saluted my aunt and cousins, and left the house. In passing the outer gate, which a man servant opened for me, I put the five guineas into his hand, saying I was sure my uncle had intended that amount for him. The man looked surprized, but bowed low, wishing me health and happiness. Upon my return home I fairly related to my father all that had passed, and how I had disposed of the paltry present, of which he highly approved, calling my said uncle a mean and contemptible scoundrel.

That day, being our last in London, Dick Bourchier and I agreed to dine together. He collected three other jovial bucks and had a pleasant party at the Shakespear. At night we went the rounds of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and did not retire to our beds until after daylight the following morning. Bourchier came to breakfast in St. Albans Street, a post chaise having previously been ordered to be at the door by noon to convey us to Dartford on our way to the ship. Breakfast being over, my father took me into his study, where after fervently recommending me to the care of a protecting providence,

he gave me a beautiful Fusee, which cost him forty guineas, a pair of pistols of exquisite workmanship, and a purse containing fifty guineas in cash and a twenty five pounds Bank note.

About half past twelve we took our seats in the chaise, both sadly dejected at thus leaving all that was dear behind us, and in all likelihood taking a last adieu of our native City. For the first ten miles we exchanged not a word, each being deeply wrapt in thought, but by the time we reached Dartford, where we changed horses, we became more reconciled to our fate, and began to converse a little. Between four and five we arrived at Gravesend, and drove to the Falcon, which, being crowded with guests, they crammed us into a miserable little hole of a room so enveloped in smoke we could scarce see the candles they placed upon a table. In a couple of hours they brought an abominable ill dressed dinner. In short every thing was so disgustingly bad that I proposed to Bourchier going back to Dartford to sleep, which a waiter hearing, who had recognized me from having been there twice before, he very civilly said the house had been unusually full all day, but that a party would in a few minutes leave one of the best rooms which, although already promised, he would secure for us. He kept his word, soon shewing us into the room Fanny and I had occupied, where, putting wax candles upon the table, and bringing a magnum bonum of very palatable claret which I ordered, we became reconciled to the house. Having finished our wine, we went to the public billiard table, where we found a motley collection of people. After looking at the players for an hour, we returned to our Inn, eat a few oysters, and went to bed. The next day being the 19th, we hired a boat and went on board the *Plassey* to ascertain where our cots were to be hung. We found Captain Waddell in the Cuddy, who said the ship would not move for a couple of days. He pressed us to stay dinner, which we declined having ordered one on shore. Mr. Douglas was very attentive and shewed us our berth, which was spacious and airy, being two

thirds of the great cabin. He however told us that another young gentleman, named Chapman, who was going out as a cadet, would have his cot also in the same place, to which no possible objection could be made, there being abundant room. The ship was in so lumbered a state we could scarcely crawl into the great cabin, and the quarter deck was covered with packages, but all these Douglas assured me would be cleared away prior to leaving Gravesend.

On the 20th Mr. Jacob Rider came down, and introduced himself upon hearing we were going out in the *Plassey*, which ship he said he should likewise embark on, returning to Bengal as a Factor. He dined with us, and we were much pleased with his manners. In the evening he ordered a chaise and four to convey him the first stage towards London, at which I observed we were to sail the following, or at farthest, the second day, as Captain Waddell had informed me. Mr. Rider replied that he was to have charge of the Company's final dispatches, and should travel by land with them to Deal, from which place he should go on board.

The next day Captain Waddell sent to desire we would come off, as the pilot intended to break ground at high water. We accordingly took, as I thought it would be, our last leave of British ground and proceeded to the ship, where we found an excellent dinner just set upon the table, clean, neat, and looking remarkably well cooked, and we were agreeably surprized by being told we should have as good a dinner as we then saw before us every day during our voyage, which certainly was the case. Our party in the Cuddy then consisted of Captain Waddell, Samuel Rogers, chief officer, Charles Chisholme, second, Peter Douglas third, Walter Gowdie, Surgeon, Richard Jones, Purser, James Grant, a writer for Bengal, Mr. Forbes, an Assistant Surgeon for the same place ; Mr. Denil Court, also a Surgeon, ... Chapman, a cadet for Madras, Dick Bourchier and myself. The fourth mate's name was Williams, the fifth, Thompson, and the sixth, Lane. At the mates' mess there was a Madras Cadet, named Ross,

a man at least forty years of age, who had been a Captain in the King's service, but reduced to such distress as to be obliged to sell his Commission and accept a Cadetship in the Company's service. With the Midshipmen there messed another Cadet, a tall, raw boned, lank Scotch lad of seventeen, named Smith, and these, with Mr. Rider, were the whole of the passengers. In the afternoon we unmoored, but a fresh Easterly wind blowing, we only kedged down to the bottom of Gravesend reach. The 22nd the wind continuing in the East we made little progress, the 23rd we got below the Nore, when the ship beginning to pitch, I became desperately sick, could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and continued in that horrid state, expecting every hour would be my last, until the 25th (Christmas Day) when Mr. Douglas came into the cabin to tell me we were at an anchor in Margate roads, it blowing strong from the Eastward, which, as long as it continued, would keep us there; that there was a boat coming off by which, if I chose it, I might go on shore, and proceed to Deal by land. The instant I heard this I jumped out of my cot, ill as I was, dressed myself and went upon deck.

This was the first view I had ever had of a boisterous ocean, and dreadful did it appear. The ship was in violent motion, and a large Margate boat that had just come alongside, was by the swell thrown up level with the gunwale and the next moment sunk into the abyss below. It was horrible to behold. The boatmen asking if any one wanted to go on shore, I eagerly answered, "Yes, I did very much." Whereupon Captain Waddell, who was upon deck, advised me to stay where I was and getting the sea sickness over, which it probably would be in another day, whereas if I landed it would be renewed when I again came on board. I was however so wretchedly ill that I resolved to land, although I knew not how I should possibly contrive to get into the boat from the high sea that was running. Bourchier and Grant, who were nearly as bad as myself, also agreed to go on shore, so getting a few shirts, &c., in a trunk, we by

the kind assistance of the officers and sailors, managed to seat ourselves in the boat where I had not been a minute ere the sickness entirely left me, notwithstanding the quick and violent motion. Not so my companions, with whom the evil increased.

Leaving the *Plassey*, we darted on at a prodigious rate, and in about an hour stepped ashore within the Pier, and in five minutes were placed by a clear fire in a comfortable room at the Inn then kept by Michiner. Here we eat our Christmas dinner, took a moderate share of port, and at an early hour went to our beds, in order to make up for two sleepless nights we had passed on board. In the morning we found that the wind had veered round to the N.W. and the ships were weighing their anchors to go round the North Foreland into the Downs. Having breakfasted, we ordered a post chaise in which we drove to the Three Kings at Deal. The *Plassey* came to in the Downs in the afternoon, immediately after which it began to blow strong from the Westward. We amused ourselves running about the country to different places.

On the 28th Bourchier proposed our accompanying him to Dover to visit a relation of his, Captain Pritty, who commanded one of the Government packets that sailed between Calais and Dover. This gentleman's house we accordingly drove to; he insisted upon our staying to dinner, entertaining us most hospitably. Upon our going away at night, he made us promise to eat our New Year's dinner with him, which we were all three willing enough to do, provided we remained till then on shore. He then assured us we should have a westerly wind for a week longer, when the moon changed, and should the Fleet sail during our absence he would himself put us on board in a cutter of his own.

The 31st Mr. Rider came down with the Company's after packet, bringing with him a smart girl, and his brother, John Rider. In the morning of the 1st of January 1769, the latter gentleman came into the room in which we were sitting to ask if either of us was disposed to take a trip to France; that there was a nice little smuggler just

about to run over to Boulogne, the Master of which engaged to convey him over and bring him back to Deal within thirty hours. Finding no one disposed to join him, he went alone, whilst we got into a chaise to attend our engagement at Dover. The former visit had been unexpected, yet we were well pleased with our reception and fare, but this time the entertainment was capital, an admirable dinner, and the best wines of all sorts. Captain Pritty had got some of his marine friends to join us, who proving jolly fellows, we had by nine o'clock swallowed a considerable quantity, and prudence whispered me it was time to think of moving, which I soon after proposed, whereupon, our host, who was tolerably drunk, called me, "a slip slop, moll dawdling boy. Damn me," continued he, "if ever I saw such milk sop poor devils as ye are. What's got into the present race! There is not an ounce of proper spirit about them. Gad so, when I was of your age, I'd as soon have hung myself as lost a week in that sink, Deal. No, Damn me, I'd have run up to Lunnun, and at least had a night on't, but you wishy washy soft masters fresh from mammy's apron strings have no nous. Damn me, there's nothing in ye, no, nothing in ye." He then called for a fresh batch of champagne, whilst drinking which I was considering what he had said, and thought the London trip a monstrous good idea, declaring myself ready to adopt it. Bourchier said the same, but Grant professed his fears, and that he dare not venture, which excited Captain Pritty's wrath. Ringing the bell, I desired the servant to order a chaise and four for Canterbury, but to that one of the tars present objected with, "Avast heaving upon that rope, my tight one—it is a cruel dark night, and you'll not be able to carry sail—mount a couple of nags, take a pilot to run ahead and steer the proper course, and you'll be at Canterbury in no time."

This morsel of eloquence receiving the approbation of our host, horses and a guide were ordered. At eleven we mounted, Captain Pritty desiring us to keep a good look out (though it was dark as pitch) and if the wind shifted

to bear away for his port with all the sail we could crowd, and he'd ship us. With this caution off we set as hard as we could pelt, leaving Grant to return to Deal alone. Our guide led the way in great style; we got on famously, and with only one little stoppage occasioned by my poor Rozinante coming down heels over head,. Away I flew like a shot, my greatest danger arising from Bourchier, who was close behind, riding over me as I lay extended in the mud. This fortunately did not happen, and my quiet beast standing stock still where he recovered his legs, I remounted without the slightest injury, the whole performance not having occupied five minutes.

We reached Canterbury at half past twelve, where, dismissing our Dover guide, we took a post chaise and four, and thus dashed on towards London, which we reached before nine in the morning, driving straight to Malby's, where we eat a hearty breakfast, the exercise having carried off the fumes of Captain Pritty's dose of wine. We then went to bed intending to sleep two or three hours, but as I found my mind too much employed to expect sleep I almost immediately arose, dispatching a porter for Brent, who was soon with me, all astonishment at my return. Getting into a hackney coach with her, after ordering dinner, I sallied forth, calling upon Tethrington, and two or three other friends, all of whom quite alarmed me by their grave remarks upon this ill judged journey, and the risk I ran of losing my passage. This deterred me from visiting Queen Ann Street, as I intended, for I knew how much Fanny would have blamed me, and I did not choose to make her uneasy.

At two Brent and I returned to Malby's, Bourchier was out, but returned half an hour after us, and we three sat down to dinner. In the evening we went to one of the most retired upper boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, but the anxiety Bourchier and myself were under did away with every idea of pleasure, and before the play was over we left the house, took some hot jellies and retired to bed, having previously ordered a chaise to be at the door precisely

at eight in the morning. I had a wretched night, and not having had any sleep the night before, I became feverish, and Brent very uneasy about me. Towards morning I fell asleep, and she would not allow me to be disturbed when the chaise came until Bourchier, half crazy with alarm, at eleven waked me. I then rose much refreshed, and we got into the chaise a little before twelve. By paying the post boys well we went on rapidly to Sittingbourne, where we were detained near two hours for want of horses, so that it was past ten when we reached Canterbury, where we intended to sup, not having had any refreshment since we left London. Upon entering the Fountain Inn, I asked the landlord how the wind was, to which he answered, "I suspect from the clearness of the sky, Easterly." Whereupon Bourchier instantly cried out, "Zounds! then give us a chaise instantly for Dover." Out host then said, "I am not certain about the wind, but will ascertain it in two minutes, having a weather cock at the top of the house." He accordingly ascended, and soon came back with the comfortable tidings that there was very little wind, but what there was, Westerly. We therefore ordered supper, and after eating it went to bed.

CHAPTER XII

ON BOARD THE *PLASSEY*

THE moment day light appeared we proceeded to Deal, having a fine bright sunshine. When at the top of a hill about five miles from Deal, commanding a prospect of the Downs, we saw the ships, as we supposed, under full sail, and dreadfully frightened thereat, directed the postilions to go to Dover instead of Deal, as the ships were going away, when one of the boys conversant with maritime matters, said, "The fleet are fast at an anchor, and must remain so while the wind continues as it now is, South west. They have only loosed their sails to dry after the rain of yesterday." This was very consolatory, and we went on our way to Deal. Arriving at the Three Kings we received the congratulations of Mr. Rider upon our return, for having heard from Grant that we were gone to London, he thought we must inevitably lose our passage.

Upon entering the sitting room, the first object that met my eyes was Mr. John Rider, so metamorphosed that until he spoke, I knew him not. He had returned from his French excursion about an hour before we arrived. Instead of the plain brown cloth suit we had last seen him in, with unpowdered hair and a single curl, we now beheld a furiously powdered and pomatumed head with six curls on each side, a little skimming dish of a hat, the brim not four inches deep—two inches of it covered with silver lace—and immensely wide in front. His coat was of a thick silk, the colour sky blue, and lined with crimson satin, the waistcoat and breeches also of crimson satin, coat and waistcoat being bedizened with a tawdry spangle lace. The cut too was entirely different from any thing we had seen, having a remarkable long waist to the coat with scarce any skirts. He was a little fat squab of a man, which made his appear-

ance the more extraordinary. Altogether, so grotesque a figure I never beheld, and we had a hearty laugh at him. This suit he assured us was the latest and veritable Parisian fashion; he had it made up during the few hours he remained at Boulogne. The hat he purchased at Calais where they put in, and where his head was made *a la régle*. The hat was said to have been introduced by the Duc de Nivernois, French Ambassador at the British Court, and was therefore distinguished by the name of "Chapeau Nivernois." I thought his habiliments preposterous and ugly, except the hat, which appeared becoming, and I gave that as my opinion, whereupon he (John Rider) told me the master of the vessel had purchased some of them upon speculation, and if I chose it he would purchase one for me. This I requested him to do, and I thus obtained a "Nivernois" even more *outré* than Rider's, and which was afterwards the cause of great mirth at Madras. Mr. Jacob Rider was quite delighted with the whole of the French dress, telling his brother that he must let him have it to make the people stare in Bengal, and he actually made John strip, and had the suit put into his own trunk, the height and form of the two brothers being exactly similar.

We had passed a very merry day, and were just talking of going to bed when we heard a gun fired, and soon after several others from different ships in the Downs. A Deal man coming in told us the wind had suddenly gone to the North East, and the Fleet were getting under weigh. Instead therefore of retiring to our comfortable beds, we were obliged to prepare for embarking. In a few minutes the house was all hurry and confusion—paying bills, packing trunks, &c., &c. I had luckily a week before engaged with a boatman for one guinea to put me on board the *Plassey* whenever a signal for sailing was made, be the weather what it might, for which some of my shipmates laughed at me as being more than was necessary, a crown being the usual price. I now found that I had acted wisely, for as it was a bleak night, blowing smartly, with snow, the boat people would not receive a soul under three

guineas each, and some even paid five. The man I had engaged with behaved honourably, coming to shew me to his boat, taking Bourchier with me. At half past one in the morning of the 4th of January 1769, we got into the boat, and reached the *Plassey* in perfect safety. Giving the people three guineas for myself and Bourchier, they were well satisfied. I immediately got into my cot; the sea being smooth and the wind right aft, I slept tolerably well till eight o'clock in the morning, when I awoke rather qualmish, but dressing and going upon deck, the sharp air recovered me.

I heard upon enquiry that we were below Dungeness, and that the East Indiamen in company were, the *Pigot*, Captain Richardson; *Triton*, Honourable Captain Elphinstone; *Hector*, Captain Williams; *Nottingham*, Captain Stokes; *Ashburnham*, Captain Pearce; *Earl of Lincoln*, Captain Hardwicke; *Hampshire*, Captain Smith; *Cruttenden*, Captain Baker; *Osterley*, Captain Welch; *Speaker*, Captain Todd; *Royal Charlotte*, Captain Clements; *Glatton*, Captain Doveton, and the *Speke*, Captain Jackson, besides a great number of vessels bound to the West Indies, America, and different parts of the world, the whole Fleet forming to me who had never before beheld any thing of the kind a grand and interesting spectacle.

Being summoned to the Cuddy to breakfast, I had not been there five minutes when I turned deadly sick, was obliged to retire to my cot, from whence I scarcely stirred for ten days, during which I was in a very lamentable condition, straining so violently from having nothing in my stomach to throw up that I often thought I must, like my poor mother, die upon the ocean. Mr. Gowdie, the Surgeon, afterwards told me he for several days had been under serious alarm about me, considering me in imminent danger of bursting a blood vessel.

We had tempestuous weather through the Bay of Biscay, with a prodigious sea, but the wind being fair, our progress was rapid, of which the officers frequently told me by way of comfort, but so ill was I that it

was actually indifferent to me what became of the ship, and I should I verily believe have heard with composure that she was sinking. This continued until we reached the Canaries, when Mr. Rogers, the Chief mate, came into my cabin one morning soon after day broke, desiring I would get up and go upon deck to see the land, to which I replied, as I really thought was the case, that I had not strength left to enable me to do so. Whereupon Rogers, (a rough, vulgar, swearing seaman, but as good a creature as ever lived) said, "Pooh! pooh! Damn my eyes!" (a common phrase of his upon all occasions) "What blasted stuff and nonsense is this! Do you want to lay there and die? Come, come, get up, I say, and draw a mouthful of fresh air, which will cure you." Finding I did not seem disposed to take his advice, he without further ceremony cast off the lanyards of my cot, and down it came. I therefore had nothing left but to try and put on my clothes, Rogers sending his servant to assist me, and returning himself to help me upon deck, where, on my arrival, a sublime scene presented itself to my sight. We were close in shore, under the Island of Teneriffe. The sun, which had not risen to us, was shining upon the upper part of the Peak, giving the most luxuriant tints to the snow capped summit of that stupendous mountain, and varying the colours as its light descended until the glorious orb appeared above our horizon, when a thousand new beauties of nature were displayed. The sea was serene and smooth as a looking glass. This I believe I may pronounce the first time I ever saw the sun rise except over the tops of houses in the smoky atmosphere of London. I continued upon deck, looking at the land as we gradually glided on until dinner was announced, when I entered the Cuddy, eat near half of a boiled fowl, drank a pint of wine, and felt quite renovated. From that hour my sickness ceased, and I began to enjoy myself; I entered into all the fun and joined in all the tricks that went forward in the ship.

Captain Waddell, then about forty years of age, naturally grave, with an appearance of shyness or reserve, possessed

one of the mildest and most equal tempers that ever man was blessed with, nor did I during a voyage out and home which I made in his ship, ever once see him angry, or hear him utter a single oath or hasty expression. He loved to set the young people at some gambol or other, and was constantly promoting it. He was himself wonderfully active and strong, amongst various proofs of which, he did one feat that amazed the whole ship's company, and which I never knew any other person come at all near. It was this :— Standing upon the Quarter deck, under the main shroud he laid hold of the first ratline with his right hand, then sprung to the second, with his left, and so on alternately, right and left, up to the last, close to the Futtock shrouds. The exertion in accomplishing this must have been prodigious, nor was there another man in the ship, and we had many fine, active fellows on board, that could get beyond the third ratline, and only two that reached even the third.

Having recovered my health, I mixed with all my shipmates. I have already spoken generally of the Commander, and the Chief mate, the latter of whom from some peculiarities was called " Black Sam " and " Blackguard Sam," the first owing to his complexion being very dark. He was by birth an American, the second title he certainly merited, being uncommonly rough. He never uttered a sentence without embellishing it with oaths, " Damn my eyes," always uppermost, and he chewed tobacco in large quantities, yet, as before observed, there never existed a better hearted man, or a more zealous friend. In his profession he could not be surpassed. The second officer, Chisholme, a proud Scotchman, was a handsome fellow, upwards of six feet high, and a perfect seaman. His family were proprietors of a valuable estate in the West Indies, in the marine trade of which he had learnt his business. He had received an excellent education prior to going to sea ; he was fond of argument, in which he often shewed great positiveness, and even insolence, yet he had candour enough to admit that such a mode of supporting an opinion was unbecoming and improper, adding, he had always been a

spoilt child. This was only his second voyage to the East, and he used to boast that his interest would procure him the command of one of the Company's ships upon his return. Douglas, whom I have also mentioned as third officer, was remarkably dressy, so much so, as to be distinguished in the service by the title of "Count Douglas," but although he laid out more money upon his person than was usual with men in his station, no one kept a stricter look out after the main chance than he did, well knowing how to make the most of every shilling and let pass no opportunity of doing so. His cabin, as I before observed, was elegance itself. His person was pretty good, but his features hideous, so ugly it would have been no easy matter to caricature it. In fact, it was more the face of a baboon than a human creature, notwithstanding which, so unacquainted was he with his own countenance, or so eat up with vanity, that he thought every woman that beheld him must unavoidably fall in love with him. His address was certainly that of a gentleman, and man of the world. He was from the first very attentive and civil to me, desiring whenever I wanted to write, or wished to be alone, that I would make use of his cabin, he also gave me the key of his book case that I might supply myself with any books I pleased. He likewise was a Scotchman, as was Mr. Gowdie, our Surgeon, a plain, unaffected, good natured man, considered skilful in his line, who had been several voyages Surgeon of an East Indiaman. Jones, the purser, was one of those common characters one meets with every day.

Mr. Jacob Rider, with whom I formed a friendship that continued uninterrupted through life, had been sent out a writer to Bengal in the year 1763. His family were connected by marriage with a branch of Lord Clive's, which nobleman, upon going to Bengal as Governor in 1764, made Rider's interest one of his first objects, giving him the appointment of Paymaster General to the army, a situation that in those days would have yielded him an overgrown fortune in a few years, but unfortunately for Rider in about six months after he filled that advantageous

post a dispute arose between Lord Clive and the officers of the army, occasioned by a measure of his Lordship's which they deemed unjust and tyrannical, in which however Lord Clive persisting, the officers drew up a remonstrance couched in terms not only disrespectful, but little short of the language of mutiny. Aware of the consequences likely to ensue thereon, they adopted a practice then used in the Navy, signing their names in a circle, or what sailors called "a round Robin" to avoid any individuals being singled out for punishment. In this instance the scheme did not succeed, for Lord Clive could give a tolerable guess who were the ringleaders, and accordingly dismissed a number of officers from the service, amongst whom were Mr. Rumbold, afterwards Governor of Madras, and Mr. Stables, a Supreme Councillor in Bengal, at that time both Captains in the Army. In looking over the names subscribed to the remonstrance, Lord Clive noticed that of "Jacob Rider" and immediately said to his Secretary, "Who is this Rider? I don't recollect an officer of that name." The Secretary, who had ascertained the fact, replied, "My Lord, it is the Paymaster General." "The Paymaster General," (exclaimed his Lordship), "what can have induced the blockhead to lend his name to such an inflammatory, unjustifiable paper, with the subject matter of which he could not in any manner be affected. However, let him abide the consequences of such absurd conduct," and he gave orders forthwith to recall Rider, appointing another person in his stead, and upon his arrival at the Presidency, sent him on board a ship bound for England, declaring he never should be restored to the service. Thus dearly did Rider pay for ridiculously engaging in a controversy with which he ought not to have had any thing to do.

When Lord Clive returned to Europe he was applied to on behalf of the *ci devant* Paymaster, but refused to see him or have any thing to say to him. He however, after some time, so far relented as to say that though he never would befriend Mr. Rider again, he would not oppose his restora-

tion to the service. Rider had personal influence enough to get that point carried, and was returning with his rank (a Factor) when I met him in the *Plassey*, on board which ship he had a third of the great cabin, in which apartment, or in Douglas's, I passed most of the mornings.

Rider had with him an enormous dog of the Newfoundland breed, who soon attached himself so much to me that I could not stir without his being close after me. His name was Beau, and a noble animal he was. Of poor Beau more hereafter.

Early in the voyage I thought there was at all times a great coolness in the manner of Mr. Chisholme towards Captain Waddell, which the more surprized me because the Commander's behaviour to him was polite and civil as could be. Happening one morning to mention the subject to Rider, he at once explained the matter thus : The *Plassey* belonged almost wholly to Mr. John Durand, a man who had acquired a large fortune in the command of a Country ship [1] by trading between the different ports and places in the Eastern Ocean. He was therefore the managing owner or what is technically called "Ship's husband," in which capacity the nomination or at least approbation of all the officers rested with him. Captain Waddell had succeeded to the command of the *Plassey* upon the death of her Commander at Bencoolen, thereby becoming what was called by the wags of those days "One of God Almighty's Captains." As such he conducted the ship home, Rogers, who had been second mate, thus rising to Chief, and Douglas, late third, to second. Upon their arrival in England, Mr. Durand, who was well acquainted with the superior qualifications and merits of Waddell as a navigator and seaman, directly and voluntarily confirmed him in the command of the ship. Captain Waddell thereupon called upon Mr. Durand to thank him, at the same time asking whether he had any person to whom he meant to give the situations

[1] Sometimes English ships are referred to by Hickey as "Country" ships, but occasionally he applies the same description to those of the country in which he may happen to be.—Ed.

of Chief and second mates, as, if not, he much wished to continue his present officers, Messrs. Rogers and Douglas. Durand without hesitation replied he knew the characters of both those gentlemen very well and was happy to confirm them in the situations of chief and second mates. Captain Waddell of course communicated this circumstance to Rogers and Douglas, who in consequence did not look out for other employ.

In due course the *Plassey* was taken up for a voyage to Madras and China, Rogers and Douglas acting for several weeks as Chief and second officers, and a day was appointed for them to attend at the India house to be sworn in to their respective situations according to the usual course of the service, two days prior to which intended examination Durand wrote to Captain Waddell to say he should be under the necessity of putting in a new second officer, and would endeavour to provide otherwise for Douglas. Captain Waddell, equally surprized and hurt, directly went to Durand, and stated the cruelty and injustice of such a measure to Mr. Douglas, an officer of acknowledged abilities, who had since the ship came afloat been doing the duty of second and had actually refused a second mate's berth in a ship then departed, from attachment to the *Plassey* in which he had been three voyages. Durand admitted the hardship upon Douglas, but said he was so peculiarly circumstanced the act became unavoidable, as he had been applied to from a quarter of so much weight, such importance to his own interest, for a second mate's situation, he could not refuse it even had he been obliged to turn out his own son. Captain Waddell thereupon observed that his (Durand's) interest was no apology or justification for a breach of faith; that Mr. Douglas had acted in the situation with his sanction, and continue it he must. Durand with great hauteur replied he should not, and they parted in great anger.

On the day appointed, Captain Waddell was sworn into the command of the ship, Mr. Rogers as Chief Mate, and Mr. Chisholme was called in for the same purpose as second, when

Captain Waddell immediately objected to Chisholme, assigning his reason, and stating all that had passed. The Directors were quite nonplussed, for Durand had such influence with most of them that they wished to gratify him, yet the stubborn facts related by Captain Waddell made them feel ashamed publicly to be guilty of the flagrant injustice. They therefore adjourned without swearing any second. In the interval between that and the next Court day several of the Directors endeavoured to persuade Captain Waddell to concede the point to Durand, but they knew not the man they had to deal with. Convinced he was right, nothing could make him deviate. He observed to the applicants that it undoubtedly was in Mr. Durand's power to deprive him of the command of the ship, and equally so in that of the Court of Directors if they thought fit, but that it was out of the power of any man or set of men living to make him commit a base or unjust action, which in his opinion putting Mr. Chisholme into Douglas's place would be, and therefore no consideration on earth should induce him to consent to it.

Finding Captain Waddell was not to be brought over, Durand's friends attacked Douglas, recommending his interference with the Captain to prevail on him to receive Chisholme, and let him (Douglas) go third. But this Douglas very properly refused. The contest ended by Chisholme's being sworn in, not only against the Captain's will, but without his accepting him—the only instance of the kind that ever occurred in the service—yet Captain Waddell, conscious that no personal blame attached to Chisholme in the transaction, never betrayed the slightest resentment towards him, treating him at all times with the utmost respect and kindness. Chisholme however, not possessing the same independent and manly spirit, nor the same liberal sentiments as Captain Waddell, felt awkward at knowing he had been thus forced upon him, and it occasioned in him a constant and continued shyness and reserve towards his Commander. Mr. Douglas having been thus ill treated by Durand, and the Court of Directors, Captain Waddell thought it his duty to make him every

compensation in his power. He therefore put his officers upon three watches instead of two, as was usual, giving the command of the third watch to Douglas. He also allotted him a much larger space than he was entitled to for his cabin, gave him a seat at his table, and in short shewed him every indulgence in his power.

The *Plassey* was a remarkably fast sailer, from which she had acquired the name of "The Flying Plassey." In running down the British Channel we beat all the Fleet, and, as I was informed, by the time we were abreast the Land's end, the whole of them were out of sight astern.

Nothing surprized me so much as the flying fish. I had heard of such fish, but considered it as a mere joke until immense shoals of them appeared, several at different times flying against the sails and dropping upon deck, which afforded us an opportunity of inspecting them closely and examining the form and texture of the wings. It is a curious circumstance, and almost induces a belief that providence has dealt unjustly by this little creature, for although the peculiarity of wings seems to have been furnished them as a protection, and that they have the power of using them while any moisture remains, and so as to carry them eight hundred or a thousand yards upon a stretch, yet their principal enemies and pursuers, the dolphin, which is a very rapid swimming fish, keep their eye upon and proceed exactly under them while flying, and the instant they touch the sea to re-wet their wings, snap them up by hundreds. They have, too, another set of equally implacable and active enemies in the air, various aquatic birds pursuing and eating them up during their short flights, and thus they run equal risk of destruction in both elements.

Passing the Canary Islands, the next land we saw was the Cape De Verds, through the cluster of which, forming a very pleasant sight, we ran in smooth water and fine weather. When drawing near the line, we had for several days and nights successively tremendous thunder and lightning, such as we landsmen had never before beheld, and, when little wind,

a number of sharks followed close to the ship. These fish being near a ship, seamen, who are generally superstitious, deem a bad sign, and to portend death on board. Whether this idea be well founded or not, I cannot take upon me to say, but certain it is that during the attendance of at least a dozen sharks, we lost a man, and one of no small consequence, being no less a personage than the Captain's cook, who being seized with a fever, was carried off by it within thirty hours. His death however, did not prove so serious a loss as we were at first apprehensive it would, Mr. Chisholme having a Caffree servant who had been taught to dress turtle in the West Indies, and afterwards attended the kitchens of some of the most celebrated taverns in London, which had cost his Master upwards of fifty guineas. He undoubtedly was an admirable cook.

Upon crossing the line, all those who had never done so before paid the customary forfeit of a gallon of rum to the ship's crew, except Mr. Smith the Scotch Cadet, who not being over stocked with money to purchase the spirits, preferred submitting to the ceremony of ducking and shaving, which he went through to our infinite amusement.

There was nothing I felt the want of so much as bread, for in those days it was not customary to make that article on board East Indiamen, and it unluckily happened that the biscuit was uncommonly bad and flinty, so that it was with difficulty I could penetrate it with my teeth. This being the subject of conversation one day at table, a question arose as to the time in which a person might eat one of these biscuits, which ended in a wager of five guineas between Rider and Grant, the former laying the latter that he did not get rid of one by his teeth in four minutes. He was to have no liquid to aid him. A bag of biscuits being brought to table, the Doctor by mutual consent put his hand in and brought out one, which was to be that of trial. Chance here operated against Grant, for it proved an uncommonly hard one, and he had difficulty in breaking it in two. A watch being laid upon the table, at it he went

with a set of remarkably strong teeth, but strong as they were, we all thought he must lose his bet, and he was twice in extreme danger of choking, by which he lost several seconds. Notwithstanding this however, he, to our great surprize, accomplished his object, and won the wager, being six seconds within the given time.

CHAPTER XIII

INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE TO MADRAS

IN March we approached the Cape of Good Hope, where Captain Waddell had given us hopes of stopping, and we landsmen were delighted with the expectation of soon setting our feet once more upon *terra firma*, when the Captain one morning whilst we were at breakfast observed that there was a glorious breeze, fair as it could blow, which would speedily take us round the tremendous promontory of Africa, a circumstance of far more importance than eating grapes at the Cape town, and lengthening our voyage perhaps a month. The "glorious breeze" however in no way consoled us for our disappointment, and we were rather sulky during a couple of days, at the end of which time we were reconciled to passing our favourite port, and good humour was restored. Our fellow passenger, Court, was a constant source of amusement by his monkey tricks and whimsical behaviour.

Having completely rounded the Cape, and Coast of Africa, we bore up for the Mosambique Channel, or inner passage. Passing the Southern point of Madagascar, the weather became moderately clear, with a smooth sea. I was one morning walking the deck, when Rogers, whose watch it was, sitting upon the Quarter called to me in his usual style, "Come here, Bill." I accordingly stepped upon one of the Quarter deck guns, and observing him to point downwards, I looked into the sea, where to my great terror and surprize I beheld the rocks, as they appeared to me, close to the ship's bottom but Rogers assured me they were at least forty fathoms below us. In a few minutes after, however, he exclaimed, "Damn my eyes if I like this," and instantly ran into the Round house. Captain Waddell, returning with him upon

deck, ordered the course to be altered three points, and the lead to be cast, which being done, they found only four fathoms, so that if there had been any sea the ship would have struck. These rocks it seems were not properly laid down in the charts, at the time we were over them, not being in sight of land and the Charts making them within five leagues of Madagascar, whereas we were upwards of twenty off shore. By standing off an hour we lost sight of the rocks, and were once more in deep water. Ten days after this occurrence a strange sail was discovered upon our beam, standing as we did, which upon nearing us hoisted English colours. In the afternoon she joined company, proving to be the *Hampshire*, Captain Smith, one of the Fleet that left the Downs with us. The Commanders agreed to continue together, and put into Johanna for supplies of water and fresh provisions. In four days we made the land.

The Island of Johanna in approaching it affords one of the most luxuriant and picturesque scenes it is possible to conceive, and doubtless it abounds with natural beauties. A most elegant and poetical description of it is given by Sir William Jones, that eminent and learned man who stopped there on his way to India. It is not considered healthy, especially at night, and Captain Waddell advised us by no means to sleep on shore, but to go early and amuse ourselves during the day, returning on board before dark, which advice we followed.

Upon coming to an anchor, the ship was immediately surrounded by canoes, crowded with people (who in appearance much resemble Caffres) bringing with them poultry, eggs, fish, fruits of various kinds, for sale, of which latter we enjoyed the pineapples, oranges, guavas and bananas exceedingly. They spoke a strange jargon, intended as English, frequently repeating these words, "Johanna man, Englishman, all a one brother come. Englishman man very good man, drink ee de punch, fire de gun, beatee de French, very good fun." Their canoes are formed out of the trunk of a single tree, long, and very narrow, consequently so unsteady it would

be scarcely possible to use them but for the outriggers. These are strong and strait poles, one laid across at the head, another at the stern of the canoe. From the extremity of each end a flat plank is laid, and securely tied, of about ten inches in width, so that when the canoe heels either way these planks coming flat upon the surface of the sea, naturally make a resistance sufficient in common cases to prevent her oversetting, which without such a contrivance she certainly would do.

Upon going ashore at the watering place, we walked from thence to the town, distant about a mile. The streets, if such they may be called, not being above four feet wide, are long and straight, the habitations constructed of clay and wicker work, and from their regularity and cleanliness make a pretty and very neat appearance. Here we got abundance of eggs, good fowls, but a very small breed, plenty of excellent fish, well tasted beef, the cattle also remarkably small, and many kinds of vegetables quite new to us. The natives amuse themselves with their bulls, which are fierce little animals. Turning one of these loose, four or five men, wholly unarmed, encounter him, each person carrying in his hands a piece of cloth about six feet in length and three in width, which they spread out, dancing before the bull, who becomes enraged thereat and with vast fury assails the person nearest to him, who with much activity and dexterity entangles the horns of the beast with his cloth, thus preventing any injury to himself. While the animal is endeavouring to disencumber himself of the cloth, they continue singing and dancing around him. Having accomplished the destruction of the cloth, chiefly by means of his fore feet, he attacks another of his opponents, and so on until the beast is so fatigued as to fall down, or that the men themselves are sufficiently tired. They told us that accidents sometimes, though not frequently, did happen, and the men got severely gored. Having spent the day very agreeably we returned to the ship. Beau, Mr. Rider's Newfoundland dog, was our constant companion in our rambles, and we had no small difficulty in preventing

him from attacking the bulls, which in fact were not much larger than himself.

The second day we again landed early, wandering about the country and going to see a stupendous natural cascade, where an immense body of water poured down a declivity nearly perpendicular, of at least five hundred feet. It was in a most romantic part of the Island, about three miles inland. Within sight of this noble fall of water we sat down to dinner, having carried provender with us, under one of the largest and most spreading trees I ever beheld, the branches of which were covered with a species of bat, which Europeans call flying foxes, having a head greatly resembling that animal, with beautiful white and strong teeth, their bite being very severe. My companions, who had guns with them, shot several.

The third morning we prepared for another excursion, Captain Waddell desiring us to be on board again by sun set, as Captain Smith and he had settled to leave the Island soon after, with the breeze that generally came off the land. While a boat was getting ready for us, we heard an amazing outcry in the steerage, which upon enquiry we found proceeded from *His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales!*, who upon being told that was the title given to the King of England's eldest son, insisted upon his having it also, as he was the King of Johanna's only son. His Highness however, forgetting his elevated rank, had stolen a silver tea spoon while visiting Mr. Chisholme in his cabin, and his Prime Minister, not to be behind hand with his royal master, purloined a blanket. Both culprits being caught in the act, Chisholme was administering summary justice by horse whipping those great men, which occasioned the uproar. The unfortunate *Prince* and his *Officer of State*, after a smart chastisement were turned out of the ship with ignominy, and orders given that they neither of them should ever more be permitted to come on board.

Having landed and amused ourselves as on the preceding days, about five o'clock we left the town, walking towards the watering place in search of the pinnace which daily attended

near that part, to carry us off. In our road we met the Surgeon of the *Hampshire*, who said, if we would follow him we should see some sport. Two foolish lads, passengers of theirs at the third mate's table, going out Cadets to Bombay, had gambled during the voyage, and upon settling their card account that morning, differed materially as to the balance, which produced a violent quarrel. After abusing each other in the most scurrilous and blackguard language, they boxed, whereupon the officers interfered, observing that if upon their arrival in India the Commander in Chief should hear of such ungentlemanlike conduct, they certainly would be dismissed the service, and they persuaded them that the only way to avoid such a fate would be to meet as officers should, and settle their dispute in the field. So serious a measure neither of the disputants seemed willing to adopt, until assured if they did not they would be sent to Coventry by their messmates and every person in the ship. They then reluctantly consented to a meeting, but it would have been difficult to decide which was most frightened at the thoughts of such a step. The Fourth mate consented to be second to one of the combatants, the Doctor's assistant to the other, these seconds having privately agreed not to put any ball in the pistols.

Having been made acquainted with these particulars, we accompanied the Doctor to the spot where the dire conflict was to take place, the two heroes having arrived there just before us and in a sad tremour. The ceremony of loading the pistols by the seconds being finished, they next spoke of distance, the Doctor proposing *six paces!* upon which both violently protested against being so near, one of them saying he understood *thirty yards* was the usual space. The seconds told them the pistols would not carry much further. After much argument and discussion, it was resolved that twelve paces should be the distance. This the parties concerned pronounced absolute butchery. They nevertheless were obliged to yield, and finding that to be the case, insisted that the Fourth mate, who had much longer legs than the Deputy Surgeon, should measure the

space, and he accordingly did so. The antagonists were then desired to take their stations, there being no time to spare. The object the principals appeared to have in view was to squabble and dispute until it really became too late to fight, but the seconds seeing that, insisted upon their presenting and discharging their pistols at each other upon the word being given. Unwillingly they took their respective stations, when one of them turned to his second, saying his antagonist owed him forty dollars, and it was very hard that he should be obliged to risk his money as well as his life. This created another pause, but was settled by his second engaging in the event of the debtor being slain, that he would pay to the survivor the amount due, gravely adding, he conceived he was not in much danger of being called upon, as in all probability two such desperate champions would both end their lives upon the spot.

The poor devils, not being able to devise any further mode of delay, and the signal being given to fire, they did so in the same moment, when to our surprize and alarm down dropped one of them, apparently dead. This led us to apprehend that the seconds had not kept the private agreement, or at least that one of them had loaded with ball. We all ran up to the prostrate youth, and had the satisfaction to find him unhurt, he having fallen through sheer terror. A glass of brandy from the pocket flask of one of the company soon restored him, when he positively declared he heard the ball whiz by close to his ear, which he thought it had hit. The combatants were then congratulated upon the gallantry they had both shewn and were assured that they had done all that was required of men of honour and gentlemen, upon which they shook hands, mutually rejoiced at having got so well out of a dangerous scrape.

This comedy had nearly proved tragic to some of us, for we had bestowed so much time upon it that the sun had sunk below the horizon near an hour when we arrived at the watering place. A beautiful full moon, however, had risen with a cloudless sky. We were told that the coxswain of the pinnace, supposing we should

not come there, had taken the boat to the town to look for us. Seeing both ships with all their sails set though there was scarcely a breath of wind, we grew uneasy, and applied to the people of a large canoe that was going a fishing, to take us off to the ships, who consented to do so for five dollars, which we paid and embarked, our party consisting of Messrs. Rider and Grant, the Surgeon of the *Hampshire* and myself, besides poor Beau and the boat people, two men and a boy, this cargo being more than the boat with propriety ought to have held in her at once, as we sunk the outriggers quite to the surface of the water, thereby destroying much of their effect. Just as we were pushing from the shore, our ship's gunner came to the water side requesting a cast on board. I observed we were already too deep, asking the gunner whether he could swim, to which he answered :

" No, Sir, not a stroke."

Then added I :

" You shall not come in here ; we are enough to be drowned at once."

The gunner said :

" Very well, gentlemen, then I'll get another conveyance," and we proceeded, the two natives paddling and the boy steering.

Soon after we had so put off, the Doctor, thinking he could work harder than the man that sat directly before him, took his paddle out of his hand, and laboured at it several minutes until about mid-way, that is, a mile from the shore and the same distance from the ship, when turning his head to look towards the ship, he thereby missed his stroke, lost his balance and falling on one side, his weight overset the canoe, and we were all submerged in the ocean. As I immediately sank, I gave myself up for lost, as I reasonably might, for I could not swim and had a heavy, laced, regimental coat on, with boots, but soon finding my head above water I splashed and dashed at a great rate. On my first rising, the Johanna boy was close to me, holding out Rider's famous Nivernois hat as if he expected me to

take it ; at the same time Rider, who was close to me, and I grappled, and down we went together, but when under water an immense thick, false club of hair which I had lashed on, (having been advised to cut my own hair off previous to going to sea) and which he fortunately had seized hold of, came off in his hand and we got clear of each other, when I again found my head above water, and Grant, who was an uncommon fine swimmer, came to my assistance. The instant he did so I seized him round the neck, and under water we went together, where from his superior skill, by a sudden dart downward he got rid of me, and considered me then as irrecoverably gone, but, to his great surprize, I once more made my appearance on the surface, and notwithstanding my former fastening upon him, he again swam towards me, calling out that he wished to assist me and take me to the canoe, which he would try to do if I would let him and not attempt violently to grasp hold of him, for if I did it would tend to the destruction of both. Exhausted and terrified as I was, I had still sense enough to feel the force of what he said, and I therefore let him take my arm round his neck without any violence on my part, and he thus conducted me to the canoe which lay bottom upwards, and I hung by one of the outriggers, the Doctor of the *Hampshire*, who was seated astride upon her, lending his aid to keep me up. Grant then went to assist Rider, who, besides swimming a little, was, from his form, much more buoyant than me, and he helped him also to the upset canoe.

Grant had no doubt made me his first object, induced thereto from knowing that I could not swim at all, but this Rider never would give him credit for, often afterwards angrily saying, "Nonsense, it is no such thing. He had a more substantial and selfish reason. He knew well that by the death of a Madras cadet he could be no gainer, whereas by mine, he got a step in the service, and therefore he passed me to go to the assistance of Hickey." Captain Waddell, after repeatedly hearing this illiberal declaration of Rider's, one day mildly said, "he thought

he (Rider) did Grant injustice, for had he been capable of such reasoning and motives at such an awful crisis, he would probably have left us both to perish, instead of risking his own life to preserve ours, as he certainly had done, and in doing which he had shewn a most extraordinary degree of personal bravery and perseverance."

After Grant had thus conveyed Rider and me to the overset canoe, and we had been clinging to her several minutes, every one of which appeared an age, we were suddenly from an unaccountable motion of the canoe, again under water and again relieved by our preserver Grant, soon after which we had the supreme felicity to see another canoe paddling towards us, but on coming near the natives in her stopped, crying out, "Too much man, too much man," and were actually turning about to pull away, when the gunner who was in her, and had been attracted by our cries, partly by threat, and partly by bribes, made the people approach us, but having accomplished that, it was found impossible to receive us, the canoe being a very small one. After some consultation the gunner made the men belonging to her jump overboard, and with their assistance I was got into the canoe, which being effected they righted the upset one, Rider and the rest getting into it. The Doctor had never once let go his hold, sticking constantly to some part of the canoe and scrambling up till he seated himself upon her bottom.

As I was nearly senseless and full of the water I had swallowed, the Doctor directed the canoes to return to the shore, there to use means to restore me. This was accordingly done; the moment we reached the shore they got me out and dispatched the smallest canoe to the ship for assistance, but in five minutes after we landed three boats belonging to the *Hampshire*, with Captain Smith himself in one of them, came in consequence of one of the canoe men having swam on board her, and told them all the gentlemen were drowned. On their way from the ship they observed something white floating upon the water, which they rowed to supposing it to be one of us, when it was found to be the

dog Beau, quite dead. The only way so singular a circumstance could be accounted for, the animal being almost amphibious, was that being asleep when the canoe overset, he naturally endeavoured to strike upwards, which was of course in vain, against the inside of the canoe's bottom, and that thus the noble creature was suffocated before he cleared himself. It was also conjectured that the dip under water we experienced whilst hanging by the outriggers was owing to his last and expiring struggle. It certainly was a wonderful thing that four persons, three of whom could not swim, should be in the sea such a time as we were, so often under water too, and yet all be preserved, whilst so powerful a water dog as "Beau" should lose his life in that element, yet so it was.

Captain Smith seeing how nearly gone I was, and how extremely ill I continued, made the people lay me in his Cutter, being the swiftest boat of the three, and himself with his Doctor attended me to the *Plassey*, on our way to which we met the latter's boats coming in search of us. Being hoisted in by a chair, I was put to bed in the Captain's apartment, the Round house, as the quietest part of the ship, and there fomented with a succession of flannels steeped in hot brandy mixed with laudanum, the flannels being laid on my breast and stomach hot as could be borne. Doctor Gowdie sat up with me all night, having little hope of my surviving till morning as I was in great agony, and with extreme difficulty respired. Captains Waddell and Smith (the latter either coming in person, or sending daily to enquire after me) were unremitting in their kindness and attention, as indeed was everybody about me, and it was very flattering to find myself so much the object of anxiety to both ships. I continued in a dangerous and precarious state during eight days, at the end of which time I recovered rapidly. Rider had been a good deal hurt too by the quantity of salt water he had swallowed. He never cordially forgave Grant for passing him and swimming to my relief. The first time we conversed together after I was out of danger, instead of expressing gratitude to a benevo-

lent providence for his marvellous escape, he began a bitter lamentation upon the loss of his darling dog, saying he wished he had been drowned himself rather than poor "beau." This improper language caused him a severe rebuke from Captain Waddell for his impiety and ingratitude.

CHAPTER XIV

MADRAS

WE had light winds for a fortnight after leaving Johanna, being so long in company with the *Hampshire*, but her course then differing from ours, she being bound to Bombay, we separated, each ship's crew giving Three Cheers on parting.

On the first of May we made the Coast of Coromandel, a few miles to the Southward of Pondicherry, running along the land until evening, when falling calm, we came to an anchor, to wait the land breeze, which would carry us into Madras roads by day light of the following morning. At the usual hour I went to my cot, but the thoughts of being so near the place of our destination entirely banished sleep, and finding all my efforts were in vain, I put on my clothes and went upon deck. Just as I got my head above the Companion ladder, I felt an indescribably unpleasant sensation, suddenly, as it were, losing the power of breathing, which alarmed me much, for I supposed it to be the forerunner of one of those horrid Indian fevers of which I had heard so much during our voyage. Whilst worried by this idea, my friend Rogers, whose watch it was, said to me, "Well, Bill, what do you think of this? How do you like the delightful breeze you are doomed to spend your life in?" Enquiring what he meant, I found that what had so surprized and alarmed me was nothing more than the common land wind blowing as usual at that hour directly off shore, and so intensely hot that I could compare it only to standing within the oppressive influence of the steam of a furnace. At day break we weighed anchor, standing for Madras, which we had scarcely reached when we heard that Mr. Peter King, the Ship's carpenter, a strong made, vigorous man, was taken suddenly and violently ill with

cramp in his limbs and stomach. He was put into a warm bath as soon as water could be heated, and every remedy applied, without avail; in one hour from his being first seized he was no more. This quick death, added to the horrid land wind, gave me a very unfavourable opinion of the East Indies.

Captain Waddell, with a considerateness peculiar to him, and in a most engaging manner had, a few days previous to our arrival, separately invited each of his passengers to reside with him until we could deliver our letters, and have sufficient time to settle ourselves, and the morning we got into the roads he offered to take me on shore in his boat, observing he knew from my punctuality I should not keep him waiting, which he was sure the others would, and he therefore should not ask any other as he wanted to land as speedily as possible. I thankfully accepted his offer, and may without vanity add he did me justice in alluding to my punctuality, as through life I always made it a point correctly to keep every appointment whether of business or pleasure, never letting any person lose his time on my account. Immediately after breakfast therefore I left the *Plassey* with Captain Waddell, in a Masulah boat, which are constructed expressly for passing the surf that breaks violently along the whole coast in three separate and distinct waves, the first bursting upon the shore, the second from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards further out, and the third, or outer, nearly at the same distance from the second. The effect of this surf, and the numerous accidents that happen from it, is generally the topic of conversation the first fortnight of a voyage out, so that although I was in some measure prepared for it, the tremendous roaring and foaming of the sea made my heart palpitate rather quicker than in common.

The boats are formed of broad planks, literally sewed together with the twisted fibres of bark from the cocoa nut tree, the bottom flat, the sides straight up to a certain height, and then inclining inwards to the upper edge, both ends are alike except that at the stern there

is a small platform upon which the person that steers stands. A boat thus constructed must necessarily leak greatly; one man is therefore stationed for the sole purpose of baling the water out, and to prevent new comers, especially women, from seeing the quantity of water constantly pouring in by the seams at her bottom a weed, something like heath furze, is laid there more than a foot deep. They are about sixteen feet long, seven wide, and five deep, quite open, with a single board across for a seat at regular distances; are rowed by eight or ten, two sitting upon each bench, the passengers on the one nearest the stern. The reason of their being sewed together instead of the usual fastenings is that, in case of touching the ground between the surfs, they may remain upright, the sides yielding to the next sea that strikes and lifts her up again.

Upon reaching the shore much adroitness is shewn in preventing the return of the surge carrying her out again with it, for it runs with wonderful velocity. The moment she first touches the beach the steersman lays her broadside to the sea, the crew, with ropes in their hands, jumping out and checking her so as to prevent the return to sea (though they sometimes fail in their object), the next surf then strikes her upon the broad side, driving her up high and dry upon the sand, in which last operation the spray usually beats entirely over the boat, giving those seated in her a complete ducking.

We had in the Masulah with us a figure which I supposed to be a female, drest in white muslin coming close round the throat, the body also close, but continued into a kind of petticoat hanging loose and large to the feet. This I learnt was the Captain's *Dubash*, a native man acting as general steward who provides every household article as well as of merchandize, and engages all inferior servants. In our way to the shore he informed Captain Waddell that two large ships we saw at an anchor were the *Pigot*, Captain Richardson, and the *Hector*, Captain Williams (two of our Downs fleet) that came in

the preceding day. We afterwards, upon comparing log books, ascertained that the *Plassey* was the first round the Cape by eighteen days, but the above named two ships, and three others, having, instead of going to the Mosambique Channel as we did, proceeded by the outer passage, that is, run down their Easting in a high southern latitude, when they met with such strong westerly gales as to drive them two hundred and twenty odd miles every four and twenty hours for many successive days, whilst we who were between Madagascar and the main land experienced light winds and calms, had thus outstretched us; such is the chance in navigating.

To return to the Masulah boat. Notwithstanding the "Dubash" and the rowers assured us the surf was very moderate that morning, I thought it the most terrific thing I had ever beheld, nor was my alarm at all lessened by observing as we approached it that Captain Waddell threw aside a large boat cloak which he had thrown over his own and my shoulders to protect us both from the spray of the sea and intense heat of the sun, and also took off his gloves. Upon my asking the reason of his so doing, he replied, "I don't know that there is any immediate danger, but it is as well to be prepared for the worst." (I had often heard he was an excellent swimmer.) Three or four strange looking things now came close to our boat, which I understood were called Catamarans, consisting of nothing more than two or three large trees, the trunk part only, strongly lashed together, upon which sat two men nearly in a state of nature, as indeed were those of the Masulah boat, having no sort of covering but a small piece of rag tied with a string round the middle. The Catamarans accompany the Masulah boats through the surf, and when an accident happens endeavour to pick up the unfortunate passengers. The men belonging to them are perpetually washed off by the violence of the sea but, being like fishes in the water, easily regain their seats upon the logs. It is curious to see how well they manage these unwieldy machines, and the rate at which they paddle them along.

Upon coming to the edge of the outer surf the man at the stern of our boat, steering with a long oar began to stamp with his feet and roar like a Bedlamite, the rowers joining in the hideous yell, pulling with all their might, all together frequently crying, "Yalee! Yalee! Yalee!" Before I knew where we had got to, I was astonished to see a prodigious curling white foam following within a foot of our boat's stern, about which I found the people were perfectly indifferent, and Captain Waddell informed me that was the outer surf which we had safely passed. In like manner we went in with the second and third, reaching the beach with scarce a sprinkling, and we heard from many bystanders that the surf was uncommonly low. The Catamaran people followed us, begging money for attending us, which I gave them with pleasure, heartily rejoiced at being clear of Madras surf. Upon jumping out of the boat I sunk up to my ankle in a burning sand, the effect of which I never can forget.

Upon the Captain's landing he was saluted with nine guns from the Fort according to custom in those days. We were then conducted by the Dubash to a very handsome house in Fort St. George, which had been taken by Captain Richardson for himself and our Commander pursuant to an agreement between them previous to leaving England. Here at one o'clock we sat down to an admirable good dinner, and were vastly comfortable, Captain Waddell promising to introduce me to Governor Bourchier the following morning, for whom I had several letters, as I likewise had to General Richard Smith, the Commander in Chief, Sir Robert Fletcher, Mr. Du Prè, first in Council, Mr. Ardley, Mr. Dawson (both also Members of Council), and many other gentlemen high in the service. With Mr. Dawson I expected to reside, he having married Miss Charlton, who, as well as a brother of hers, Francis Charlton, had been fitted out and sent to India entirely at my father's cost. Mrs. Dawson died about six months prior to my arrival at Madras to the great grief of her disconsolate husband. These Charltons were the children of a much

valued friend of my father's who, dying in indigent circumstances, left a numerous family dependent upon the bounty of his friends. This was the gentleman with whom Edmund Watts, that I have before mentioned, lived for several years.

The morning after our arrival when seated at the breakfast table, Captain Richardson came in from his ride, and addressing me, said :

"What ! are you still here, young gentleman ? Pray why don't you go to the Fort Major who will provide you with quarters in the Barracks, the proper place for you as a cadet."

"And pray," sharply retorted I, "who the devil are you that thus impertinently obtrude your opinion respecting what I ought to do. I take the liberty to tell you that I disclaim any right in you either to interrogate or to direct me, and desire none of your advice."

He looked surprized, but affected to laugh it off, saying I was a fine spirited boy and he must be better acquainted with me, offering his hand, which I coldly accepted, observing, "I was not exactly the boy he seemed to take me for."

His first speech had stuck in my stomach, and I resolved not to eat another meal in a house of which he was in part the owner. Breakfast finished, we went to the Governor's residence, where I found my old friend and shipmate, Dick Bourchier, already snugly lodged. His uncle received me very graciously, and said I must dine there. From the Governor's I went to Mr. Dawson's, who directly after reading my letters shewed me into a spacious and commodious chamber, which he said was exclusively mine, and I must in every respect consider myself as at home. He told me he would go with me to dinner, and take me in the evening to the governor's garden three miles out of town, it being the custom always to sup with the person at whose house you dine. The dinner hour being one, the morning slipped away before I had delivered half my letters. A fine sharp young native, who spoke English, and followed me from the beach on my landing, still stuck close, as my

servant. Him therefore I sent for my baggage with a letter to Captain Waddell thanking him heartily for all his kindnesses to me ; I concluded by declaring my determination never more to eat in a house where Captain Richardson was proprietor. At dinner I met my worthy Commander, when he expressed much concern at my being so seriously offended by what Captain Richardson had said, assuring me he was a liberal minded man and had no idea of hurting my feelings or being uncivil. I was nevertheless so prejudiced against him that I never would, although he condescended to make many advances to me afterwards, be more than a bowing acquaintance.

At this our first dinner at the Government house a very laughable incident occurred. Amongst the guests was an Irish Clergyman named Yates, recently arrived from Europe in the *Hector*, advanced in years, and who appeared to know little of mankind or of general manners. This gentleman, as a member of the Church and a stranger, was placed at table upon the Governor's left hand, Mr. Dawson, from etiquette, being on the right. Early in the dinner Mr. Bourchier apologized to the Priest for not asking him to drink wine, saying that, from indisposition, his Doctor had desired him to abstain from wine for a few days. The cloth being removed, two glasses were, according to custom, put before each person. The Governor then pushed the bottles to Mr. Yates, saying, " We always drink the King, sir, and God bless him, as our first toast." Mr. Yates who had not been in the habit of seeing two glasses, took it for granted it was also an Indian custom, and filled both, which he emptied to the King. This he repeated every round the bottles made, to the great entertainment of the company. After having so done four or five times, pointing to two bumpers which he had just filled, he observed to the gentleman who sat next him, " Upon my conscience this is the prettiest custom I ever saw in my life, and I wonder it has not been adopted in Ireland."

Having been at table nearly two hours, the Governor gave as a toast, " A good afternoon," the signal for breaking

up. The company immediately arose and departed to take their afternoon's nap, a custom I did not adopt; instead of it, taking a walk to the Black town, where Rogers, Dr. Gowdie, and other officers of the ship resided, and drank tea with them, after which I went home again and dressed for the evening. At half past seven Mr. Dawson and I got into our palankeens to go to the Governor's gardens, on the way passing through a large piece of water of such depth that for many yards it was up to the bearers' hips. When in the deepest part one of them stumbled, and had very near rolled me out into the stream, which ran rapidly towards the sea.

Arriving at the house, I was much struck by the appearance of the entrance, beautifully illuminated, up an avenue of noble trees to the house. Precisely at nine we sat down to supper, all the Commanders of the Indiamen being present, to whom the Governor gave an account of a tremendous hurricane that had occurred in the preceding month of November, in which recital he mentioned so many marvellous circumstances that in my own mind I pronounced him a most abominable liar. Subsequently however, I had ocular demonstration that I was unjust in forming such an opinion, for I myself saw a ship's long boat which, when the storm arose, was laying on the beach, and by the force of the wind was blown near three miles inland, and there stopped by a plantation of Palmyra and Cocoa nut trees. Also, I saw in a garden belonging to Mr. Andrew Ross a tree of immense magnitude, which had been torn up by the roots, carried several yards, completely overset, and pitched upon its branches, the roots being upward, in which position it remained. Mr. Ross had caused a quantity of earth to be placed round the branches, under an idea that they would take root and new shoots spring from the old root, but he was disappointed; when I saw it the whole appeared withered and dead. Though then an unbeliever as to the power of wind, it afterwards fell to my lot to encounter a monsoon hurricane and to have with me a man as incredulous respecting what wind could do as I

was when I heard the Governor's history. At eleven we departed.

The next morning while I was dressing, a man opened my room door, and just popping his head in, said, with great quickness, "Governor send compliments, desire master's company to dinner to-day," and, without waiting a moment, away he darted. This message was daily delivered in a similar manner during my stay at Madras.

The second day I called upon my shipmates, Rider and Grant, both living with Alexander Davidson, Esqr., who was some years afterwards, for a short period, Governor of Madras. I found Rider fencing with a gentleman, Mrs. Davidson, then a charming young woman, and two female friends, with several men, looking on, when an event occurred that must have forced a laugh from the most morose being that ever existed. Rider had, as was then usual, upon landing, ordered a parcel of Gingam breeches, a pair of which he was fencing in, but the tailor having been sparing of cloth, Jacob in making a lunge, split them, as a sailor would say, from "Clew to Earring." Poor Rider, ready to sink with shame, stood some seconds motionless, then suddenly made the best of his way out of the room. So ridiculous a spectacle I never beheld. The women were wonderfully well entertained and I thought would have gone into fits from laughter at seeing the little fat body waddling off. Being invited to dine there, at the usual hour I went, entering the dining room, where a large party, male and female, were already assembled at the same moment with Rider. All behaved with decorum, keeping their countenances admirably until Mr. Davidson, with a very grave face, addressing Rider, "hoped no inconvenience had attended the accident of the morning." Such a question proved too much for the ladies, and a roar of laughter burst forth, continuing several minutes, and I began to think our meal was sacrificed to it. The mirth at last subsiding, we began to eat, and went on very well, but with occasional smiles and an interchange of arch leers between our hostess and her fair guests.

After dinner, Captain Elphinstone, of the *Triton*, who had arrived that morning, mentioned the melancholy loss of the *Chatham*, upon which Mr. Davidson assured those that supped with the Governor, and appeared to think he had exaggerated in his account, that every syllable was true. This ship had arrived from Bengal on the 20th of October, and was detained by the Government of Madras, in order to convey to the Court of Directors an official account of the peace then recently concluded with Hyder Ali. Captain Morris, who commanded the *Chatham*, and his purser, were the only two persons on shore at the time of the tremendous hurricane; every other soul in her perished. The Commander had intended to heave to only, and receive the Madras dispatches, it being after the time when ships are forbid to remain upon the coast, which is from the 15th of October to the 15th of December, but some important documents not being ready, his ship was ordered to wait. To secure the insurances therefore, he made a formal protest against the parties so detaining him.

The gale threatened during three days previous to its actual commencement, and so awful and terrific was the appearance of the sky and sea as to appal the oldest and most experienced seaman that beheld it from shore. For forty eight hours before the storm there was little wind, but the ocean more violently agitated than ever had been known. The prodigious height and fury of the surf prevented all communication with the shipping, of which from the then very critical state of the Company's affairs there were unhappily upwards of twenty of different burthens in the roads, all being Country vessels except the *Chatham*. Every measure and every precaution that superior skill and seamanship could suggest had been adopted on board the *Chatham*. She had four anchors ahead, was out in thirty five fathoms water, at a distance of between seven and eight miles from the shore, her top masts, top sail yards, and lower yards struck, ports chintzed in fore and aft, with a complete crew of able seamen on board, the Chief mate being esteemed one of the best officers in the service.

The afternoon previous to the commencement of the gale, Captain Morris, by tempting the Catamaran people with a sum of money never before offered, prevailed upon five different ones to endeavour to get off to the ship, giving to each Catamaran a similar letter to the commanding officer on board, and promising a still further gratuity to all, or any, or either of them that should effect the delivery, and bring an answer. Four of them after the most extraordinary and unparalleled exertions failed in their object of passing the outer surf, and wholly exhausted, with difficulty regained the beach. The fifth, to the infinite surprize of a crowd of spectators that with spying glasses were anxiously watching them, succeeded, reached the ship, where he delivered Captain Morris's letter, which was requesting the Chief mate to exercise his own judgment as to remaining at anchor or otherwise when the gale should commence, but at all events upon certain signals therein specified being made from the Fort, to cut their cables and stand out to sea. The Chief mate returned a written answer, saying that from the admirable state of the ship, and the precautions already taken, he had not the least doubt, come what might, of her doing well.

The morning after this exchange of letters, at seven o'clock, the wind suddenly arose to a degree of fury thentofore unknown by the oldest inhabitant of Madras, accompanied by torrents of rain, the weather dismally dark, and so thick that no object could be distinguished at twenty yards distance. It being the opinion of everybody on shore that no cables that ever were made could hold in such a dreadful storm, before eight o'clock the signal for the *Chatham* to put to sea was made and repeated every quarter of an hour, but the roaring of the wind far surpassed the report of the largest guns, not one of which was heard even by the vessels close to the surf. The gale commenced at South West, which is along shore, but soon shifted to West North West, off the land. At eleven a very fine new vessel, Ketch rigged, seeing all the others that were near her founder, and that she might every moment be expected

to share the same fate, as a forlorn hope cut away the main and mizen masts, cut their cables also, and ran out to sea right before the wind. Towards noon she passed close under the stern of the *Chatham*, then at anchor and labouring so extremely that the Captain of the ketch expected to see her go down head foremost. He described her as absolutely standing right on end every pitch she took. Although the ketch ran without an inch of canvas, for none could have resisted such a tempest, she went at such a prodigious rate as in a few minutes to be out of sight of the *Chatham*, and this was the last that ever was seen of that unfortunate ship. It was supposed from the account the ketch gave of her that she must have foundered at her anchors, but this was mere conjecture, for not a trace of her was ever discovered. The part of the roads she had lain in was afterwards dragged for many days without finding any sign of her.

The hurricane continued with unremitting violence for twenty-four hours, when it suddenly ceased, and the weather cleared up. Not a single vessel was then to be seen; the whole coast, far as the eye could reach, being strewed with wrecks and dead bodies. In three weeks afterwards the ketch returned. Soon after she passed the *Chatham* the sea made such dreadful breaches quite over her that they were obliged to cut away the foremast, and thus stood to the Eastward until they ran out of the hurricane. They then lay to for several days, preparing Jury masts, which having completed they returned to Madras. Seven of her crew were washed away and lost by one sea that overwhelmed them. About forty lascars, or native sailors, belonging to vessels that foundered, saved themselves by clinging to masts or yards, and thus drifting with the current towards the shore, avoiding the dreadful break of the surf by occasionally diving below its influence, for they are all most expert swimmers.

Mr. Dawson now told me he would shew me an Indian garden, and that thenceforward we should sleep every night at his country house. He accordingly drove me in his

phaeton to Choultry plain, an open space about three miles from Madras, where I found a dreary looking habitation with only a few clumsy chairs and tables in it, so bare indeed was it of furniture that I could not disguise my astonishment, and this led the owner to tell me that during the war Hyder Ali's stragglers, or looties as they were called, committed such repeated depredations upon all the European habitations, even to the edge of the works of the Fort, that the proprietors removed everything valuable, and he added that it was upwards of a twelvemonth since he had ventured to sleep there, for which reason I must be satisfied with a couch, no beds being yet put up.

We dined with Mr. Marriott, who lived within a quarter of a mile, who talked much of a melon he had for us after dinner, and which proved so watery and tasteless no one in England would have given two pence for a dozen such, but that fruit was then a great rarity at Madras. In the evening Mr. Dawson walked out to shew me his boasted garden. After going over what I conceived to be a wild and uncultivated piece of ground, with scarcely a blade of grass or the least sign of vegetation, he suddenly stopped and asked me what I thought of a Madras garden, to which, in perfect simplicity, I answered, "I would tell him my opinion when I had seen one." This answer he replied to with, "When you see one, Sir, why you are now in the middle of mine." The devil I am, thought I, then what a precious country am I come to, if this is a specimen of a gentleman's garden.

As there was no use in attempting to disguise my sentiments, I acknowledged that I considered the most barren part of Hounslow heath far preferable.

At dusk we returned to Mr. Marriott's, where I was stuck down to pagoda (eight shillings) whist, and at ten o'clock walked home to our bare walled, melancholy looking Chambers. Mine was a large hall, without a single article in it except a crazy old couch, upon which lay a miserable dirty looking chinese pillow as hard as the floor itself, and no bedding of any sort or kind. This was roughing it with a vengeance, and what I was not at all accustomed

to. Sleep under such circumstances seemed entirely out of the question, for, as if a want of all the usual requisites was insufficient, the place was filled by myriads of mosquitos of no small size. I however lay down in my clothes upon the rattan, where I tumbled about in a most uneasy state about three hours, when I got up and walked up and down. In another hour I was surprized to hear Mr. Dawson moving. He soon entered my room, asking if I was ready to ride, to which, with evident surprize I answered that it was the middle of the night. Mr. Dawson with a smile observed he had taken his usual allowance of sleep, four hours, and that he always was mounted before break of day. Of course I made no further opposition, and away we went, taking a pleasant ride enough, the day light appearing in half an hour after we left the house.

On our way back, my nag, a handsome Arabian, and as Mr. Dawson assured me gentle as a lamb and free from every vice, gave a sudden and unexpected bound sideways of several yards, an event I was wholly unprepared for. I therefore lost my seat and down I came in the middle of the road. Although not materially hurt I was a good deal shaken, and vexed at my awkwardness, nor was that vexation lessened by seeing the melancholy looking Dawson, with his cadaverous countenance, in so violent a fit of laughter that I thought he too would have fallen from his horse. Having indulged himself in this ill timed mirth he apologized thus, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hickey, but there is to me something so superlatively ridiculous in a man's falling from his horse that I never see it without its exciting my risibility," and again he burst out laughing. I thought him an immensely stupid brute, but made no reply. The servants having caught my Arab, I once more mounted, resolved in future to be more attentive to the pranks of this gentle creature without a vice.

CHAPTER XV

THE VOYAGE TO CHINA

MR. DAWSON and I had several conversations upon family matters, when he invariably expressed his surprize that my father should have sent me out as a cadet, especially to Madras, where the military line never could be an object for a gentleman, that the pay was too contemptible to afford the common necessaries of life, and particularly bad now a peace was made which barred all chance of promotion. This subject he so often dwelt upon that, tired of his prosing comments, I one day pettishly said :

" Since this is the case, and the prospect according to your account so forlorn a one for me, I think I had better return to Europe," though when I so said not an idea of the kind was in my contemplation.

Mr. Dawson immediately continued :

" Upon my word, I think it is the best measure you can adopt, and I advise you by all means to go home and let your father procure for you a writership in the civil service, which with his influence he can have no difficulty to accomplish, and then it may be in my power to serve you."

This language at once gave me a notion that I might, without incurring my father's displeasure, follow Mr. Dawson's recommendation.

I usually went every day into the Fort, and generally dined twice a week with the Governor, going to the gardens to sleep, where, after the first night, I took care to supply myself with bedding and mosquito curtains. One day that I dined at Mr. Bourchier's, he congratulated me upon no longer being a cadet, a commission of Ensign having passed the board both for me and his nephew, Richard, being the only two cadets of the season that would be

promoted probably for three years to come. I thanked him, but said, "Mr. Dawson advised me to quit the army and get transferred to the Civil service," to which Mr. Bourchier observed he thought such a change desirable and well worthy the going home to obtain. All agog at this approval from a quarter where I expected disapprobation, and delighted with the idea of leaving such an abominable place as Madras, I directly went to my friend Mr. Rider to communicate what had passed, and the resolution I had in consequence formed: upon which he (who I had on our passage out made acquainted with my little history) in the kindest manner endeavoured to dissuade me from adopting so foolish and inconsiderate a measure, reminding me in nervous language of the immense expence my father had been put to in fitting me out, and the disappointment and mortification it must be to him to see me thus inconsiderately return. All this I felt myself, yet the idea of again seeing England drove poor prudence clear off, and the most Mr. Rider could effect was my promise that I would not hastily determine, or resign the service without mature consideration.

A week after the above conversation with Mr. Rider, he called upon me to say he clearly saw that I greatly disliked Madras, but he felt certain that I should be pleased with Bengal. He therefore wished me to apply to Mr. Bourchier to transfer me to that Establishment, which he could easily do by giving me a recommendatory letter to Governor Verelst, or to General Richard Smith, the Commander in Chief. Such a change I had not the least objection to; on the contrary, I much liked the thoughts of it, and therefore forthwith posted away to the Government house and made my request in person. Whereupon Mr. Bourchier assured me it was utterly impossible, as he would soon convince me, and calling for his private Secretary he desired him to bring the general letter, which he observed the *Plassey* had conveyed to India, and from which he read a paragraph stating that as changes had frequently been made in the army from one Presidency to another whereby great

confusion and difficulties had arisen, the Court of Directors did most positively forbid and prohibit any thing of that kind in future, upon any pretence whatsoever, and that no exchange of officers from one Settlement to another should ever be permitted without an express order from the Court.

This regulation carried out in the same ship in which I went, I conceived decisive. I however mentioned it to Rider, who persevered in urging me to go round to Bengal with him, where he was certain from his own personal influence he should be able to procure for me upon that Establishment the same military rank I had obtained at Madras. He then recommended me to ask Mr. Bourchier to let me retain the Ensigncy and go to Bengal upon leave of absence, also to inform him that I made this application at his (Rider's) desire. I did so, but the Governor said it could not be done, that all he could do he would, which was not only to allow me to go to Bengal, but give me letters to some friends of his in that Settlement who might be able to promote my views. He added that he thought it incumbent upon him to tell me, in his opinion, I was very wrong to leave Madras, that I ought to bear in recollection that even if I succeeded in getting the same rank in the army of Bengal, I should always be liable to be recalled if the Court of Directors ever discovered the circumstance, and in such case they would beyond a doubt dismiss me from their service altogether. This possibility of a recall, even when I might have attained a rank of importance as an officer seriously alarmed me, and upon further deliberation I resolved to return to England. Having communicated such my final determination to Mr. Dawson he promised to write to my father and say I had so done in pursuance of his advice, and that he thought it the best step I could take.

Within the space of ten days after the *Plassey* reached Madras, the whole of the fleet that left the Downs with her, bound to the same place, came in. This brought so great and sudden a supply of European articles as to overstock the market, and in consequence there were no purchasers

for many of the investments. The Commanders and officers were therefore under the disagreeable necessity of disposing of what they had at a loss of forty per cent upon the prime cost of the goods in England, and several at even a still greater discount. Glassware in particular, of which there was an immense quantity from that article having been much wanted the year before, sold at a loss of sixty per cent. My acquaintance, Mr. Douglas, had upwards of one thousand pounds sterling in different sorts of glass, yet by a conduct and management peculiar I believe to himself instead, like his unfortunate brother officers, of sustaining so calamitous and ruinous a loss, he actually made upon his whole investment a profit of twenty-five per cent, and he effected it thus—He was, as I have already mentioned, a very gay and dressy man, had at least half a dozen suits of rich laced clothes, with bag, solitaire and sword, his hair dressed in the latest Parisian style with three tiers of curls. He was perfectly *au fait* at small talk, would, if necessary or through a paucity of men, dance four or five minuets of an evening, and was in every respect what was called, "a woman's man." Douglas, though in the midst of dissipation, or going down a Country dance with a lively girl for his partner, never lost sight of the main chance, and constantly had an eye to business. He would by the most fulsome and bare faced flattery first talk his partner into high good humour, and having effected that much, he then pulled from his pocket and presented to her, " the terms of a raffle," or, " scheme of a lottery for a quantity of beautiful glass ware," sometimes with both, saying she must not only fix her own signature but also procure the names of her friends, male and female, and this conduct, mean and contemptible as it was, fully answered his purpose to the extent above mentioned.

Captain Waddell, having heard of my intention of returning to Europe, very kindly sent his purser, Mr. Jones, to me to say he should be happy to have the pleasure of my company on board the *Plassey*, and although he was bound to China first, I probably should not meet with any oppor-

tunity of reaching England earlier than his ship would be there. I therefore thankfully accepted his friendly offer, and two days after I had done so the Company's ship *Thames*, Captain Haggis, arrived in the roads from Bengal, on her way towards Europe. Such an opportunity I thought ought not to be lost, and I applied to the Commander, a strange, rough sort of a tarpaulin, to ask his price, to which he answered he believed he might be able to spare me a small cabin in his steerage for three hundred guineas. Our treaty instantly ceased, and I made up my mind to take a peep at the Chinese.

On the 4th of June, being His Majesty's birthday, I went with the rest of the Settlement to an entertainment given at the Government house in honour of the festival. At the supper table chance placed me next to an odd looking elderly man, who eyed me with peculiar archness, and seemed particularly struck with my Nivernois hat. He spoke not, but looked at me with great earnestness. At length he suddenly snatched my hat from my lap and placing it upon the point of a walking stick, held it up in the middle of the table. This naturally attracted the attention of the company, the novelty of the exhibition exciting a general burst of laughter, for at that period immensely large hats were worn at Madras. Dick Bourchier, who sat near me, having ascertained who the person was, whispered me not to take any notice of what he did for that he was insane, and had been so many years, but being perfectly inoffensive and harmless he was received every where with the utmost attention. He had formerly been a Captain of Artillery in the Company's service, and lost his senses in consequence of a fever brought on from severe sufferings during an arduous campaign. At the time he was thus afflicted he had not saved a rupee; the Company therefore allowed him a pension upon which he lived, apparently happy and contented. His common habit was reserved and shy, seldom speaking to any one unless first spoken to, and at no time ever shewing the smallest degree of ill-nature or violence. The new and whimsical form of my hat, so unlike

the then prevailing fashion, seemed to tickle his fancy excessively. Finding this to be the case, I very civilly said that as he admired the hat it was very much at his service, and he would do me a favour by accepting it. He seemed pleased, bowed gracefully enough, and taking the proffered hat, once more fixed it at the end of his cane, holding it up as before, and laughing himself immoderately, and in a few minutes afterwards getting up from table, saluted the company and marched out of the room with his acquisition.

During my sojourn at Madras, I was often obliged to play whist, my host, Mr. Dawson, not having a party without me. Mr. Whittle, vulgarly called "Black Jack," who afterwards became Governor of Madras, usually made one of the set, and chance gave him me for a partner several times. As I knew nothing of the game, we frequently lost rubbers that with the cards I held ought to have been won. This offended Mr. Whittle, who gave me a number of lectures relative to the mode of playing particular hands, but finding I did not profit by his instructions, he one evening in the middle of a game laid down his cards and, taking out his purse, paid the amount of the stake to his adversary, at the same time addressing me with "You, Mr. Hickey, are, I believe, a very good sort of young man, but by God you are by no means calculated to sit down at a whist table, so take my advice, and never in future attempt to do it."

Mr. Dawson took me several times to the Mount, a beautiful place about eight miles from Madras. It was a large and verdant plain whereon a number of gentlemen's Country houses were erected, the whole of them commanding an extensive view of the sea and shipping in the roads. On one side of the spacious flat was a small mountain upon which a monastery stood, an ancient building erected by, and belonging to, the Portuguese. Every one of the buildings had been defaced and spoliated by the enemy, Hyder's irregular cavalry having forced out even the door and window frames to burn and cook their victuals.

Early in the month of June the *Lord Holland*, East Indiaman, commanded by Captain Nairn, arrived from Europe

crowded with Bengal passengers. After staying ten days she sailed for Calcutta. My friends Rider and Grant were desirous of embarking on her, and would have done so had there been a spot for them to hang their cots in, which luckily for them there was not. On her way from Balasore roads to the river Hooghley the pilot ran her upon one of the numerous sands which fill that wild part of the ocean, and she was totally lost.

The latter end of June Captain Waddell told me I must prepare for departure, as he intended to sail in less than a week. I therefore went round to take leave of a numerous set of acquaintances I had made during my residence at Fort St. George, from many of whom I had received marks of great civility and kindness.

The last time that I went to sleep at Mr. Dawson's garden he told me he would the next morning shew me a pretty place about ten miles to the northward, belonging to a friend of his with whom we should spend the day and ride home in the cool of the evening, and that I should eat as fine and high flavoured oysters as ever I tasted in Europe. We accordingly mounted our horses before day break, and rode gently to the place, going the last four miles along the sand at the very edge of the sea, and enjoying a most refreshing breeze which blew upon us direct from the ocean.

Upon coming up to the door of the house, we dismounted, but not a soul appeared to receive us. Mr. Dawson, much surprized, conducted me into the hall, and loudly called, "Holloa, Boy, Boy!" the usual manner of summoning servants at Madras. After repeating this several times without any effect, he said to me, "This is very singular, nor can I account for it." He then proceeded to his friend's bed chamber, from whence I heard him exclaim, "Good God, poor Stone (or Stonehouse, I forget which) is dead," and again joining me he told me he was laying upon the bed a corpse. After again calling in vain, we walked to a sort of lodge or farm belonging to the deceased, where we found several of the servants,

who upon seeing us burst into violent lamentations. In a short time one of them informed Mr. Dawson that his master's horse had been taken to the door, as usual, at day light. The sun rising and he not coming out, his head man knocked at his room door, but, not receiving any answer, he opened it and entered, where he saw his master laying upon his bed, and approaching nearer, observed his mouth and eyes wide open, that, taking him by the hand, he found it clammy and cold, extremely terrified at which he ran out and called his fellow servants, who returned to the room with him, but the moment they saw their master was dead they all ran away to the place we found them in, where they had been shut up above an hour.

Instead, therefore, of the cheerful, pleasant day we had expected, Mr. Dawson was employed some hours arranging matters for the funeral. He sent a man on horseback for a Doctor who lived about three miles off, and who came immediately. Upon examining the body he said nothing could be done, that a change had actually taken place, from which he supposed he must have been seized with apoplexy soon after laying down. At three o'clock in the afternoon we set out on our return home, greatly shocked at the melancholy occurrence, at least, I was, for I certainly thought Mr. Dawson betrayed an indifference that did him no credit in my eyes, and treated this sudden death quite as a thing of course, and of no importance.

Another extraordinary circumstance happened the ensuing day. I went into the Black Town for the purpose of visiting the *Plassey's* officers, where I found the house in the utmost confusion, and seeing a number of persons in one of the rooms, I also entered, and saw they were gathered round a body weltering in blood upon the floor. Rogers, who was present, informed me it was our shipmate, old Forbes, who a few minutes before had cut his throat, and so effectually that he was already dead. He had been in a low and desponding way for a month, often grievously weeping and exclaiming what a miserable wretch he was, and that when

the *Plassey* should sail from Madras he should be left destitute and without a single friend in the world. Upon our first arrival he hired a small house in the Black Town, where he lived entirely by himself, until Gowdie and Rogers, seeing how unhappy the poor creature was, kindly received and fed him, whereupon he recovered his health and spirits, but as the time approached when he must be deprived of their society, he again flagged, and fell into despondence, which led him to put an end to his life with a razor.

During my stay at Madras a young gentleman came out from England very strongly recommended to Mr. Dawson, in consequence of which he resided in his house. His name Hall Plumer ; (brother to Sir Thomas Plumer, the present Solicitor General, since appointed Vice Chancellor of England) he was a writer upon the Madras establishment, and we became sworn friends. I shall say more of him hereafter.

On the 6th of July, Mr. Chisholme brought a remarkably fine looking young man about eighteen years of age, whom he introduced by the name of McClintock, saying he would be a fellow passenger of mine to China, where he was going for the recovery of his health. He had only been three years in India, unfortunately getting a serious illness upwards of a year before I saw him. It had reduced him to so low a state and brought on so many alarming symptoms that the medical gentlemen advised his trying the effect of change of air and passing some months at Canton, where the winter was sharp and cold. Chisholme, who knew his connexions, was much interested about him, and had asked Captain Waddell to give him a passage, a request that was granted in the handsomest manner, and half the Round house allotted to his use. "Now," said Chisholme, "as you two are much alike in disposition I think it would be a pleasant thing to both to be together, each of your apartments being sufficiently spacious to accommodate two, so if you approve of my suggestion, do you, Hickey, go up to the Round house, or let McClintock come down to your half of the great cabin. I should conceive the latter the best." I

readily acceded, and we agreed to swing our cots below. I had reason to be highly satisfied with my companion, for during nine subsequent months that we were inseparable I never once heard an angry or illnatured word pass his lips, so placid and fine a tempered lad I never met with; he was also unusually accomplished and an excellent scholar.

On the 7th (July) I received notice that the ship would sail the following day and Captain Waddell, with his accustomed kind attention, offered to take me off with him at one o'clock in the afternoon, but the same evening Chisholme and McClintock called to say they intended going off soon after sun rise, at which time the surf never was so high as when the day was further advanced, and Chisholme pressing me to join them, I consented and wrote a note to tell my Commander. Before sun rise the next morning I was upon the beach and saw a prodigious surf. The bóat people nevertheless assured us there was not the least danger, and we embarked, taking the precaution to engage several of the largest Catamarans to attend and stick close to us. We passed the first surf tolerably well, only getting a little spray of the sea over us. We then remained stationary at least half an hour before they attempted the second, though five or six times not a yard from the tremendous curl and break of the wave, which to say the truth occasioned me serious alarm, but I had the miserable consolation of seeing Chisholme still more frightened than myself, and he every moment called to the people of the Catamarans to keep nearer to us, promising them as well as our boat's crew, adequate compensation if they carried us safely through.

McClintock and I sat quite still without saying a word, but I am free to confess I was not sorry to hear Chisholme exhorting those about us to exert themselves and be careful. We then passed the second surf without receiving a drop of water, and in like manner the third. Doubtless it is truly terrific to behold a prodigious swell of the sea solemnly and regularly approaching the boat as if it was determined to overwhelm you in its surge, and actually breaking into one horrible foam close to the boat's nose, or equally near its

stern, destruction thus staring you in the face. The people of the Masulah boats are however so clever, and by long experience know so well, in fact to a foot, where the break of the surf will happen, that they run to the very edge without encountering it. Accidents do sometimes occur from various causes, in which cases the boat either fills and sinks, or turns broadside to the surf and is inevitably overset, in both which dilemmas you have no chance of salvation except from your own skill in swimming, or being picked up by the Catamarans. Going towards the shore is not attended with the same degree of risk because you are pursuing the same course as the surf does, whereas in going off you meet the enemy directly in your teeth. The boat people watch between the surfs until they see it has broken three or four times heavily in the same place, then make a dart and pull over the swell ere it has renewed its strength so as to break. We all three felt happy when we were fairly over it, and we had the satisfaction to see that our boat was better managed than two others that put off at the same time we did, both continuing between the first and second surfs until long after we passed the outer one. Of course we kept the promise Chisholme had made, and liberally rewarded the Masulah and Catamaran people.

We reached the ship a little after eight o'clock in the morning. At two in the afternoon our good Captain came on board in the "accommodation" boat, as it is called, which belongs to Government, and is always lent to persons of rank and consequence. Formerly it was sometimes lent to Commanders of Indiamen, when they were treated with more attention and respect than of late. The seats of this boat are broader and lower than the common Masulahs, a larger complement of rowers who are decently clothed, and in every respect better fitted up, though perhaps not a bit safer. Indeed, I have understood she has oftener met with accidents than any other. A very serious one occurred lately, in which the Colonel of De Meuron's German regiment, with a child and two servants, going off to a ship in which they were to have proceeded to Europe, all perished, the boat being

overset in the outer surf. Captain Waddell came on board completely wet from the boat's having twice filled in unsuccessful attempts to pass the second surf. The last time he told us he was so convinced she must go down that he was just preparing to strike out and depend upon his swimming, when the helmsman begged him to sit where he was and he would carry him through. Luckily he was able to keep his word.

With the Captain there came off a little weazen faced, elderly Armenian, who was going upon some mercantile business to China, and upon entering the ship seemed scared out of his wits.

Immediately after our commander came on board we got under way, as did five other of the ships bound to China, not one of which, except the *Triton*, could sail with the *Plassey*. We had a pleasant breeze, and after running about five leagues, the objects on shore diminishing fast, a sailor at the main top gallant mast head called out that a Catamaran was following us, one of the people waving a cloth. We thereupon hove to, and soon saw her with our spying glasses. In an hour and a half she reached us and delivered a letter from the Governor containing another for the chief supercargo at Canton. Captain Waddell having written a receipt for this packet at the particular request of the man who delivered it, asked him why he had not given it to one of the ships astern, by which he would have saved three or more leagues hard work, to which the man answered, " How could I possibly do that when my orders were to deliver it to the Captain of the *Plassey*," an obedience and attention to orders that I am afraid few Europeans under similar circumstances would have observed. Captain Waddell made the poor creatures very happy by a present of some ship biscuit, which the natives of Coromandel are particularly fond of, and a couple of bottles of rum, with which in high glee they left the ship, assuring us they should regain the shore soon after dark. By this Catamaran I wrote to my friend Rider and Mr. Dawson, the man undertaking to deliver them, for which I

gave him a pagoda to his great surprize and joy. These honest creatures may always be depended upon faithfully to execute whatever they undertake if practicable. Having dispatched the Catamaran we once more made sail.

The fifth day we saw Pulo Penang, at the mouth of the Straits of Malacca, at that time uninhabited, but where the East India Company long since formed a colony, now in a flourishing state, having docks constructed in the harbour of sufficient dimensions to receive and repair ships of the line, and where several capital vessels have been built. Its name has been changed to Prince of Wales's Island. It was long considered the Montpelier of India, and invalids from every quarter were sent there for recovery of health, but during the last four years it has in some measure lost its reputation for salubrity, numbers of the inhabitants having died, amongst whom were Mr. Dundas, the Governor, and his lady, the latter not actually dying upon the Island, as she was sent to Bengal with a hope of saving her, but she survived her arrival in Calcutta only three or four days.

Mr. Oliphant, first in Council, the Chief Surgeon, and many other gentlemen of inferior rank also fell sacrifices to the disorder prevalent that season. The fate of Mr. Grey, the second in Council, was peculiarly hard. Having been attacked by the malady that proved fatal to so many, he was induced to accept the offer of a passage to Europe in the *Blenheim*, Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge's flag ship, and in which the Admiral himself was about to return home, notwithstanding the Captain and every officer belonging to her pronounced her unfit for such a voyage, and that if they met with any bad weather she must go to the bottom. Sir Thomas was obstinate in his determination, at the same time telling his Captain and officers he did not insist upon their keeping their stations, and that all, or any of them, were at full liberty to quit the *Blenheim*. The Captain answered he certainly considered the embarking in her desperate, yet as he (the admiral) chose to risk his life, he (the Captain) thought it his duty to keep the command

whatever the consequence might be to himself. The Lieutenants, actuated by the same mistaken spirit, gave similar answers to the Captain. Mr. Grey, although knowing the general opinion held respecting the ship, and who was himself an admirable seaman, having commanded the *Phœnix* and *Rose* East Indiamen several voyages, yet he too ventured to go in her, taking his wife, a beautiful young woman, to whom he had been but a short time married, with him. The event justified what the captain and officers thought of her condition. On the voyage home she foundered, and every soul on board perished. Thus were near seven hundred lives sacrificed to the inflexible obstinacy of an individual.

The great change in the healthiness of Prince of Wales's Island created general surprize, and various conjectures were made as to the cause of it, one of which was that the chief spring that supplied the inhabitants with drinking water had been suddenly impregnated with a noxious and poisonous vegetable over which the stream ran in the way from its source, but this idea never was satisfactorily established.

We ran through part of the Straits of Malacca with delightful weather and smooth water, in company with the *Triton*, for whom however we had daily been obliged to shorten sail several hours, until we reached the Dutch settlement of Malacca, where the two commanders agreed to stop and fill their water casks, having left Madras rather short supplied with that requisite article owing to the surf being high several days previous to our leaving it. We accordingly came to an anchor and immediately went on shore to a neat, pretty looking town, in which we fixed our abode at a tavern close to the sea, the room in which we sat commanding a view of the Roads and shipping. Captain Elphinstone joined our party, who, being a most gentlemanlike and pleasing man, proved a great acquisition. We likewise had his first officer, Mr. Parsloe, with us, a coxcomb of the superlative degree, who afforded us considerable entertainment from an extraordinary propensity to the marvellous, or, in plain terms, lying. Our table fare was

very tolerable, the fish and poultry excellent, but marred in their cooking, every thing swimming in oil; the fruits delicious, one especially so, the mangosteen, which I thought the most exquisite I ever tasted any where. The flavour although sweet and rich is extremely delicate, and any quantity of it might be eaten without risk of injuring the health. Captain Elphinstone was at them morning, noon, and night, the whole time lamenting he had so short a period to enjoy them, for it is impossible to keep them long; even on shore they spoil in twenty four hours after being gathered.

When we were leaving the ship Rogers cautioned me respecting the women, saying, "Take care of yourself, Bill, the Malays are a dangerous and revengeful people, and you who are by nature of an amorous disposition, you will be looking after the girls, in which case should any of the men discover you, certainly you will have one of their creeses up to the hilt in your guts." As he said this with great gravity, and I was utterly ignorant of the habits or prejudices of the people I was going amongst, I resolved to keep clear of all amours, and have as little as possible to do with the Malays.

There being no bedchambers for guests at the tavern, sleeping apartments were engaged and prepared for us at other houses. McClintock and I agreed to keep together, but were not able so to do from there not being a room with two beds in it. After supper we retired to our respective chambers. Mine was a large one level with the street, into which it looked, having a decent bed and furniture. Dismissing the servant who attended me to it, I examined the windows, which I found well secured by strong iron bars. I then locked the door inside, undressed and laid down, as I conceived in perfect security. Notwithstanding the intense heat which instantly threw me into a profuse perspiration, the violent exercise I had taken in the day so fatigued me that I soon fell into a deep sleep, from which I was suddenly awakened by some person's shaking me. Greatly alarmed, I bounced up, nor

was my terror diminished when I saw by the light of the moon that shone in the room a Malay man, almost naked, leaning over me at the bed side. I cried out "Who is there? Who are you? What do you want?" to which he answered in broken English "Master caree (want) piccaninee girl, I catch bring here, Master not holloa, not frighten." Much relieved at hearing such to be the object of his unwelcome visit, I quickly replied, "No, no, I thank you I am too much tired."

The man upon my repeated negative said, "Den me go, Master. Salaam, Master," and to my inexpressible astonishment instantly made his exit by jumping out at the window I had imagined so well secured. The moment he was out I rose to examine how this could have happened, and then discovered that one of the bars was without either nail or screw at the bottom, and altogether so loose that it could be pushed sufficiently on one side to admit a man to pass through.

While I was busily employed about these bars, I heard a sort of stifled laugh near at hand in the street, upon which I began to suspect some trick. After watching near an hour without further noise or interruption I laid down in my clothes, for I had dressed myself when the fellow disappeared, hoping to get a little rest, but all my endeavours were in vain. I therefore lay sweating until daylight and then walked out into the town.

At breakfast I found from the whispering and laughing of the party that a plan had been made to frighten me, which object had certainly been accomplished. Mr. Parsloe, with a broad grin, hoped I had rested well, and had pleasant dreams. Rogers afterwards told me the scheme was suggested by Parsloe, but they had no notion that in such a dreadful heat I should soon have got to sleep, for had they, they would not have disturbed me.

The Malay man they had employed was a servant at the tavern, and the very best pimp in the place, which qualification I benefited by the next night. Rogers, I learned (from himself) had taken the trouble of going with a carpenter in

the afternoon, to take out the fastenings from the bar of the window for the man to enter at.

The morning after we anchored we saw the other ships that left Madras at the same time we did, pass in the offing.

CHAPTER XVI

CANTON

AFTER spending four days very agreeably at Malacca, where we found much to see and entertain us, we returned to the *Plassey* and proceeded on our way to China, still accompanied by the *Triton*, but the additional water she had taken in so altered her sailing for the worse that on the second day we ran away and left her. Having cleared the Straits, our daily conversation was the probability of encountering a Tuffoon, or violent gale of wind so called, frequently happening in the China Seas towards the latter part of the year. Captain Waddell, in jocularity, used to desire me to keep a good look out of an evening, and if the sun set, as seamen phrase it, *angrily*, casting a copper tint all over the sky, attended with a thick heavy atmosphere, we might expect a puff in a few hours. Four days after the captain had mentioned these symptoms to me, I was sure from his conversation with the officers at breakfast, and the orders he gave, that he expected bad weather. It was then blowing fresh, and by the hour of dinner the wind so increased that the top sails were close reefed.

The sun that evening did set as he had described, the appearance being quite horrible; the thick and heavy clouds were of a dismal deep orange colour and the sea became extremely agitated. The top gallant masts and yards were lowered upon deck and every preparation made for encountering a tempest. By eight in the evening it blew so tremendously that every sail was taken in and we ran under bare poles. At nine, in an instant, the wind shifted almost to the opposite point. So sudden and violent was it that had a single yard of canvas been out the consequences might have been serious. As it was, we immediately hove to. We lay tumbling about sadly, and had a dismal night,

shipping heavy seas, which swept away every thing they came against. The gale was accompanied by excessively vivid lightning and thunder as if the artillery of the world had all been discharged at once. This was the first storm I had ever been in, and greatly did the effects of it surprize me. The *Plassey* was one of the best sea boats that ever swam, behaving, as the seamen said, wonderfully well, yet the motion was so quick and violent that every timber and plank seemed to shake. All attempts to keep my legs being useless, I retired to my cot, which every moment struck the deck on one side or the other. Day light made no favourable change. About eleven in the morning I got up, and being young and active I managed to get upon deck, where the grandeur of the scene, terrific as it was, greatly surprized me. I fastened myself with a rope upon the quarter deck by the advice of the Doctor, who had scarcely given it when the ship, taking a deep and desperate lee lurch, he lost his hold, and away he flew like a shot to leeward, falling with great force against the ship's side, his head striking within two inches of the aftermost port out of which every body upon deck thought he must have gone. He had a narrow escape from a watery grave, and was dreadfully bruised from the violence of the fall.

Our cargo from Madras being cotton, the ship was so crank that she sometimes lay for half an hour at a time in a manner water logged, her gunwale being completely enveloped in the sea, so that I frequently thought she never would right again. The gale continued all the second day and night, but towards morning of the third moderated and soon after fell calm. The sea being enormously high and confused, the ship rolled and pitched to such a degree that the masts were every moment expected to go over her side. So serious a disaster fortunately for us did not happen, and after several hours terrible tumbling about in all directions, a fresh breeze and from the right quarter, sprung up; we made sail, which steadied the ship, and the following day saw the Grand Ladrones, a cluster of Islands off the coast of China.

Severe as the storm had been, we did not start a rope yarn nor receive the slightest damage in any way. I never saw a creature so terrified as the poor devil of an Armenian. In the height of the gale he frequently asked me what was to become of us, and what I would advise him to do. Vexed at his absurd question, and the childishness of his behaviour, I answered, "I recommend you to grin and bear it," (an expression used by sailors after a long continuance of bad weather). Not at all understanding my meaning, he soon after addressed Chisholme, requesting an explanation. Unluckily for him Mr. Chisholme was out of temper, and damning his blood for a stupid old brute, bid him go to hell, at the same time giving him a push that drove him several yards, and down he fell flat on his back. He raised himself as well as he could, crawled to his cabin, and we saw no more of him until the ship was safe at an anchor.

As we approached the land, the wind moderated, the weather became clear, and the sea subsided. In a few hours a small vessel came along side from which we got a Chinese pilot, who conducted the ship through the Bogue, a narrow channel or inlet from the ocean to the river, not near half a mile broad, with a fort upon each side, which passed the river spreads to a great width, and appears covered with boats of different sizes.

Our sea pilot having taken the ship into Macao roads, we there anchored to wait the arrival of a river pilot, and were told we had no chance of one until the following day. I therefore after dinner went on shore to this miserable place, where there is a wretched ill constructed fort belonging to the Portuguese, in which I saw a few sallow faced, half naked, and apparently half starved creatures in old tattered coats that had once been blue, carrying muskets upon their shoulders, which, like the other accoutrements, were of a piece with their dress. These wretches were honoured with the title of "soldiers." Not only the men, but every thing around bespoke the acme of poverty and misery. Satisfied with what I had seen, and nothing tempted by a printed board indicating the house upon which

it was fixed to be "The British Hotel" where was to be found "elegant entertainment and comfortable lodging," I did not even take a look within, but walked as fast as my legs could carry me to the sea side, where McClintock, as disgusted as myself with Macao, had procured a boat, in which we returned to our own really comfortable apartment on board the *Plassey*. Whilst on shore we learnt that none of the other ships had yet entered the river, but that there were several direct from England then laying at Whampoa.

In the afternoon of the next day, having procured a pilot, we proceeded upwards, and in thirty hours were safely moored at Whampoa, having in the passage passed two bars, or banks of sand, which, when the tide was out, had only seven feet upon them. We arrived at our moorings on the 11th of August, having been only thirty three days from Madras, which was the shortest voyage that had then ever been made by an East Indiaman. We found at anchor five English ships, four Swedes, six French, four Danes, and three Dutch, all the foreigners being of the immense burthen of from twelve to fifteen hundred tons.

Whampoa is pleasantly situated, having two islands close to the ships, one called Deans, upon which each ship erects what is called a "bankshall," being a lightly constructed wooden building from sixty to one hundred feet in length, into which the upper masts, yards, spars, sails, rigging and stores are deposited, and, previous to being re-embarked, are all repaired and put into order. The other is called French Island, where the officers and sailors walk, or amuse themselves at different games for exercise and pastime. Upon French Island all the Europeans who die are buried.

The morning after we reached Whampoa, which we got to at dusk, I was awakened at sun rise by the sound of music appearing to come from different directions, the effect being delightful. Looking out of the Quarter gallery window, I saw that each of the foreign ships had an excellent band, consisting of every description of wind and martial instruments, the whole striking up the moment the sun appeared above the horizon, continuing to play for an hour. The

same thing was done in the evening, an hour previous to sun set. I never heard any thing that pleased me more.

After breakfast, the Captain's barge being made ready, with jack, ensign, and pennant flying, the crew all in clean white shirts, and black caps, Captain Waddell, Mr. McClintock, the Armenian, and myself got into it, and the men pulled away for Canton, distant from Whampoa about eighteen miles. The heat of the sun was intense, and I felt much for the rowers. On the way two Chinese buildings were pointed out to us as Hoppo, or Custom houses, at both which all boats, except those belonging to the commanders of European ships, which in compliment to their flag are exempted, are obliged to stop and undergo a strict search or examination by a petty mandarin, like our Custom house officers, to ascertain that there is nothing contraband on board. We were also shewn, when nearly half way, a small inlet or creek called "Lob Lob Creek," from whence in "sampans" (the name of the country boats) came forth certain women, who, if required so to do, board the boats. The females who ply at Lob Lob Creek are supposed so to do by stealth. I say *supposed*, because the fact is that they pay a proportion of their earnings to the mandarin upon duty, who thereupon, like an upright administrator of justice, shuts his eyes and his ears to the breach of the law, those public officers being invariably corrupt. In fact, there is scarce any offence or crime, murder not excepted, that the perpetrator may not free himself from punishment for by paying a certain sum, according to the nature or degree of enormity of his offence. Money seems to be the idol they all worship.

We arrived at Canton about noon. The view of the city as you approach it is strikingly grand, and at the same time picturesque. The magnitude and novelty of the architecture must always surprize strangers. The scene upon the water is as busy a one as the Thames below London Bridge, with this difference, that instead of our square rigged vessels of different dimensions, you there have junks, which, in the middle of the fair weather

season they navigate all along the coast of China, and even to the Straits of Malacca, yet never go out of sight of land, and for this plain reason—they are wholly ignorant of navigation and all its advantages. A junk is so constructed that one would be led to suppose the inventor's principal object had been to deter mankind from venturing upon salt water. Their shape lengthways is rather more than a semicircle, each end being many feet higher than the centre. At the stern there is a recess angularwise several feet in depth, of no possible use, and it looks as if it was intended to give every sea that strikes her abaft a fair chance of splitting the unwieldy machine in two. Upon each bow is painted an enormous eye, and if enquiry is made what they are for, the answer is, "Hi yaw, no have eyes, how can see." They draw but little water, seldom more than five feet when loaded, have only one mast, with a slight bamboo, occasionally, used as a top mast. Their sails are made of reeds, looking much like a mat, and answer the intended purpose very well, at least in the hands of Chinamen. In smooth water and before the wind they sail tolerably, but make sad work against an adverse wind or high sea. Being bigoted to every thing that has been handed down from their ancestors, there is no prevailing upon them to attempt improvement in any way. If shewn how deficient they are in many respects, and how greatly they might benefit by adopting European practice in arts and manufactures, they without hesitation admit our superiority with the utmost *sang froid*, adding in favour of their own habits, "Truly this have China custom."

It is reported that the captain of a Country trading ship had, many years ago, influence enough over the commander of a junk, to prevail on him to learn sufficient of navigation to justify his leaving the land entirely, and having surmounted that prejudice, he supplied a compass and quadrant, teaching his pupil the use of both, and further became principal owner of a cargo put on board the junk for a distant port. The vessel, under these circumstances boldly went to sea, completing in

little more than three weeks a voyage that thentofore took six months. She returned with a cargo that yielded such a profit as enabled the captain, who had been admitted to a share, to quit the sea, and retire to enjoy himself amidst his family. This lucky event encouraged another Chinese to pursue the same course. He sailed with equal success to Malacca, and other places on the east coast, disposing of his merchandize to prodigious advantage, and with his accumulated riches, sailed from an island at the border of the Straits on his return to China, but unfortunately did not reach it, nor ever was heard of. This misfortune the prejudiced people ascribed entirely to his having those diabolical instruments (the quadrant and compass) on board his vessel. These bigots, on being reminded that the preceding captain had succeeded with the same instruments, said, "Hy yaw, that man have too much ee good friend with devil come." Since that no Chinese has ever ventured to trespass upon their old mode of coasting!

Nothing appears more extraordinary to the eyes of a stranger at Canton than the innumerable boats of different sizes with which the river is covered for many miles together. The sampan is a commodious boat, and usually has three rooms, the largest in the centre. The bottom and deck over the rooms or cabins are of a light but close grained wood, the divisions and sides are formed of matted work, split bamboos, and rattans, painted of different colours and ornamented with a variety of figures, making a neat appearance. They are guided, or steered, as you may call it, by a man standing upon a projecting plank near her stern, with a long oar or paddle, having two, four, six, and so on up to fourteen rowers, according to the size of the boat. With the tide, which runs rapidly, they can pull them from six to nine miles an hour. Whole families reside entirely in their sampans, not going on shore once in six months. They carry on their respective trades or businesses upon the water, buying and selling precisely the same as in a market; the butchers, bakers, &c., having each a fixed

station, so that everyone knows exactly where to go for what he wants.

The females of the higher order are entirely secluded, take no part in domestic arrangements, nor ever mix in society, or are even seen except by their nearest relations, living in indolence and luxury, whilst the poor women in humble life are made to execute the most laborious and menial services of the house or sampan. These are frequently seen tugging at an oar, having one infant receiving its nourishment at the breast and another slung behind her. Each child has a vegetable substance, somewhat resembling a gourd or pumpkin, fastened to its back, which, being of a buoyant nature, if the infant falls overboard floats it until picked up by its parents or any other sampan that happens to be near. The plant that thus floats the child, has the number and station of the sampan to which it belongs cut in Chinese characters upon it, by which the child is at once ascertained, otherwise in such a multitude of boats great confusion would arise. It scarcely ever happens that any one is drowned. The women who are not doomed to slave for bread, have in early infancy shoes of iron, or some equally hard substance, put upon their feet, which confine them so closely as to prevent the growth. The pain consequent of so strange a custom must be dreadful, yet custom that operates alike in all countries and upon all persons enables them to endure it. They are of course cripples, and can scarce walk. The men are vain, and anxious to show that they are not obliged to labour for a livelihood. Thus an artist, that is, a painter, a person who writes, and many other lines, lets the nail on the little finger of his left hand grow to an enormous length, thereby making it known that he is not a common handicraft fellow! To preserve this long nail from being broke when asleep, they every night fix over it and the finger a thin case of wood or metal.

About half a mile above the City suburbs, in going from Whampoa, is a wharf, or embankment, regularly built of brick and mortar, extending more than half a mile in length,

upon which wharf stands the different factories or places of residence of the Supercargoes, each factory having the flag of its nation on a lofty ensign staff before it. At the time I was in China they stood in the following order, First, the Dutch, then, the French, the English, the Swedes, and last, the Danes. Each of these factories, besides admirable banqueting, or public rooms for eating, &c., have attached to them sets of chambers, varying in size according to the establishment. The English being far more numerous than any other nation trading with China, their range of buildings is much the most extensive. Each supercargo has four handsome rooms; the public apartments are in front looking to the river; the others go inland to the depth of two or three hundred feet, in broad courts, having the sets of rooms on each side, every set having a distinct and separate entrance with a small garden, and every sort of convenience. Besides the factories which belong to the East India Company there are also others, the property of Chinese, who let them to European and Country Captains of ships, merchants and strangers whom business brings to Canton. For several years there has been an Imperial flag flying before a factory occupied by the Germans. The Americans (whom the Chinese distinguish by the expressive title of second chop Englishmen) have also a flag. The number of supercargoes employed by the English East India Company in the year 1769 was twelve, but when we arrived there were only eleven resident, one being in Europe for recovery of his health. Those present were Messieurs Revell, Devisme, Torriano, Phipps, Wood, Harrison, Bevan, Rous, Raper, Blake, and Bradshaw. There were also two writers, Pigou and Rogers, who after five years' service become supercargoes.

Upon our landing Captain Waddell immediately conducted Mr. McClintock and me to Mr. Revell, the chief supercargo, who after an exchange of compliments, took us to a handsome suite of rooms, consisting of two spacious bed chambers with dressing room adjoining each, two large sitting rooms, and one for eating—the whole neatly

furnished, and having a complete small library. Of these apartments he gave me the keys, saying they were for the exclusive use of Mr. McClintock and myself during our stay in China. He also observed that as it was customary for gentlemen to breakfast in their own chambers, every requisite would be amply supplied by the factory steward. He further informed us that all the supercargoes, and any guests that honoured them with their company, daily dined together in the great hall at two o'clock, but if at any time from indisposition or choosing to be alone, we preferred dining in private, upon communicating such wish to the steward he would bring a bill of fare, and furnish whatever articles we ordered therefrom. After this gracious reception, he left us to repose or do as we thought proper until dinner. McClintock and I sallied forth and were much entertained with the novelty of the scene. We entered several shops, and were soon surprized to find it was time to dress. In our way home I was at a loss which way to turn at the corner of a street, and my companion declared himself equally so, whereupon one of the most lovely boys I ever beheld, who had heard our doubts, came up with the utmost ease and familiarity, though with perfect politeness, saying,

"I presume, gentlemen, you want to go to the Company's Factory. If so, I shall have the pleasure to conduct you as this gentleman," pointing to an elderly, stiff, and remarkably upright man, with a fan in his hand, "and I are going there."

We accepted the proffered civility of this charming youth, and thus commenced an acquaintance which ripened into as sincere a friendship as ever subsisted between two persons, and which continued uninterrupted for thirty years, ending only in his death. After walking a hundred yards, he wished his companion good morning, saying, "As we young folk shall move quicker than you like, we will leave you, but shall soon meet again." He then took hold of my arm and led the way. During our walk he asked my name and that of my companion, which, having communicated to him, he jocularly said :

"The old quiz who just left us is Stephen Devisme, a devilish odd sort of a body, at present second supercargo, and will soon be chief, as Revell is going home this season. You'll like him well enough. I play all sorts of tricks with the old buck. Perhaps you have already heard of me, for I make myself conspicuous at Canton, but lest you should not, I am Bob Pott. I command the *Cruttenden*."

Observing I smiled at the latter part of his speech, he said:

"Aye, aye, you may laugh and think me a young hand to command an East Indiaman, but it's very true for all that."

Pott was at this period not quite fourteen, and as already observed the most beautiful lad. Every feature perfect, remarkably fair complexion, with a profusion of bright auburn hair hanging in natural ringlets about his head and face, most piercing eyes, and a figure of the exactest symmetry: there was altogether a something about him irresistibly attracting and engaging. Having shewn us to our rooms he said he would wait while we dressed, and then attend us to the dining hall. Upon our arrival there he introduced us to Mr. Devisme and Mr. Wood (the only two gentlemen then in the room) with an ease and grace that would have become the most elegant courtier. Having letters from Madras friends to both Mr. Devisme and Mr. Wood, I took them from my pocket and delivered them. The two gentlemen thereupon requested I would command their services upon every occasion during my stay at Canton. In a few minutes Pott observed another gentleman coming up stairs, when laying hold of my hand he drew me towards the door, saying in a low voice, "That is my chief mate." Then quitting me he went up to the stranger, took him by the arm and leading him up to me, made us shake hands, saying to the gentleman, "You must be friends with Mr. Hickey, for I have a great liking to him," and turning to me he added, "This is Captain Baker of the *Cruttenden*, my ship," winking significantly. Captain Baker smiled and patting his protégé upon the head, said, "My dear Bob,

there is no occasion for any new aid being called in for the purpose of completely spoiling an already sufficiently spoiled boy." Whilst this was passing, Mr. Revell and the other supercargoes came in, with the commanders of the different European ships, also Mr. Carvalho, an elegant looking man, who was supercargo to several large Country ships then at Whampoa.

Mr. Revell having introduced McClintock and me to the whole party, we sat down, in number about thirty, to a capital dinner consisting of fish, flesh and fowl, all of the best, with a variety of well dressed made dishes, being served up in two courses, followed by a superb dessert, the wines, claret, madeira, and hock, all excellent, and made as cold as ice. Mr. Devisme placed me next to him, and was attentive as possible. He briefly gave me some account of every person at table, in doing which I could perceive an inclination to be satirical. Having discussed the characters of the adults, he continued, "Young Pott is a boy of uncommon talents, but volatile to excess, and full of mischief as a monkey, and I am truly concerned to see every person in the factory, except myself, endeavouring to ruin him by every species of indulgence, and encouraging instead of checking his wild sallies and mischievous propensities. In short, sir, this place will undo him." Notwithstanding this grave speech, I soon discovered he was one of the worst spoilers himself. He told me Pott was the son of the surgeon so well known for superior abilities in his profession, who having a numerous family of children, was compelled to put them into different lines of life. Robert was intended for the sea, this being his own choice, and was accordingly shipped as a *Guinea pig*, (the name given to boys on their first voyage) on board the *Cruttenden*, so called after a brother of Mrs. Pott's, who was in the India Direction, and principal owner of that and other vessels of the Company, of one of which he (Robert) was to have the command when competent to assume it. I afterwards heard that Captain Baker was a man who made his own interest the first object upon all occasions, and being

dependent upon Pott's family for his success in life, he felt the propriety of courting them in every way, and naturally enough thought he could not do so more effectually than by shewing every possible attention to their young favorite, Robert, who, under that impression, was permitted to do whatever he pleased, the indulgencies being carried so far that the boy was not very wide of the truth in telling me he commanded the *Cruttenden*.

After sitting near three hours at table, the company separated, Mr. Revell telling me we should assemble again to tea and coffee at seven. Mr. Harrison then asked me to join three or four friends in his room, to which I accompanied him, where I found Mr. Rous, Wood, Bradshaw, and Pott, already seated at a table with bottles and glasses, and all, except Pott, partook of some uncommon fine claret, Messrs. Harrison and Rous smoking cheroots. Here Bob (for so he insisted upon being so called) placed himself close by me, expressing his joy in the most energetic terms at my having come amongst them, as I was the first reasonable creature he had seen since he came to China.

"Your chum," (continued he) "I cannot say so much of. To be sure he is a good looking fellow, but then there is something so cold, so damned repulsive and formal that he makes me sick, and I wonder how the devil you can endure one so every way unlike yourself."

I defended my friend as well as I could, telling Bob he greatly mistook the character of McClintock, and upon better acquaintance he would like him, that he was by nature mild and gentle, but perhaps graver just now than usual from being in bad health and in the midst of strangers. I also said that as he had been pleased so hastily to form a favourable opinion of me, and the reverse of McClintock, I apprehended he might shortly see occasion to change his sentiments in both respects, of course to my disadvantage. He here interrupted me with,

"No, no. I am clear I am right. I am an admirable physiognomist, and never was deceived by a countenance in my life. You and I shall be staunch friends to the end of

our lives. However I shall be glad to see occasion to admit that I am wrong respecting McClintock, and rest assured that if I do I have candour enough to allow it. Everybody says I am a wild and giddy chap, but I trust you will never find me obstinately persist in an error, especially as in the present case, where I had much rather find myself wrong than right."

He certainly prophesied truly as to ourselves; we did remain unalterable and fast friends till his death terminated it.

At seven in the evening we returned to the hall and drank coffee and tea, after which some went to cards, some to billiards, whilst others walked up and down, or sat chatting on a terrace which projected from the hall and went several feet over the river, being supported by large piles; the situation was cool and refreshing. At ten supper was announced, from which every person retired when he thought proper to his bed. McClintock and I had Chinese servants appointed to wait upon us, who we found in attendance at our rooms with candles, slippers and all the etceteras of the night.

CHAPTER XVII

LIFE IN CANTON

MR. DEVISME had desired us to call upon him after our breakfast, as he would take us to see the progress of the manufactures carried on. Before seven o'clock in the morning I was awakened by Bob Pott bouncing into the room, calling me a sluggard, insisting on my immediately rising and going along with him to see some fun. I begged leave to put on my clothes first, to which he eagerly answered, "Then you will be too late. Slip on your morning gown and come along, it is only a few yards off, and no one will see you." I did as he desired, when he conducted me to a kind of closet over the billiard room, bidding me look through a small aperture which he pointed out, from whence I saw a most extraordinary figure which instantly brought to my mind the renowned Don Quixote, as described in the inimitable romance bearing that title. It was a tall, lank carcase, exceedingly stiff and erect, covered by an oil skin which seemed to adhere to his skeleton form, shewing distinctly his almost bare bones. On his head he wore a cap of the same material, cut in a peculiar shape, and making his meagre countenance and lantern jaws appear still longer than they actually were. The *tout ensemble* was the most grotesque I ever beheld. Not having the most remote idea who it could be, I asked Pott, who with a laugh replied, "Zounds! have you so soon forgot your new acquaintance, Stephen Devisme?" Whereupon I recognized the dismal features of that gentleman. He was giving directions to some servants who were employed, as I imagined, in washing a parcel of puppies that were plunging about in a large bathing tub of water, some of them seeming to be in danger of drowning. Astonished at the exhibition, I asked Bob the meaning of it, who,

almost convulsed with laughter, told me the old gentleman regularly every morning between six and seven o'clock used a cold bath, in which after remaining near an hour, he rolled himself in a loose gown and lay down upon a couch, where the men I saw shampooed him. This is a prevalent custom in China, as well as every part of India, of cracking different joints and rubbing every part of the body with instruments made for the purpose, improving, as it is supposed, the circulation of the blood and conducing to health. The sensation created by this ceremony is odd and not unpleasant. Many Europeans are extremely fond of it.

"Now," said Bob, "I deem it right to let him have some companions in his bath, and therefore yesterday collected those puppies that you see. By the bye, the cursed animals kept me awake a great part of the night with their confounded howling, and getting up at six this morning I had them in waiting at the tub, and the moment I heard Stephen coming down stairs I popped them in and off I ran to summon you that you might have a peep."

So strange a prank scarce any one but such a pickle as Bob would have thought of. He appeared quite delighted at the mortified visage of poor Mr. Devisme, who, descending in the expectation of a cool and refreshing wash to enable him to endure the heat of the rest of the day, instead of that comfort found his tub occupied by half a dozen drowning dogs. Upon first seeing the whimsical figure I exclaimed, "By heavens, it is Don Quixote himself." This tickled the wicked boy's fancy prodigiously, and from that time he never called Mr. Devisme by any other name than "The Don."

Having finished our breakfast, McClintock and I went to Mr. Devisme's who, after shewing us a very choice collection of curiosities of his own, conducted us to the different manufactures to inspect the progress thereof. On our way he informed us that no Europeans whatsoever were ever allowed to pass the gates of the city, a circumstance, as he said, little to be regretted, because in fact there was nothing in Canton worth seeing, whereas in the suburbs

where we were allowed free egress and regress, there was much deserving the attention of strangers.

We were then shewn the different processes used in finishing the China ware. In one long gallery we found upwards of a hundred persons at work in sketching or finishing the various ornaments upon each particular piece of the ware, some parts being executed by men of a very advanced age, and others by children even so young as six or seven years. Mr. Devisme then led us to some of their most celebrated painters upon glass, to the fan makers, workers in ivory, japanners, jewellers, and all the various artificers of Canton.

After passing the morning greatly to our satisfaction we returned towards home. Upon getting home we found a youth waiting for us and who, following the example of Mr. Pott, told us his name was Revell, son of the chief supercargo, that when we arrived he was on board the *Earl of Lincoln*, in which ship his father was going to Europe, and that he had only returned from Whampoa half an hour and directly called to visit us. Young Revell was then about fourteen, exceedingly plain in the face, but his features marked by peculiar drollery, and I soon discovered that in all sorts of mischievous pranks he was a complete match for Bob Pott. He was a writer of that year, upon the Madras establishment, and had come out in a ship for the purpose of seeing his father. After rattling for some time with great pleasantry, addressing McClintock, he said, "May I be so bold, sir, as to ask how you spell your name."

"Certainly," answered McClintock, and directly told the letters.

"Humph," said young Revell, "I find nothing very difficult to pronounce there, but my father, who you must know, sir, though I say it that ought not to say it, is a little bit of an oddity, tells me that for the soul of him he could not catch the sound of your name yesterday, but from the information you have now kindly furnished me with, I shall enable him to pronounce it correctly."

At the dinner table we met again, where we had been seated only a few minutes, when Mr. Revell senior said "Mr. *Macmutton-chop* will you do me the favour to drink a glass of wine." This ridiculous perversion of the name caused a universal laugh, young Revell in particular absolutely screeched, at which his father was greatly offended, calling him an impudent puppy, saucy jackanapes, pert bastard, and other opprobrious epithets, and again addressing McClintock said, "I beg your pardon, sir, I presume from the mirth I have excited that a mistake has been committed by me. If so, the fault is that little imp of hell's, and entirely his doing. I verily believe the devil brought him here for the purpose of tormenting me. The impertinent rascal never seems happy but when he has an opportunity of rendering his father contemptible." Then, turning to his son, he continued, "But I beg leave to tell you, young man, such conduct does not at all tend to your credit and must inevitably sink you in the estimation of all reasonable and thinking men."

Joe, which was the boy's Christian name, seemed affected, and gravely expressed his sorrow at having offended, which was far from his intention, all he thought of being to make an innocent laugh. The old gentleman, who fondly loved his boy, instantly replied, "Well, well, Joe, say no more about it, I believe you would not intentionally distress or vex me. Come and give me a kiss of oblivion and reconciliation." And peace was thus restored.

There was this day at dinner a Mr. Magee, who had thentofore been Registrar of the Mayor's Court, at Calcutta, which situation he quitted with a good fortune, returning to England overland, an expedition then rarely taken by Europeans. The circumstances attending this journey, the traveller had more pleasure in relating than the auditors had in listening to them, the account being dull and prolix. Joe Revell soon discovered Magee's foible, and his delight was to set him agoing upon the subject of the marvellous incidents that occurred upon the journey, and having once got him fairly into the history,

he would slip away, leaving whoever was unlucky enough to sit next Magee to listen to the tiresome often told tale of two hours long, so that at last it became quite ridiculous to observe the manœuvres practised by the gentlemen to avoid getting near Mr. Magee. I was early told that he made it a rule to give every new comer a full, true, and particular account of his interesting jaunt. I therefore, instead of avoiding, on the third day placed myself by his side and listened with much composure to the tiresome anecdotes of Bussorah, Damascus, Bagdad, and the great Desert, &c., the company one by one moving off until only he and I remained, The sleepy narrative lasted usually from two to three hours. Having thus gone through my ordeal I never afterwards scrupled getting up in the middle of his harangue if addressed to me. Once, Pott, thinking me in danger of the old history, came to my assistance, saying, "Hickey has already done penance, Magee, by listening to your prosing, and is, like every body in the factory, resolved to have no more of Bagdad, so you had better now entertain the Swedes and Danes. Oh, how they will edify! Come along, Hickey," and he fairly pulled me out of the room.

An express now arrived from Whampoa with the agreeable news of the *Triton*, and other Madras ships, being arrived. Several of them, especially the *Hector* and *Nottingham*, suffered severely in the tuffoon we had encountered; the *Hector* lost all three top masts and materially damaged her cotton. The *Nottingham* was thrown upon her beam ends, and lay water logged so long that the men had axes in their hands to cut away the lower masts as the only chance of saving her, when she luckily righted. The following day I met my shipmate, Denil Court, who told me that not liking Madras a bit better than I did, he had availed himself of an opportunity of leaving it by accepting the situation of surgeon to the *Ashburnham*, her doctor being so ill he was obliged to stay on shore.

The fifth day we dined with Mr. Carvalho, who entertained us sumptuously, having an excellent band of music playing

during our meal. He had two pleasant young men in his family, with both of whom I lived much for several years after. One was Mr. Grady, who acquired a large fortune in Bengal and died in England many years ago ; the other was Mr. Richard Sullivan, afterwards appointed to the Company's Civil service at Madras, where he also became rich, returned to England and there held a post of emolument under Government. He was created a Baronet and died a few years back. At Mr. Carvalho's I spent several of the happiest days of my life.

Our chief mate, Rogers, coming to Canton, informed me that my acquaintance, Captain Welch of the *Osterley*, died in the Straits of Malacca, on the passage from Madras to China. The first officer, Mr. Fortescue, thereupon succeeded to the command, and two days after the ship's arrival at Whampoa the new captain (Fortescue) having been on board one of the other Indiamen to dinner, on his return to the *Osterley* late at night, there being a platform alongside for the people to stand upon when caulking the sides, he walked from the boat over it, but in ascending the steps of the ship his foot slipped and he fell between the vessel's side and the platform into the water. The tide then running with rapidity the chances were a thousand to one against him. However, a quarter master who was upon the stage with a lantern, the moment the Captain fell put his arm down as far as he could reach into the water and most fortunately caught hold of his coat, by which he drew him up and preserved his life. The then chief mate, Mr. Lawson, (afterwards Commander of the new *Lord Holland*) when he heard Captain Fortescue was thus miraculously saved, swore nothing but his (Lawson's) general ill luck could have occasioned it. Although this speech was made apparently in jocularity, those best acquainted with the speaker firmly believed it came from the heart.

This Lawson was a very extraordinary fellow. Two years after the above circumstance occurred he found means to raise a sufficient sum of money to purchase the command of the ship built in the stead of the *Lord Holland* lost going into

Bengal river. He was a prodigious coxcomb both in dress and manners, and like my friend Douglas was distinguished in the India service by the title of "Count" Lawson. He however did not possess equal talents with Douglas for making money, or at least of keeping it when made. Being a determined schemer he was perpetually engaging in some wild speculation which, if you credited his assertions, could not fail yielding a profit of five hundred per cent. The event never answered those assertions, or his sanguine hopes —nevertheless he dashed on. Upon his first voyage as Captain he carried out an investment of thirty thousand pounds, and was very successful until his return to the British Channel, where he smuggled property to a large amount, was informed against, lost the whole of the goods, and was turned out of the command of the ship. His wife was a lovely girl whom he married upon becoming a Captain (at Madras). She was sister to Richard Sullivan, whom I have already mentioned, and died just after they left St. Helena homeward bound. Whereupon Lawson, to shew his attachment and respect for her memory, had the corpse put into a puncheon of rum that it might be interred on shore. His grief was violent beyond example; he never made his appearance after her death until the ship was running into Cork, where he went on shore and in three days took to his arms a second wife! also a beautiful girl. Through the interest of her connexions principally he got over the smuggling scrape so far as to be restored to the service, purchased a large French ship (the *Modeste*), which he caused to be lengthened, superbly fitted out in every respect, and she departed for China, under the name of the *Locko*. In her he also took out an enormous private investment on his own account, which he disposed of to advantage. A considerable proportion of it was contraband, and one of his petty officers who either actually had been, or fancied himself to have been, ill treated, upon their arrival in England lodged an information against him, in consequence of which he was Exchequered and judgments finally given against him for

near one hundred thousand pounds, the amount recovered in that Court being trebled. This effectually ruined him, discharging such a sum was beyond his power ingenious as he had shewn himself on several occasions. He therefore absconded as the only means of keeping his person free; embarked in a foreign ship, once more for the East, settled as a merchant at Vizagapatam, where according to public report he has amassed considerable wealth and only waits the accomplishment of his endeavours to compromise the Exchequer fines again to visit his native land.

In the beginning of September (1769) the long boat of the *Granby* going up from Whampoa to Canton, with treasure on board, rowed past the Hoppo house without stopping to be examined. The Chinese officers chased, and overtaking the long boat, insisted upon their going back. The style in which this order was given offended the British tars, and they refused to comply. The Chinamen then absurdly attempted to enforce their order by violence, and were all plumped into the river, with a few not very gentle mementoes from the fists of John Bull. In the scuffle they gave out that one man was drowned. This transaction set the whole city in a ferment, mandarins were seen in every direction, all trade and even the daily supply of provisions to the ships was stopped, and the crew of the long boat were required to be given up to be tried for the murder, as they called it. The supercargoes refused to comply, alleging that the long boat having treasure on board ought not, from the usual privilege in such cases, to have been stopped, and that she had the signal of carrying treasure flying at the time. The mandarins continued obstinate and as the evils would have been serious by a mutual perseverance, a sort of compromise was made by the supercargoes, who agreed that the long boat and her crew should remain at the stairs of the factory until the business had been enquired into fairly, a person on behalf of the Company being allowed to be present during the investigation.

Whilst the Enquiry, or Trial, was going on the Jacks continued their sojourn at Canton, amusing themselves

every evening by sitting round the flag staff, there lighting up a number of little candles of different colours, red, white, green and blue, drinking their grog (sometimes to excess) and singing their sea ditties, the whimsicality of their phrases and general conversation greatly entertaining the supercargoes and their company who were seated, or walking in the verandah over their heads. One evening Mr. Devisme, observing that three or four of the seamen were greatly intoxicated and would not retire to the boat to sleep, he called over the balustrade to the refractory men, reminding them how much they endangered their health by drinking and exposing themselves to the damps of the night. The admonition was received with perfect good humour and some sallies of wit. One of the sailors desired leave to address Mr. Devisme in answer to his speech —and immediately began a volley of the most out of the way and ludicrous oaths, which having sent forth, he continued, "Well done, my hearty cock, you palaver damned well with that paunch of yours well lined with beef and pudding, not to speak of the righteous of which I'm damned if you missed taking your share—whilst we poor dogs down here between decks can scarce get a drop to wet our whistles. Come now, my hearty, serve us out a sample and we'll drink the King, God love him, not forgetting the stingy (East India) Company." Then, turning to his messmates, he went on, "I say, my lads, I wonder whether these devils aloft will serve out any grog or not, but never mind, thank God we're all alive, ain't we, so let's have three cheers," which were instantly given with the utmost glee by the whole party. But, poor fellows, before the same hour of the following evening three of them were dead, and in the two next days five more expired.

Eight men dying thus suddenly created strong suspicion of foul play and that poison had been resorted to. Upon intelligence of so extraordinary a mortality reaching Whampoa, the crews of the whole fleet became outrageous, and the officers had great difficulty in preventing them from seizing the arms, and the boats, and proceeding in a body to fire

the City of Canton in revenge for the murders of their companions, nor were they pacified until two of the captains, who fortunately happened to be on board their ships at the time, pledged their honours that an enquiry of the strictest nature should take place forthwith to ascertain the real cause of the death of the eight seamen, and that the result should be communicated to the fleet. The supercargoes accordingly summoned every European surgeon then at Canton, in whose presence the bodies of the first three that died were opened, and after the most minute inspection and examination they were unanimously of opinion there was not a single symptom whereon to found the most distant probability or even possibility of poison having been administered, and that the persons lost their lives by exposing themselves, without any covering, to the noxious dews and vapours of the night. The same examination and opinion took place as to the other five who died.

Upon this investigation and report the Chinese were content and relinquished their threatened prosecution. The seamen were also satisfied, and matters went on as before. The circumstance, however, caused another death, thus :— The *Granby* on her passage out touched at Batavia, a port always notorious for its unhealthiness, being particularly fatal to new comers. Within a few hours after she was moored in the harbour, the prevalent fever of the country broke out on board ship, and in less than a month sixty of the crew, with the captain, chief, third, fourth, and sixth mates, also the surgeon and his assistant, fell martyrs to it, the only officers that escaped being the second and fifth mates, and of those two, the second, whose name was Smallwood, and who succeeded to the command of the ship, was so affected by the mortality that raged around him as never afterwards to be himself, becoming hypochondriacal to the greatest degree. After being seventeen weeks at Batavia, the Dutch Governor lent sixty men to help in navigating the ship to China, where they were to be given up to their supercargoes, and be by them distributed to such ships of Holland as might be in want of men.

Upon the deaths of the eight men as above mentioned, Captain Smallwood was greatly agitated and depressed, and notwithstanding the report of the medical gentlemen, he persisted in a belief that they were all poisoned, and he was sure that he also should fall a sacrifice to the malignant and revengeful dispositions of the natives, who would poison him. The supercargoes, the surgeon of the factory (Mr. Gordon), an able and learned man, all exerted their endeavours to convince the miserable man of his folly, but without success, he pined and died, convinced he was poisoned.

Scarce had the surprize and distress occasioned by the foregoing circumstance subsided, when another not so serious in its consequences occurred. An order was sent to the head Cohong merchant to stop all further cargo being supplied for the ships, Captain Elphinstone, who commanded one of them, having been guilty of a gross violation of the law by introducing a female into Canton. This female was a smart little Madras girl, to whom the Captain attached himself whilst at Fort St. George, and easily prevailed on her to accompany him to England. Aware that he could not introduce her at the factory of Canton, he put upon her the garb of a boy, and as such she attended her master. Either the Chinese saw through the artifice or some one of the Captain's domestics betrayed him. Upon the discovery the poor little girl was violently seized and sent off a prisoner to Macao. Captain Elphinstone well knew the sole object in view was to fleece him of a sum of money, yet he had no means of avoiding it, the Chinese being despotic and always taking care to enforce penalties according to their own pleasure. As soon therefore as any offence is known, the Government at once suspend, not only commerce but the supply of provisions until the culprit, real or imaginary, consents to pay the mulct required. Indeed, they make security doubly secure, every ship having a person on board while in China who is called, "Compredor," who is responsible for the good conduct of every man on board, which risk

he encounters in consideration of laying in her daily stock, from which a great profit arises. To the Compredor the magistrate looks in the first instance, who either must directly pay, or lose his liberty, perhaps his life, if the sum demanded be so large as to be beyond his power of discharging. Captain Elphinstone directed his Compredor to settle the business in the best manner he could, and it was arranged for five hundred dollars! So much for the justice of China!!

CHAPTER XVIII

LIFE IN CANTON—(*continued*)

BOB POTT passed most of his time in our rooms, generally coming before I was up of a morning. He breakfasted with us, and if he took it into his head that McClintock was too long at the meal, or drank too much tea, he without the least ceremony overset the table. The first time he practised this, I was very angry at such a quantity of handsome China being thus mischievously demolished, and expressed my displeasure thereat, which only excited the mirth of young pickle. "Why, zounds!" said he, "you surely forget where you are. I never suffer the servants to have the trouble of removing a tea equipage, always throwing the whole apparatus out of window or down stairs. They easily procure another batch from the steward's warehouse."

Doctor Court was a constant source of amusement to us. He had a mode of entertainment he was extremely partial to, which he denominated "hunting," and we, in our morning excursions, sometimes met him "in full cry," when he always entreated we would join the chase. His sport was this. The Chinese are the best pick pockets in the world, and although a European may not with impunity strike one of them, yet should he detect a rogue in the very act of thieving, he is allowed to belabour the offender as much, and as long, as he pleases. Court, with all his eccentricities, possessed a great share of good sense, and although he affected the look and manners of an idiot to answer some private purpose, never in material points betrayed a deficiency of understanding. The Chinese considered him to be absolutely mad, an idea that he encouraged with a view to annoy and torment them by various tricks, with the less risk to himself, as they never

thought of complaining of a madman. He therefore used to tie one end of his handkerchief fast to the button hole of an under flap he had to his coat pockets, leaving the other end hanging carelessly, as it were by accident, out of his pocket, and thus, with a vacant stare, stalk negligently up and down the most public and frequented streets of the suburbs. The light fingered gentry, attracted by the appearance of the handkerchief, soon followed, making a snatch at the hoped for prize. The instant Court felt the jerk, or attempt, he suddenly turned upon the thief whom he began to thrash with a stout but pliant bamboo he carried in his hand for the purpose. The fellow upon this usually took to his heels, Court pursuing, every now and then as he came within reach, taking a lick at him, and thus he would "chase" until out of breath and tired, or that the pick pocket darted into some narrow passage or house for shelter, to the infinite entertainment of the spectators.

His common address when he entered our rooms was, "Come, my *worthies,* (a favourite word of his) here's a charming day for hunting, *allons donc.*" He was perpetually playing some tricks upon the Chinamen, whereby he plagued them exceedingly, so that many of the principal shopkeepers set people to watch when the mad doctor was coming, and upon receiving notice of his approach barricaded their doors against him.

Late in September a strange little man arrived from Madras in a Country ship, calling himself General De Castro. He was, or had been, a Jew, the ugliest rascal I ever beheld, not quite five feet in height and altogether so ridiculous a figure that the able pencil of Banbury could scarcely have caricatured him. Yet this every way contemptible little animal was superlatively vain, conceiving himself an object of envy to the men, and of admiration and love to the women. His dress was as extravagant and absurd as his person was outrè. He never appeared without being covered with lace and finery, thereby rendering his diminutive figure more laughable. He gave himself out as a

General officer in the service of the Nabob of Arcot, where he had acted the part of a hero, and often been the preserver of the Carnatic, of which his employer was so sensible that he had rewarded him with no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds! He was a good natured silly blockhead, and proved a new butt for Court to exercise his talents upon, which he lost no opportunity of doing. Unfortunately this little Jew general took a liking to me; he followed me about wherever I went, and made me, much against my inclination, the confident of all his secrets. He was of a nervous habit, and fancied himself a martyr to a variety of diseases which were rapidly undermining his naturally vigorous constitution, and killing him. He more than once came to my bedside in the middle of the night, awaking me to let me know it was all over with him, and he at the last gasp—actually expiring. The first time he did this I was much distressed, got up as fast as I could and posted away to Dr. Gordon, who, hearing the cause of my unseasonable visit, requested I would not allow myself to be duped by that little wretch's whims and fancies, that he had twice or thrice disturbed him in the same manner, when finding nothing ailed him he forbid his ever coming to his apartments, or upon any account presuming to send for him in the night, notwithstanding which prohibition he had been there the preceding one, but instead of administering either medecine or comfort, he (the Doctor) assured the would be patient the next time he thus made his appearance he would give him such a drubbing as he should not speedily forget.

After receiving this account from the Doctor, I told the General what had passed and that he only fancied himself ill. His nocturnal visits were nevertheless continued, and he became so troublesome I was obliged to insist upon his dying quietly in his own chamber, or at least that he would cease to disturb me. At this he took great offence, protesting he had been much deceived in my character, and found I was not a bit better than the rest of the detestable society of Canton. Two years afterwards I saw this miserable general in a side box of one of the

London theatres, and was later told he that winter realised his fears of departing this life.

In the middle of September, Pott, being tired by the sameness of Canton, proposed a trip to Whampoa for variety, and the next day he and I embarked in a large sampan consisting of three spacious rooms, the steward of the factory having sent on board ample provisions in victuals and wines. On stopping at the first Hoppo house and, according to custom, opening my trunk for examination, the mandarin took up a red morocco case containing combs and a pair of scissors, saying, "Cumshaw." This I did not understand, but Bob told me the fellow asked the case as a present, and he began abusing him for so doing, calling him a "Qui so," (cuckold) "Ladrone," (thief) and other opprobrious names. The Chinaman shewed evident marks of surprize at so young a boy's dealing out abuse so liberally, became exceedingly angry, and called to the people of his boat alongside with much apparent wrath and gesticulation, Pott only increasing his abuse thereat, but as the combs were of trifling value I thought it better to end the dispute by giving them to the mandarin, who accepted them with a profusion of thanks and went off in high glee, saying "Chin chin" as he departed, which is the common salutation. Bob was very angry with me for giving them, saying he would much rather have kicked the scoundrel than made him a present.

On arriving at Whampoa, we went on board the *Cruttenden*, where we were very hospitably received and entertained by the second officer, then in command. Early the following morning we went to the *Plassey*, where Rogers insisted upon our spending the day.

After spending three very merry days at Whampoa, we returned to Canton, where McClintock gave me a card of invitation to two different entertainments on following days, at the country house of one of the Hong merchants named Pankeequa. These fêtes were given on the 1st and 2nd of October, the first of them being a dinner, dressed and served *à la mode Anglaise*, the Chinamen on

that occasion using, and awkwardly enough, knives and forks, and in every respect conforming to the European fashion. The best wines of all sorts were amply supplied. In the evening a play was performed, the subject warlike, where most capital fighting was exhibited, with better dancing and music than I could have expected. In one of the scenes an English naval officer, in full uniform and fierce cocked hat, was introduced, who strutted across the stage, saying "Maskee can do! God damn!" whereon a loud and universal laugh ensued, the Chinese quite in an ecstacy, crying out "Truly have much ee like Englishman."

The second day, on the contrary, every thing was Chinese, all the European guests eating, or endeavouring to eat, with chop sticks, no knives or forks being at table. The entertainment was splendid, the victuals supremely good, the Chinese loving high dishes and keeping the best of cooks. At night brilliant fire works (in which they also excel) were let off in a garden magnificently lighted by coloured lamps, which we viewed from a temporary building erected for the occasion and wherein there was exhibited slight of hand tricks, tight and slack rope dancing, followed by one of the cleverest pantomimes I ever saw. This continued until a late hour, when we returned in company with several of the supercargoes to our factory, much gratified with the liberality and taste displayed by our Chinese host.

Mr. Phipps one day at dinner offered to help me from a dish that stood before him, which he described as a delicious fricassee. I accepted, and found it as he had said, exquisitely good. The following day I was again eating the same dish, when the gentleman next me asked if I knew what it was. I answered "No," but thought it chicken. "Chicken," replied he, "not it indeed, it is frogs." Strange and absurd as it may appear, upon hearing this I instantly turned so dreadfully sick I was obliged to leave the table. Such was the force of prejudice. Upon enquiry I found that frogs had long been one of the dishes at the supercargo's table; it consisted of only the hind quarters of the frog. No person was more ready to admit the absurdity of the

prejudice than myself, yet had my life been at stake I do not think I could have swallowed a mouthful of the excellent fricassee after I knew of what it was made.

Court often proposed to us to take a view of the interior of the City, and at last we consented to attend him. Rogers and Dr. Gowdie agreeing to join the party, we set out early in the morning, at once discovering when we were out of our limits by the inhabitants of the houses coming to their doors to stare at us, the children following, hooting and calling out epithets of reproach, some of them pelting us with bricks and stones. Thus we reached the gates of the city, where the Guard stationed there attempted to arrest our progress, but our eccentric pilot, Court, shoving one away on each side, and sputtering a parcel of gibberish, pushed by, we all following. Upon entering the City, in addition to the former accompaniments of hooting, pelting and staring, out of every house we passed issued two, three or more dogs, all of which followed us, barking for a certain distance from their respective homes. Having walked through the City without seeing a single object of any kind that could in any way compensate for the illtreatment we received, we continued our traverse about a mile into the country, when we returned, encountering the same pelting and insults we had before, and in an increased degree, dirt and filth of every kind being cast at us. Let no stranger, therefore, ever think of forcing his way into Canton in the expectation of his curiosity being gratified by handsome buildings, or in any respect whatever, for like us he will meet with nothing but insult and disappointment.

I shall now mention an instance of their impudence and knavery in Canton. Mr. Devisme hearing me express a wish for some good ribbed silk stockings, said he could recommend a parcel, made purposely for him, of the very best silk procurable in China, but being considerably too large for his spindle shank though he had given his measure, he refused to take them and they were left upon the maker's hands. He then gave me the man's name, describing the

situation of his shop telling me it was at the corner of Edinburgh Alley, the title given to a narrow passage from its filthiness and offensive smell. To the shop I went, where I asked the master for the ribbed silk stockings that had been made for Mr. Devisme but did not fit him, adding that Mr. Devisme had sent me to purchase them. They were immediately produced, and beautifully fine and strong they appeared to be. I took four dozen, and asking the price the man answered eighteen dollars each dozen. As I thought that very cheap, and took it for granted it was the price Mr. Devisme was to have paid, I counted out the amount, took up my stockings and was marching off with them, when the master turning to another Chinese I had found in the shop with him, said in a loud voice "Hy you, truly that man have too much ee great fool," and they both joined in a hearty laugh. Unwilling to suppose that I was the subject of the speech and laugh, indeed not entertaining the most distant idea that I could be so, I looked round to see what could have occasioned it, whereupon the mirth of the two fellows encreased, in the midst of which I left them. At dinner that day Mr. Devisme asked me if I had been or sent for the stockings. I answered that I had, when he observed they were not only far better in quality than any I could have purchased, but considerably cheaper. To their excellence I assented, but as to the price I had bought some at a dollar a pair. "Why, what did you pay for them?" asked Mr. Devisme. I replied, "A dollar and a half."

"Oh, the infernal thief," exclaimed Mr. Devisme. "He had engaged to make them for me at three quarters of a dollar, and that was above my usual price, which I agreed to allow because the silk was uncommonly thick, and surely I told you so."

I now began to think the laugh that had taken place in the shop must have been at me. Upon relating the circumstance to Mr. Devisme, he said it undoubtedly was. So that the impudent rascal, not content with cheating, called me a fool and laughed at me into the bargain. I enquired

whether I could not punish the man for the fraud, but found there was no law to reach him for such an act. Pott and I went the following day to his shop to abuse him, which only excited his mirth, and he again called me a fool. I observed that he seemed to eye my young companion with much earnestness, frequently saying, as if to himself, "Hy you truly have much ee handsome." Upon which Bob smiled. The fellow I supposed encouraged by this, took hold of his hand, and said, "Truly you go with me, I cumshaw all things," pointing to various articles of China ware and other things upon the counter. The boy thereupon gave him a pretty smart cut across the shoulders with a rattan in his hand, swearing if he uttered another word of that sort he would demolish every article that stood within his reach. The man cooly replied, "Maske Maskee you come along with me, can break you please." Bob then with his stick did break some China vases, and ran out of the shop.

There was a China man who took excellent likenesses in clay, which he afterwards coloured, and they were altogether well executed. To this man's shop, Pott and I went to see his performances. We found Mr. Carnegie, surgeon of the ship *Nottingham*, sitting for his portrait, and complaining violently what a damned ugly phiz he was making. After repeating this several times, the artist lay down his tools and looking significantly at Carnegie, said, "Hy you handsome face no have got how can make," and turning to Pott, he continued "Here can make handsome face, for too much ee handsome face have got." Carnegie was offended at both observations, declaring he would not pay for or take the model away. He kept his word, and the next time we called at the shop we saw Mr. Carnegie tucked up, hanging by a rope round the neck, to a beam, among several others. Enquiring the meaning of this, the performer with much anger answered, "All these have too much ee grand Ladrones, give me too much trouble, make handsome face, no pay, no take, so must ee hang up." Bob and myself both sat and had good likenesses taken, Bob in a midshipman's uniform, I in scarlet with

buff facings and silver lace, being the Madras regimentals.

The 1st of November being Mr. Wood's birthday, Pott insisted upon celebrating it in his (Mr. Wood's) own apartments, and ordered the steward to prepare and send there a dinner for six. He would not tell even me who were to be the party. At the appointed hour we met—it consisted of Mr. Wood, a nephew and namesake of his, who was fifth mate of one of the Indiamen, Joe Revell, a young friend of Pott's, sixth mate of the *Cruttenden*, Pott and myself. Pott presided, and when the cloth was removed, declared himself despotic as toast-master. Mr. Wood upon this occasion furnished some very choice old Malmsey madeira, at which we set to Mr. Wood, who was in but indifferent health, being on that account left at liberty to do as he pleased. The rest were ordered to fill bumpers to every toast. Between each glass a song was sung. Thus we continued till near eight in the evening, by which Bob became speechless and in a very few minutes after fell under the table, quite insensible. The other three lads, being little better, were led off by servants.

Having seen Bob put to bed, I went to my own room, with my recollection perfectly about me, but extremely sick from having swallowed so enormous a quantity as I had of a rich, luscious wine. I nevertheless slept soundly until near ten o'clock the next morning, at which I awoke with so excruciating a head ache I could not stir, the pain if possible being increased by Bob just then entering my room hallooing at a prodigious rate, until he perceived that I looked ill, when he instantly desisted. I was then seized with a vomiting, which continued with scarce any intermission for three hours, and I actually thought would have killed me. I remained two days so ill that poor Bob was very uneasy, nor would cease importuning me until I agreed to see Dr. Gordon. That gentleman gave me some medicine that afforded me relief. He desired me to keep quiet a couple of days more, which

I did, my young friend never leaving me. On the third morning I felt tolerably well and that day joined the usual party at dinner.

On the 8th the wind changed, blowing fresh from the North, which produced an alteration I could not have believed had I not felt it. From a really oppressive degree of heat it suddenly became so cold that we were all shivering with cloth coats on, and at dinner found a cheerful blazing fire most acceptable and comfortable. From that day there was a constant keen wind, with beautifully clear weather, enabling us to take as much exercise as we chose without risk of endangering our health, which was far from being the case during the heats.

From the nature of the place, as already described, Canton afforded little variety, except for the first few days, after which there was nothing but repetition of the same round, yet time flew quickly away, and the period fixed for our leaving China was rapidly approaching. The *Cruttenden* and two other ships were to sail on the 5th of December. Bob was so sincerely attached to me that for several days previous thereto he entirely lost his spirits at the thoughts of our parting. On the morning of the 2nd of the month he came, soon after day light, to my bedside to say he had a great favour to ask which I must promise to grant. I answered there was nothing in my power I would not readily do to gratify or oblige him, and so in truth I would, for had the charming boy been my nearest and dearest relation I could not have felt more attached than I was to him. He appeared delighted at my answer, and after a pause, looking wistfully in my face, and with some hesitation, he said what he wanted was that I should leave the *Plassey* and go home with him in the *Cruttenden*.

This request, so wholly unexpected and unlooked for, surprized and in some measure vexed me, for although I should have been happy at being with him, I felt it would be as ungrateful as improper in me after Captain Waddell's repeated kindnesses to me, thus to quit his ship, and even had my respect for him not operated Captain Baker was not exactly

a man to my liking. Though always polite to me, there was an obsequiousness, a fawning manner mixed with much Scotch pride, that rendered him contemptible in my eyes. I stated my objections, touching upon the awkwardness (was no other impediment in the way) of forcing myself upon Captain Baker unasked. But the little monkey was prepared for this and exultingly replied, "My dearest Hickey, never waste a thought upon such a wretch, such a beastly swab as Baker, who will be proud of and flattered by the arrangement," and he took out of his pocket a letter from Captain Baker to me, couched in the most friendly language, after many high flown compliments adding that if I would do him the honour to proceed to England on his ship, half the round house, or the whole of the great cabin, would be at my service, and he should endeavour to make every thing as agreeable to me as possible during the voyage. This letter shewed how much he yielded to keeping the favourable opinion of his guinea pig that he might thereby preserve his interest with the family, for one of his failings was a love of money, and that to so powerful a degree as to make him guilty of twenty shabby actions that deservedly brought him into disgrace with all the gentlemen of Canton.

With considerable difficulty I at last convinced my young favorite that I could not leave the *Plassey*, but he wept bitterly in the moment he admitted the reasonableness of my arguments, and urged me still to endeavour to accomplish the change by obtaining Captain Waddell's consent. Having obtained my promise to that effect, he reluctantly left me. Two hours afterwards Captain Waddell called upon me to say Pott had just been with him to entreat he would allow me to go home in the *Cruttenden*, that upon his refusal to part with me he had shewed so much distress as to occasion his present visit, which was to say that if it was my desire to change ships he could only lament, certainly not oppose it. I expressed my thanks and gratitude to him for the innumerable acts of kindness and friendship I had received from him, which I felt too

sensibly for any consideration whatsoever to induce me to abandon the hospitable *Plassey*, and which ship, if my own inclination operated, should certainly convey me back to England. He seemed pleased with my manner, and declaring his wish to gratify me in all respects, took leave. Knowing the influence Mr. Wood had over Pott, I requested that gentleman to state to him how indelicate and improper it would be in me to give up my ship. This he (Mr. Wood) good naturedly did, but told me what he had urged upon the subject was most ungraciously received by Robert, and although the dear boy agreed in the sentiments both he and I expressed he never ceased importuning me on the subject during his stay at Canton. Finding he must fail in having me for a shipmate, he then solicited me to accompany him to Whampoa and at least one day on their way from thence, which I willingly acquiesced in, consoling him by the probability of our overtaking him before he left St. Helena, from the superiority of the *Plassey's* sailing.

Early on the 5th of December 1769, Pott and I left Canton, and in an hour after we reached the *Cruttenden* they got under way, dropping down close to the first Bar, where the pilot brought to for the night. At supper another guinea pig of Captain Baker's seemed disposed to ridicule Bob's melancholy, which made the latter rally and, at least, affect something like cheerfulness. Turning to me, he said, "Do you see this sneaking reptile, who, though twice my size, like a dastard as he is, suffers me to correct his insolence by manual chastisement, which I have often been obliged to do, and unless he ceases his present insolent and vacant grin, I shall give you ocular demonstration of it by drubbing him heartily." The other lad immediately assumed a very grave look, and Bob continued, "The fellow's name is Wakeman. He is intended for a seaman, but I much doubt whether even the brilliant talents of my able commander there, (pointing ludicrously to Captain Baker who was at the table) will ever be able to make him one."

Captain Baker angrily said :

"Pott, your impertinence is unbounded. It would be well for you to take a leaf out of Wakeman's book, who is in every point above you."

Bob, with a loud laugh, replied :

"Take a leaf out of that fellow's book! Damn me, if the whole book with his contemptible body and bones into the bargain is worth a single copper" (the lowest coin of China).

Captain Baker shook his head, saying, "I blush for you, sir."

"Aye," retorted Bob, "like a blue dog, but spare your blushes on my account. Your dirty lambkin there (pointing to Wakeman) needs them all."

I remained on board the *Cruttenden* until after dinner of the following day, the 6th, when I got into my sampan, slept on board the *Plassey* that night, and next day returned to Canton. I missed my lively companion exceedingly, as did every body who knew the boy.

CHAPTER XIX

THE RETURN TO ENGLAND

FROM the day that the cold weather commenced McClintock's health improved, and early in December he was as stout and well as ever he had been in his life. He had, however, such a liking to the *Plassey*, and all belonging to her, as to make him determine to return to Madras via England, rather a round about road to be sure, but he said he adopted it in support of the adage, "The farthest way about is the shortest way home." We all rejoiced at his so determining, for he was an uncommon fine young man.

My cash being all expended, I was under the necessity of drawing upon my father for one hundred and fifty pounds, though I was almost ashamed to do so after the enormous expence I had put him to.

On the 15th Captain Waddell informed McClintock and me he would convey us on board the following day in his barge. We therefore spent that morning in taking leave of our foreign acquaintances, especially Mr. Chambers, the chief Swedish supercargo, also the Dutch chief, both of whom had behaved with the utmost politeness to us. After breakfast of the 16th, having offered our acknowledgments to all the English gentlemen, most of whom accompanied us down to the water side, we embarked, whereupon they cheered us, we and our boat's crew returning the compliment. Thus I left Canton where I had spent four months very happily, having been received with a hospitality and kindness nothing could exceed. We reached the *Plassey* to dinner, (the anchors being then apeak) and dropped down the river until dark, when we anchored for the night. At day break of the 17th we weighed, running down at a great rate. In the evening being off Macao, the pilot left us. We then hove to until the next morning, when we ran

out to sea. In the course of the day the wind headed us, and we found from the lightness of a tea cargo that the ship was very crank, laying along more than was pleasant. In consequence of this a consultation was held by the Captain and officers to determine whether it would be most prudent to proceed on the voyage or return into port to alter the stowage. One mate only (the fifth) was of opinion the most prudent step would be to go back to Macao ; all the rest thought otherwise, and that by moving some of the water and striking the guns into the hold the ship would be rendered sufficiently stiff to enable her to carry sail. Those measures were immediately carried into effect, and with every success that could be wished or expected. We experienced fine weather the whole run to the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, amusing ourselves by fishing, firing at sharks, and all the usual pastimes practised on board ship in order to beguile the time.

Off the Cape we had a smart adverse puff from the N.W., luckily only of twenty four hours' duration. On the 20th of February 1770 at day break we made the Island of St. Helena, and at the same time a strange sail appeared upon our starboard beam, standing also for the Island. At noon we spoke her and found her to be our old companion, the *Hampshire*. This was an extraordinary circumstance considering the difference of the two ships' voyages, she having been to Bombay and Bengal, we to Madras and China. She had several Bengal gentlemen on board, passengers, particularly the Company's Commander in Chief of the army, General Richard Smith, a famous character in more ways than one. At two in the afternoon we were well in with the land, which presents a most barren and wretched appearance. Both ships then hove to, each sending in a boat to announce the vessel's name and other particulars respecting them. This is done to prevent surprize, and without that preliminary step no ship is permitted to pass the several batteries. Upon the return of the boats we made sail, standing so close to a bluff point of the Island that I could have thrown a stone on shore. Having passed this

desolate looking rock a beautiful valley opened to the sight, abounding with luxuriant verdure. The contrast, so sudden and so striking, struck us all with admiration. Down this valley the wind rushed with such violence as almost to lay the ship upon her broadside, although we had only the top sails set, and those double reefed. Passing the valley we were nearly becalmed by another high rock, and thus alternately mountain and vale three different times, when we opened the valley in which the town stands, which forms a very romantic and pleasing view. We found only one small vessel at anchor in the roads.

This little speck of land in the midst of an immense ocean is in the latitude, nearly, of sixteen degrees South, and longitude about six degrees West of Greenwich, it laying in the strength of the South East Trade wind. There is no anchorage, except on a small and steep bank directly to leeward of the town. Ships are consequently obliged to hug the land very close in going in, or they would be in danger of missing the bank altogether. It frequently happens that after vessels have let go their anchors and brought up, the violent and sudden gusts of wind from between the mountains force them off soundings by dragging their anchors, or, sometimes, parting the cables, and as the current sets strongly to leeward, it becomes tedious and difficult to beat up again. The climate is temperate and pleasant; they scarcely ever have thunder or lightning, nor had they for twenty years before I was there experienced any thing like tempestuous weather.

Captain Waddell sent on shore to take lodgings for himself, McClintock, and me, which having procured, we landed, and went to take possession of them at the house of a Mr. Greentree. There we found very commodious and comfortable apartments, fitted up in the style of English houses. The morning after our arrival we went to visit Mr. Skottowe, Governor of the Island, and Mr. Corneille, the Lieutenant Governor, the latter appearing to be a well mannered, accomplished gentleman. He informed us that there were several Bengal passengers who had been at

St. Helena many weeks, having come there in the *Talbot*, commanded by Sir Charles Hudson, which ship had been extremely unfortunate, having encountered dreadful storms off the Mauritias and the Cape, and suffered so much in the latter they were in imminent danger of foundering, and obliged to bear up and run back to St. Augustin's Bay on Madagascar, to refit, which being completed they renewed their voyage, and again met with a tremendous gale off the Cape, wherein they lost their topmasts and main yard, and shipped such heavy seas as to wash away their whole live stock. After buffeting about an unusual time they at last, almost starved, reached St. Helena, having been upwards of eleven months on their passage from Bengal. So completely tired were they of the *Talbot* and the bad luck that seemed to follow her, as to determine to quit her, and wait the chance of proceeding to England by some less unfortunate ship. Amongst these passengers was Mr. Francis Charlton, whom I have before mentioned as having been sent to Bengal through my father's interest. He had acquired a large fortune, to enjoy which he was going home. Upon returning to our lodgings I found him at the door. Having seen my name in the list of those arrived the preceding day, he had called to ascertain who I was. Upon hearing that I was the son of his father's old friend, and who had obtained him a writership, he was very kind, offering me any sum of money I might require, gratefully acknowledging the obligation he was under to my father whom he considered the founder of his fortune. In appearance he was an emaciated, sallow, and miserable object, but said he felt wonderfully recovered since his residence at St. Helena.

Being invited to dine at the Governor's, we there met all the gentlemen that were sojourners, of course, General Smith amongst the number, who betrayed an insolent superiority and superciliousness that offended every body. To me that knew his origin, the old adage recurred, "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil." This insolent man's father kept a little cheese monger's shop in Jermyn Street, St. James's market, where Dick was an

apprentice, but turning out a sad profligate scapegrace, committing some atrocious acts that endangered his neck, the unhappy parent, in order to prevent an untimely exit, obtained a Cadetship to India for him, a situation in those days not so much sought after as in later times. The young sinner entered upon his new vocation with ardour and zeal, and became so excellent a soldier as entirely from his own merit as such to rise to command the army of Bengal. His manners, however, in each gradation were disagreeable, and peculiarly so to those he considered his inferiors. His pride sometimes met with little rebuffs, as in the following instance. During the period the army was under his command, being upon actual service in the field against the Rohillas, in the severe heats of May, when a man could scarce respire, a young Irishman of the name of Hunt, fresh imported from dear Dublin, was shewn into his tent, where he delivered some letters he had brought out from persons of rank to the General. Breakfast being over, and the intense heat making the Commander more irascible than in ordinary, he felt no inclination to be civil to poor Paddy, angrily observing the hour of visiting was passed, but as Hunt paid no attention to this remark, and the General wished probably to treat the bearer of letters from men of consequence with more than his common courtesy because his introducers were in high life, he condescended to ask Hunt if he had breakfasted, and being answered in the negative, an *aide-de-camp* was summoned to make tea. The young Hibernian having swallowed a plentiful quantity of the refreshing beverage, accompanied by a tolerable share of bread and butter, the pompous General thought it time for him to depart, and by way of hint, said, "Good morning to you, sir," rising from his chair.

Hunt, without stirring from his, answered:

"Good morning to you, sir."

The General, astonished at so unusual a conduct, took a turn or two up and down the tent, then walking close up to Hunt, he again said:

"Good morning to you, sir."

"Good morning to you, sir," repeated Hunt.

Still more surprized, the General renewed his walk for two or three minutes, and marching close to his immoveable guest, he fiercely once more said, "Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," mildly answered Hunt.

Smith, in a violent rage, then said, "Pray, how the devil did you get here?"

"In a ship, sir."

"In a ship! God's blood! what do you mean? Don't you know you are four hundred miles from the sea?"

"Faith, and I do," said Hunt.

"What is it you want, sir?"

"Troth, every thing, sir."

"By God, you are a very extraordinary fellow. I dine out, sir, but if you want a dinner my servants shall prepare some for you."

"Sir, I want dinner and supper, and lodging, and if you do not provide them I don't know who else will."

This seemed to tickle the General's fancy, producing a smile, and, addressing his *aide-de-camp*, he directed him to take the young man to the Adjutant General who would station him to some corps and do all that was requisite. This order being given aloud, Hunt said:

"Thank you! Thank you," instantly adding, "Pray now, General, do you call this your winter or your summer?"

So ill timed a question, when every one was gasping for breath, proved too severe a trial for General Smith, who violently exclaiming, "By God, this is too much," hastily quitted the tent.

This young and uncouth Irishman became an excellent soldier, and early distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of gallantry in several severe conflicts with the enemy. He was soon a great favourite of General Smith's, who, unluckily for him, left India three years after his arrival, whereby he lost a friend who would have served him and promoted his interest. His own abilities, however, raised him to a situation of emolument, the duties of which being severe, and he always scrupulously performing them, his

health was so materially impaired that he was, at the end of fifteen years' hard service (having then attained the rank of Captain) under the necessity of resigning his command, wherein he had done credit to himself and to his employers, being by his integrity highly respected by the natives. He went down to the Presidency in order to engage a passage in one of the homeward bound Indiamen, taking up his abode in the house of Mr. George Elliot, an intimate friend. Unhappily, before the time of the ship's departure his indisposition proved fatal. Being given over by the physicians that attended him, he desired I might be sent for to draw his Will, for which he gave me instructions with as much perspicuity and good sense as if in full vigour of health. Whilst I was preparing the Will upon a table placed close to the couch on which he lay in an agony of pain, his malady being the liver, the two medical gentlemen who had attended came in, when both were of opinion he could not survive three hours. After the Will had been read over to him and another legacy added by his desire, he executed it as he lay, and in one hour afterwards breathed his last. I have here greatly trespassed upon the order of time, but I thought it better at once to finish my account of this singular man.

When the meat was removed from the table at the dinner I was speaking of at St. Helena, the Governor expressed his concern to General Smith that neither of the store ships were yet arrived, consequently there was not a bit of cheese upon the Island. The following day the same party dined with Mr. Corneille, and the good natured Governor renewed his concern at the want of cheese, to which the General answered he was indifferent about cheese, nor should he much care if he never saw any. The third day we again met at Mr. Skottowe's, and again the lamentation for the want of cheese, whereupon the pompous military hero angrily said, "Damn the cheese. Why do you continue plagueing me, sir, with your want of cheese when I have so often told you I don't care two pence about it." The mild Governor, who was unacquainted with the circumstance of his guest's

having formerly had so much to do with cheese, seemed greatly distressed at the General's violence, and made many apologies for unintentionally giving offence. Several of the company could scarcely preserve their gravity at the ridiculousness of the scene, which evidently mortified the pride of the *ci devant* cheese monger!

In the morning of the 23rd (of February) the *Cruttenden* came in. I went on board the moment she anchored, and found my young favorite in fine health and spirits. Having prepared a trunk of clothes, I took him on shore with me to Mr. Greentree's, where he remained, delighted at once more being with me, and continued my guest and constant companion during my stay upon the Island. We passed our mornings riding about the country on horseback, and the rest of the day in convivial parties, with dances every evening, an amusement the damsels of St. Helena are very fond of.

General Smith was, as we learned from his namesake, the Captain of the *Hampshire*, remarkably timorous on board ship. Whenever the wind blew at all fresh he became extremely uneasy and restless, continually, by night as well as day, running out upon deck to ask questions of the officers of the watch respecting the weather and state of the ship. Of the truth of this character he furnished undeniable evidence himself by calling upon Captain Waddell in the most earnest manner, entreating that he would keep company with the *Hampshire* from St. Helena to England, which he said he should consider as a personal favour to himself. Captain Waddell gratified him much by consenting to comply with his desire.

The 6th of March being appointed for the two ships sailing, the passengers of both were invited to dine that day with Mr. Corneille, there to meet and take leave of the Governor. This worthy and respectable gentleman (Mr. Skottowe) therefore called several times upon the General to learn at what hour he proposed to embark, that every compliment in his power to shew might be prepared. To this pointed civility the haughty Bengally paid no sort of

attention, until, being pressed by Mr. Skottowe, he pettishly said, "Sun set, sun set." We dined at two o'clock, and before four General Smith left the table saying he should return immediately, instead of doing which the Governor's servants came hastily into the room telling him the General was at the water side, and the boat getting ready to take him off to the ship, upon which Mr. Skottowe, who was lame, instantly rose and hobbled after him, much against the will and advice of his lieutenant, Mr. Corneille, who earnestly entreated him not to move, and let the gentleman steal off, unnoticed and unattended, as such seemed to be his wish; further observing that his whole conduct while at the Island had been so insolent and unbecoming as in his opinion to render him unworthy of the least respect or compliment, and none therefore should he receive from him.

Mr. Skottowe, to these remarks, answered that it was to the rank and station the General filled, not to the individual, he wished to pay respect, and under that impression he followed to the sea side. Pott and I did the same, to see how the fellow would comport himself. Just as Mr. Skottowe and we got to the wharf he had seated himself in the boat. Upon seeing the Governor, quite out of breath from the dispatch he had used, he coolly turned his head, saying, "You have given yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble, sir," and then, without even touching his hat, desired the cockswain of the boat to push off. Upon this impertinence being communicated to Mr. Corneille, he protested against any salute being fired, but without effect. Using the same argument as before, the Governor directed the customary number of guns to be given.

As I had been informed we were not to sail until the following morning I did not go on board until after midnight, staying so late at the particular request of Pott. I certainly never left a place in which I had resided a fortnight with so little regret as I did St. Helena. The comforts it affords are few indeed; scarce any fruit, bad bread, and no fresh butter. Yet the charges made for every article of life were enormously high. Pott accom-

panied me on board, and slept upon a couch in our cabin. At day break we got under way, and he bid me adieu, promising to call in St. Albans Street within twelve hours after he should reach London. The *Cruttenden* was to remain ten days longer at St. Helena.

The *Hampshire* kept up tolerably well, and with our glasses we often saw the coxcomb General looking at us. On the 11th we made the Island of Ascension, famous for the fineness of the turtle caught there. The two Commanders had agreed to stop one night for a supply of that rich and esteemed food. We anchored within half a mile of the shore about two in the afternoon, close to each other. McClintock and I accompanied our Commander to the *Hampshire*. Captain Waddell recommended every body's staying quietly on board, the day being too far advanced to land with a prospect of succeeding in our object, experience having taught him that if the least movement of boats or people took place in the afternoon the turtle were alarmed and not one of them would leave the water. General Smith chose to ridicule such an idea, and Captain Smith, thinking it was founded in mistake, his boats with the General immediately went on shore. I went with Mr. Chisholme, Captain Waddell assuring us we should not see a single turtle.

We landed upon a fine regularly sloping beach, entirely covered, and to the depth of several feet, with a beautiful little shell white as snow, and not larger than a middling sized pin's head. The Island shews not the least sign of vegetation, being entirely covered with a kind of pumice stone, evidently of a volcanic quality. It is said not a drop of fresh water is to be found, and we saw nothing like a spring.

Chisholme conducted us to what they called "The Post Office." This was a hole dug slanting in a large piece of stone, in which was placed a large mouthed bottle, like those used for mustard, and from which bottle we took a letter written by an officer of the *Ankerwyke* East Indiaman, addressed to "The next comers," saying the above

ship had stopped there in the preceding month of January and had carried off ninety turtle. These animals quit the water, and slowly creep up the beach from sunset until it becomes dark, there making a hole in which they deposit their eggs, but if anything occurs to alarm them they remain in the sea, which appears to be their natural element. We continued looking out till past eight o'clock, when heartily tired of the watching, I returned to the *Plassey*. The *Hampshire's* people stayed the whole night without seeing a single turtle.

Early the next morning Captain Smith came on board our ship, requesting Captain Waddell would undertake the management that day, and his orders should be strictly adhered to. Captain Waddell then gave directions that a boat's crew from each ship should go on shore at one in the afternoon, landing the men appointed to turn turtle, and return with the boats to the ships immediately, the people thus landed to amuse themselves upon the hills until an hour and a half before sunset, at which time they were without any hallooing or noise of any kind to return to the sea side, and there lay down upon the beach close to the foot of the rocky mountain, distant about three hundred yards from the water, where they were to remain perfectly still and quiet until they heard the turtle crawling up and digging their holes. As soon as they thought an adequate number were thus engaged, the men were all to spring up, run as fast as possible to the turtle and commence turning them. This method was put in practice, and I joined the turning party. Within a quarter of an hour after the sun sunk below the horizon, we saw as we lay turtle innumerable slowly making their way up the milk white bank, stopping midway between the sea and where we lay and there, with their fins, making holes about three feet deep to deposit their eggs in. In an hour after, upon a gentle whistle, the signal agreed on, every body jumped up as fast as possible, running towards the holes the turtles were getting in, who upon the first noise crept out of these holes, making for the sea with a rapidity if I had not seen I should not have conceived

possible, throwing up showers of the little shells with their fins as they ran so that from their great weight and the velocity of their motion it became exceedingly difficult to stop their progress by turning them upon their backs. As near as I could form a guess not above one in twenty was thus secured, the rest making good their retreat. Upon counting we found thirty two turned, of which each ship had sixteen, weighing from four hundred weight to five hundred and fifty pounds each turtle. A letter was then written mentioning the ships' names, date, and number of turtle caught, which being deposited in the bottle, we all reimbarked, reached our respective ships soon after midnight, and before one were under way, pursuing our course towards England.

After leaving the Island of Ascension nothing worth recording happened until the 11th of April, when we sounded, expecting to find the British bottom, but were disappointed. A fresh south west wind was then blowing, which at one in the afternoon suddenly shifted to North and by East, attended with sleet and snow. By three it increased to a hard gale. The weather having been dark and gloomy, we had not seen the sun the four preceding days so as to get an observation, but by the dead reckoning we were in the latitude of Ushant, and of course had not the Channel sufficiently open to stand in with so strong a wind. We therefore lay to under a balanced mizen. The *Hampshire*, upon seeing this, came as close to us as she dare venture in such a high sea, and Captain Smith hailed, but the wind roared so loud all his attempts to make us hear what he said were ineffectual, and soon after, to the great surprize of our navigators, we saw the *Hampshire* set her main and fore top sails close reefed, with a reefed fore sail, and under that sail close hauled stand in for the Channel, an example Captain Waddell did not think it prudent to follow. We afterwards heard that although they succeeded, and thereby avoided a week of extreme bad weather, they had done so at an immense and unjustifiable risk. The object of Captain Smith when

speaking to us was to compare latitudes, and we also heard they reckoned themselves half a degree more to the northward than we did, consequently thought themselves sufficiently to windward to clear the French coast, and under that idea they stood on, conceiving we certainly should do the same. At day break the following morning Captain Smith discovered his error when too late to cure it, the rocks off Ushant being upon the lee quarter and stretching as far forward as the bow, so close aboard that they had no alternative but that of standing on under a press of sail thereby to endeavour to clear the danger, which happily they effected, but had any of the rigging given way, or a single sail split, or had the wind headed them even half a point only, they must inevitably have gone ashore upon the rocks off the coast of France, and in all probability every soul on board would have perished. Captain Smith told Captain Waddell that in the whole course of his life he had never been in so perilous a situation, that at day break when he saw a most tremendous sea dashing over the rocks within a mile to leeward of him, blowing as it then did, he thought it was all over with them, and would readily have given every guinea he possessed to have been where he had left the *Plassey* the evening before. I mention this circumstance to shew the superior skill and judgment of Captain Waddell.

In the present days no such difficulty as occurred to us from the wind preventing our hearing what was said from the *Hampshire* can happen, as by the telegraphic signals now established and in general use, ships can communicate what they wish to be known to the Fleet, or any particular vessel, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, and with great quickness. I have lately seen a conversation (if it may be so called) kept up at sea when the fleet were laying to in a severe gale, and it would have been utterly impossible to speak each other.

As the gale increased the sea became extremely high and confused, occasioning the ship to labour prodigiously. During four nights the motion was so violent, and the

strokes the sea almost every minute gave the ship so terrific, I got no sleep. On the fifth, nature being nearly exhausted, I had fallen into a doze as I lay upon my cot from which I was suddenly roused by, as I firmly believed, the ship's going to pieces. I heard a dreadful crash, and found my cot jammed, immoveably fixed, by what I had no doubt was the planks of her deck fallen in, some of which lay across me with a ponderous weight I could scarce breathe under. Expecting a rush of water every moment to overwhelm me, I lay gasping, when, the ship taking a deep roll the contrary way, relieved me of my load. Wondering what all this could mean, and still imagining death to be inevitable, I was agreeably surprized at seeing our cabin door open, and Chisholme with a candle and lantern in his hand, calling out, "Well, my lads, how fare you in this confusion? What do you think of the last dip? Hang me, if I did not think she was over." This was a most welcome sound to me who supposed the ship had gone to pieces.

Chisholme, coming close to my bed, suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds! what's the matter? What's the meaning of all this?" and away he darted, returning in a few seconds with Gowdie (the Surgeon), and two or three people with lights, when my alarm was renewed by perceiving my shirt and bed clothes covered with blood. I knew not from whence it proceeded, but the Doctor soon discovered the sanguinary stream issued from my head. He immediately cut off the hair, of which I had then an immense quantity, and, while examining the wound with his instruments as well as the dreadful motion would allow, he asked me whether I felt at all sick at the stomach. I answered, as the fact was, "exceedingly so," and as I had often heard sickness was one of the symptoms of a fractured skull, I concluded mine was shattered. Gowdie having summoned his assistant, they together probed the wound, and at the end of half an hour, which circumstanced as I was appeared an age, he comforted me by saying, "Thank God, the skull is safe, but you have a desperate wound and have lost so much

blood as must weaken you to a great degree, and will require your being kept very quiet." *Quiet* and the then state of the ship appeared to me to be perfectly incompatible ; he however dressed my head, made the servants put clean clothes upon the bed and myself, and making me swallow two pills bid me lay still.

Prejudiced as I was against the possibility of rest, I nevertheless within an hour went into a sleep so profound I knew of nothing that occurred for the following twenty four hours, at the end of which I awoke refreshed, but with a dreadful head ache. The Doctor being summoned told me not to mind the head ache, which proceeded from the large quantity of opium he had given me, and which had so well answered the purpose that all risk was over, and that a few hours, with strong coffee drank frequently, would relieve me, all which was verified, and I had the satisfaction to hear the gale had broke up.

McClintock and I had two thirds of the starboard side of the great cabin. The remainder, except a passage to the Quarter gallery, was converted into a sail room. Between the beams and the deck of that part so used for keeping sails in, there was stowed planks of rose wood, each plank of an enormous weight, which Captain Waddell was taking to England as part of his private trade. These planks were supposed to have been immoveably fixed in, being secured by strong battens nailed across them from one beam to the other. The ship, however, laboured in so extraordinary a manner, at times being quite down upon her broadside, that the rose wood forced off the Cleets, slipping through into our cabin, passing over Mr. McClintock whose cot was hung close to the bulkhead, without touching him, and going directly across mine, in doing which one of them came in contact with my unfortunate skull. The wonderful part of the story was that it did not beat my head to atoms. The Doctor and his mate having taken off the dressing and examined the wound, pronounced it to be doing as well as could be hoped for or expected. Having taken a basin of weak chicken broth, in a few hours the

Doctor gave me another opium pill, which secured me a good night's sleep, and the next morning I felt quite a different body. Gowdie told me when he first saw the wound he had no doubt but that the skull was badly fractured. I rather think it was slightly injured, because for years afterwards if I caught the slightest cold that part of my head became so exceedingly tender and susceptible I could not bear a comb to touch it, which was the only inconvenience I ever experienced from the accident.

Two days after this mishap the wind veered round to the Westward and enabled us to stand for the Channel. The 18th we struck soundings in seventy fathoms, and the following morning had the pleasure to see a fine English cutter of one hundred and fifty tons burthen within a quarter of a mile of us, from which a man came in a small boat on board the *Plassey*. He was of a Herculean form, with a healthy ruby face. From his dress and appearance I should not have supposed he possessed ten pounds in the world. Captain Waddell conducted him into the Round house, where the following short dialogue ensued :

Stranger : " Well, Captain, how is tea ? "

Captain : " Twenty pounds."

Stranger : " No, that won't do. Eighteen—a great number of China ships this season."

Captain : " Very well, you know best."

Stranger : " How many chests ? "

Captain : " Sixty odd."

Stranger : " Come, bear a hand then and get them into the cutter."

By this I found our new visitor was a smuggler. The foregoing was all that passed in completeing the sale and purchase of so large a quantity of tea. In the same laconic manner he bought the stock of the different officers.

While the tea was hoisting out of the gun room and other places it had been stowed in, Captain Waddell asked the smuggler whether there was any public news, to which he at first answered :

" No, none that I know of," but immediately after, as if

recollecting himself, he added, "Oh yes, I forgot. Wilkes is made King."

"Wilkes made King!" (exclaimed every one present). "What can you mean?"

"Damn me if I understand much of these things," (replied the man), "but they told me the mob took him out of prison and made him King—that's all I know."

A thick haze that had prevailed all the morning just then cleared away, and we saw the land (the Lizard) not more than four leagues distant. The cutter at the same time hailed to inform their Chief they saw the *Albert* (custom house schooner) to the southward.

"Do you, by God," replied he, and taking a spying glass from one of the officers, looked through it in the direction pointed out, directly saying, "Aye, aye, sure enough there she comes and under a cloud of canvas." Turning to Captain Waddell he continued, "Come, Captain, you must haul off the land another league or so, and then let him fetch us with all my heart."

Captain Waddell appearing to hesitate as to complying, the man hastily said,

"He can seize me at this distance from our coast. If therefore you don't stand farther off I must leave you."

Captain Waddell then desired the officer of the watch to brace the yards and keep the ship up a couple of points, which being done, in an hour and a half the smuggler said:

"Now, Captain, let them come and be damned, you may keep your course again."

The schooner was then within two miles, and in another hour came dashing by close to us in a noble style, and hove to upon our weather bow, when a most capital exchange of naval blackguardism took place between the smuggler's crew and the schooner, continuing a full hour, but as the *Plassey* was then beyond the stated limits they could not molest the cutter, and remained only to have the mortification of seeing a large quantity of goods transferred from the ship to her. At length they sheered off, when the smuggler observed:

"The fellow that commands her is one of the damnedest scoundrels that lives, and the only rascal amongst them that I cannot deal with, though I have bid roundly too."

I do not remember the name of this extraordinary revenue officer, or I would mention it, as, I am afraid, a rare instance of integrity in his line.

Captain Waddell asked the smuggler whether he had recently sustained any loss by the Government vessels, to which he answered :

"No, nothing material this long time. I had a seizure of between five and six hundred pounds ten days ago, but nothing of importance for a twelvemonth," by which it was evident he considered five or six hundred pounds no object.

The tea being all removed to the cutter, pen, ink, and paper was produced ; the smuggler sitting down at a table in the Round house calculated the amount due for his purchase, which Captain Waddell admitting correct, he took from his pocket book a check, which filled up for twelve hundred and twenty four pounds, he signed and delivered to the Captain. I observed it was drawn upon Walpole and Company, Bankers in Lombard Street, and was astonished to see Captain Waddell with the utmost composure deposit it in his escritoire. The smuggler then being asked whether he chose a glass of wine or would stay dinner, he answered he could not afford to lose a minute so must be off, but would take a *drap* of brandy. The liquor being brought he chucked off a bumper, the servant directly filling a second. "That's right, my good fellow," (said he) "always wet both eyes." He swallowed the second and returned to his cutter. The moment he departed I asked Captain Waddell whether he felt secure in a draft for so large a sum by such a man as that, to which he answered, "Perfectly, and wish it was for ten times as much, it would be duly paid. These people always deal with the strictest honour. If they did not their business would cease." For what he purchased from the officers he paid in guineas, to the amount of upwards of eight hundred.

CHAPTER XX

IN LONDON AGAIN

ON the 20th of April 1770 we arrived off Dover, from whence a pilot came and took charge of the ship. In his boat McClintock and I went on shore to proceed by land to London. Our voyage from China to England, including the stay at St. Helena, and notwithstanding the week we lay to in the chops of the Channel in bad weather, was performed in four months and four days, then the shortest that ever had been made by an Indiaman.

We dined and slept at the Ship Inn at Dover, and the next morning set off in a post chaise and four for London, where we arrived at six the same evening. I ordered the chaise to my old place of resort, Malby's, ordered supper and sent for Brent, who within an hour had me in her arms, appearing rejoiced although surprized to see me thus early returned. After supper with us and drinking a few glasses of wine McClintock retired to the Hummums (where no women were ever admitted) to sleep. When we thus reached London I had twenty seven guineas in my pocket, and felt no inclination to leave Malby's while any of it remained. The two first days I did not stir from the house, McClintock eating and spending most of his time with us. The third morning, for the sake of a little variety, I sallied forth *cap a pie* in my Madras regimentals, intending to accompany Brent to Westminster Abbey, and to take a coach at the first stand we came to. Going along the Piazza chatting to Brent, who had hold of my arm, I suddenly saw directly before me and coming towards us, my father! Not doubting but he recognised me, I instantly slipped away from Brent, intending to address him as if that moment arrived, but when close to him I saw his mouth going at a great rate, talking to himself and

deeply wrapt in his own thoughts. I therefore marched by without further notice. Brent, frightened out of her wits, insisted upon instantly going back to Malby's, and avoiding all further risk of discovery.

At dinner McClintock said he had that day been told that the *Ombres Chinois* was an entertainment worth seeing, and he intended going to it in the evening, upon which I determined to accompany him. At six o'clock he, Brent and myself got into a hackney coach and proceeded to Panton Street, where the exhibition was. We found the room nearly full, and with difficulty procured seats. About an hour after we had been there Brent eagerly laid hold of my arm, and pointing to a gentleman who sat on the same row only four from us, said "My God, there is your brother." I leaned forward, and sure enough there was Joseph, looking very attentively at us, but as he did not seem disposed to speak or take the least notice of me, I concluded he was indignant at the foolish and unprofitable voyage I had made, and would not acknowledge me. I therefore resolved to let him sulk on. Brent pressed me to leave the place, which I peremptorily refused to do, and we sat out the entertainment. However, as I took it for granted my brother would mention his having seen me, I thought it prudent no longer to absent myself, and next morning I went to St. Albans Street, where I was received by my dearest father more graciously than I had any right to expect. He told me they had for several days been in expectation of seeing me, Mr. Charlton having informed them of my return by the *Plassey*, which ship's arrival they had seen announced in the newspapers. By this it appeared that my brother Joseph had not betrayed me, for which I felt obliged and grateful. I however discovered soon after that I had given him credit for what he did not deserve and that he actually did not recognize me at the *Ombres Chinois*. He told me himself he was looking at Brent, with whom he observed an officer, but he had no more idea of its being me than the Emperor of China.

To account for my being so long in getting home I had

recourse to falsehood, telling my father that I had come round in the ship to Gravesend to save the expence of travelling. For such a deviation from veracity I ought to blush, but alas that was only one of many occasions I had to be ashamed of myself. Mr. Charlton, to whom at St. Helena I had related what his brother in law, Mr. Dawson, had said relative to my coming to India as a cadet, had prepared my father for my return, and good naturedly attempted to exculpate me, under such circumstances, from blame.

The day after my arrival in St. Albans Street my father addressed me very gravely and truly, representing the enormous expence incurred in equipping me for the East Indies, the whole of which was wantonly thrown away by my hasty and inconsiderate abandonment of the provision made for me in the army. He further said it appeared to him that I had only visited Asia for the purpose of shewing myself there as an English Nabob. He then desired to know what line of life I intended to pursue for my future subsistence, to which question I answered my wish was a situation in the Civil service at Bengal, but such a nomination my father seriously assured me it was not in his power to obtain, that he would exert all his interest to get me exchanged from the Madras army to that of Bengal, which, should he not succeed in, he saw nothing left for me but to return forthwith to Fort St. George, as he could not, in justice to the rest of his family, allow me to relinquish the Commission, the attainment of which had cost him so large a sum of money. The next day he went among his India friends in the City, and on his return told me that Sir George Colebrooke, Mr. Sullivan, and every person he had spoken to on the subject were much offended by the step I had taken and advised my going back to Madras, as a transfer to any other of the Settlements would not be permitted. My father also said my ill judged return became the more serious and unlucky from three great friends of his, Messrs. Vansittart, Scrafton, and Ford, having sailed for India a few months before in

the *Aurora* Frigate, as supervisors general of all the Company's Oriental possessions, of course, with unlimited powers, all three of whom had faithfully promised to provide for me; that having absurdly deprived myself of such an opportunity of being essentially served was most unfortunate, and all I had for it was to endeavour to regain my station at Madras before the supervisors left it; that all the Company's ships of the season had already sailed, but he understood one of His Majesty's vessels would be sent off with dispatches within a month, respecting which he would make further enquiries.

I could not feel otherwise than vexed at having lost so extraordinary an advantage as the patronage of the supervisors. Subsequently, however, it turned out that the hopes of benefiting by their means would never have been realized. The *Aurora* made a rapid and fine passage to the Good Hope, where they stopped for a supply of fresh provisions and water, being uncommonly crowded with passengers. She left the Cape in as high order in every respect as any ship that ever put to sea, and never was heard of more, although vessels were sent in every direction in search of her. The general opinion therefore was that she must have been destroyed by fire. Upwards of four hundred persons perished in her.

About ten days after my arrival my father one day came home in great haste to say he had just received undoubted information that the *Dolphin* sloop of war would sail for the East Indies in a week, under the command of Captain, (afterwards Sir Digby) Dent, a gentleman he was unacquainted with, but would write to my old friend, Captain Gambier, and Admiral Sir Samuel Cornish, to interfere in my favour. Captain Gambier, in answer, said he knew nothing of Dent, and could not apply; Sir Samuel had only a slight knowledge of him. He however gave me a letter to Captain Dent, and therein said he should consider it a favour done to himself if he would take me out to Madras. This letter I left at Captain Dent's, being told he was not at home, and afterwards called three different times with-

out meeting with him, which my father imagined my own fault and insisted upon my being at his house before seven o'clock the next morning, and not quitting it until I had an interview. I obeyed in point of time ; his servant, with a smile, said his master was already out. I thought I understood the smile, and, presenting half a crown, begged leave to wait in the passage for his return. "That, sir," (said the man) "would cost me my place, but if you walk before the door a quarter of an hour you will see him come out in his uniform. He is now at breakfast and nearly done. My orders are upon no account to let any stranger have access to him, for that so many applications have been made to him for passages to India, if he complied with one third he ought to have the command of a first rate instead of a sloop." I did as the man directed and soon saw my gentleman issue forth, to whom I marched up and accosted with :

"I came, sir, by desire of Sir Samuel Cornish for an answer to a letter from him which I left with your servant yesterday, and called again three times without being able to see you."

"Yes," said the Captain, "and you might have called three hundred to as little purpose. It is utterly impossible for me to give written answers to the innumerable letters now addressed to me. Are you the person alluded to by Sir Samuel ? "

I replied, "I was."

"Then," rejoined he, "you are not aware, young gentleman, of the thousandth part of the misery that awaits you should you be forced into my ship against my inclination—Hell will be nothing in comparison."

I boldly replied, "No fear of that sort should deter me from going with him, and that as to being ill treated, unless I deserved it, I saw by the benignity of his countenance he was incapable of doing any one injustice."

He smiled and seemed pleased by the compliment.

"Well, Sir," said he, "present my respects to the Admiral and tell him I will endeavour to comply, though I cannot absolutely promise, having been obliged to refuse a passage

to a nephew of one of the Lords of the Admiralty to whom I am under personal obligations."

Upon reporting to my father what had passed, he desired I would attend morning, noon, and night at the door of Captain Dent, until I obtained his order to be received on board the *Dolphin*. I accordingly did so, always addressing the Captain as he passed in or out. At last he said to me :

" By God, you possess a good share of perseverance, and I believe I shall contrive to stow you amongst my mids (meaning midshipmen), but then you and your clothes must be on board at Deptford by noon to-morrow, as she will drop down from thence by one o'clock."

To be ready in so few hours I deemed impossible, but my father instantly took me to Blunt's warehouse at Charing Cross, and there purchased some ready made shirts and other necessaries for the voyage. My former stock still remained at the India house, where they are always scandalously slow and dilatory in clearing the baggage of passengers. Having packed these things in a trunk, my father sent a servant with it to Hungerford stairs, where it was put into a wherry to convey it and me to the *Dolphin* at Deptford. The waterman, who knew perfectly well all that was requisite, asked me if I had an order for the trunk, &c., being received on board. Upon my replying in the negative, he said :

" Then there will be no use in going along side, for damn the stitch they'll take in."

Upon this I hurried away to Captain Dent's to ask for an order, but no Captain could I find, though I remained at the house until it was dark. I then returned home, and my father desired me to be at Captain Dent's at day light next morning to procure the order, if possible. If not, to proceed with my trunk to Deptford, and get on board the ship at any rate. I went, as desired, to Captain Dent's, where a female informed me he had given up the house two days before, and was gone, as she understood, to the *Eestern Indees*. Upon this intelligence I went to my wherry at Hungerford stairs, immediately departing for Deptford,

where upon my arrival I found the *Dolphin* had the preceding day dropped down to Gravesend. To that place therefore I followed, and was there told she was at anchor in the lower Hope. My London waterman refused to go any farther, and I was obliged to hire a Gravesend boat in which I went to the Hope. Arriving along side the *Dolphin* late in the afternoon, the lieutenant in command received me with the utmost civility. Upon hearing my account, he politely said that as a visitor he should be glad to accommodate me as long as I chose to stay, but receiving me, or my baggage, as a passenger without an order from Captain Dent was quite out of the question, and equally so was the possibility of my going to India in the ship, where there was not a single inch unoccupied. In vain I urged what had so recently passed between Captain Dent and me, and his promise to take me.

"Oh, my good Sir," said the officer, "the Captain is so circumstanced as to have been obliged to make a hundred promises he at the time he made them knew he could not fulfil. I have already seen upwards of a score young gentlemen in the same predicament, equally disappointed as you are, every one of whom had an unqualified promise of a passage to India on board the *Dolphin*."

He also told me that Captain Dent left town that day with the Government dispatches to meet the ship at Portsmouth, which he had no doubt they should reach the following day. I had no alternative left, but requested the lieutenant would give me in writing that he had peremptorily refused to receive me or my trunk on board the *Dolphin*, which he immediately did, and at eleven o'clock that night I got back to Gravesend, and the next day to London.

As I had done every thing in my power no blame could attach to me in this instance, nor did my father accuse me, but he was highly offended at Captain Dent's behaviour, and directly took me with him to the Admiralty, where we ascertained all the lieutenant had told me was correctly true. A clerk whom my father was acquainted with in-

formed him that Captain Dent's conduct had been shameful, for during that morning and the preceding day many young men had been at the office with the Captain's order for their being received on board, in their hands, saying he had desired them to meet him at the Admiralty at stated hours, when he knew he should be at Portsmouth and beyond their reach. So much for the good faith of the worthy Captain Digby Dent!

My father observed to me that as seven or eight months must elapse before any of the Company's ships would sail, it was incumbent on me to employ myself usefully for that period, and not think of lounging about in dissipation and indolence. He also insisted upon my laying aside my military dress until I had a right to resume it, and recommended me to endeavour to acquire some knowledge of the laws of my country, which in every situation of life would be useful, employing some hours daily in the study of military tactics. I accordingly laid aside my cockade and red coat and once more took my seat at a desk.

At the latter end of the month (April) the *Cruttenden* arrived, when Bob Pott called upon me and I introduced him to all my family, who were much pleased with him and made him stay to dinner. The next morning he came again, taking me to his father's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I was very kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Pott, and several of their daughters, as well as an elder and younger brother of Robert's. I dined with them, and in the evening accompanied Robert to Drury Lane theatre to see Garrick's famous pageant of the Stratford Jubilee, then in the height of its very long run; it had been got up at prodigious expence, in commemoration of the rare talents of our celebrated dramatic author, Shakespeare.

Scarce a day passed without Bob and me meeting; I frequently dined at his father's, where I always received a hearty welcome from the whole family, especially Mr. Pott senior. But early in June I thought I perceived a change in his and others of the family's behaviour towards

me, which daily became more evident. I often enquired of Robert if he knew the reason of this alteration, when he answered he only guessed the cause, but should ascertain it to a certainty soon, and the moment he did so would inform me. A week afterwards he called to tell me it was that despicable scoundrel, Baker, who had been prejudicing his father by a thousand misrepresentations and falsehoods, recommending my acquaintance with him (Robert) should be dropped as I was introducing him to improper company, and should be the ruin of him. Enraged at such baseness in Baker, who whenever I met him seemed happy to see me, and paid me a number of compliments, I waited upon Robert's father, to whom I represented how greatly I felt the alteration in his manners towards me lately, desiring to be informed of the occasion. This he evaded, assuring me he was not conscious of any alteration in his conduct. I expressed my surprize at hearing him gravely assert what he must feel conscious was not the fact, adding that I had discovered the calumniator in Captain Baker, whom I should call to account for his infamous and malignant slander of me.

Mr. Pott endeavoured to dissuade me from resenting what had passed, respecting which I begged to judge for myself, and went immediately to Captain Baker's lodgings attended by Robert's elder brother, who accompanied me at Robert's and my desire to witness what should pass. We found him at home. I directly charged him with his duplicity and baseness in unjustly traducing my character. He looked very silly, stammered out some incoherent words and, finally, positively denied ever having uttered a syllable to my prejudice, nor had he any cause for so doing. I then asked him whether he had not villified me to Mr. Pott, Senior, advising him to insist upon his son Robert's dropping my acquaintance, assigning reasons for such advice highly prejudicial to my character. The despicable wretch at once said, on his honour he had not, that he merely gave his opinion in consequence of Robert's natural volatility, that the less he was allowed to be abroad and in company the better. I remarked that I must despise the

man who could give his honour to a deliberate lie, which, coarse as the term was, I verily believed to be the case with him, but as he chose now to deny the fact, it only remained for me to caution him never in future to mention my name with disrespect, as, if he did, and it came to my knowledge, I should treat him as he deserved. We then left him without any salutation, Mr. Pott, Junior, observing to me he had never seen so despicable a fellow as Baker, and he should relate to his father most minutely the whole of the extraordinary scene he had just witnessed. This he faithfully did, and the next day I received a very kind note from Mrs. Pott requesting me to dine in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I went, receiving a cordial welcome and hearty shake of the hand by Mr. Pott, but not a word passed respecting Baker, nor did I think it necessary to broach the disagreeable subject knowing the unfair suspicion to be done away.

In May (1770) my much esteemed friend, McClintock, took leave of me, and embarked for India, having been little more than a month in England, but he was an uncommonly prudent young man and anxious to get back to his duty. With real grief I afterwards learnt that two days after landing in excellent health at Madras, he was attacked by one of the violent fevers of that inhospitable climate which in four and twenty hours terminated his valuable life. A more amiable and accomplished young man never existed.

CHAPTER XXI

THE FORRESTS

IN the Spring my father and three sisters went to a house he had taken at Richmond. I then for the first time since my return made enquiries after my favourite Fanny Hartford, who I found had married a gentleman of fortune who resided entirely in the country, and to the present day I have never heard more of her.

I now renewed my acquaintance with many of my former companions, male and female, and frequented the same houses as previously to my visiting India, but not having similar resources as then I was often hard run for cash which drove me to various stratagems for "raising the wind" and enabling me nightly to attend some place of public amusement. I became a regular attendant at the Euphrates Lodge of Bucks, also at the Battersea Red House meetings, the latter as much for the sake of the fair one I have already spoken of under the designation of "Silver tail," as for the exercise of field tennis.

I introduced Bob Pott, at his earnest request, to Tethrington, who declared him to be the finest lad he had ever met with, and became greatly attached to him.

During my Oriental trip my eldest sister, Mary, made some new acquaintances in whose society she spent much of her time. Amongst them were the Broadhead and Forrest families. With the Forrests my family were particularly intimate, and I soon became equally so. It then consisted of the mother (Mrs. Forrest), the most extraordinary woman in respect of eccentricities that perhaps ever lived. When I first saw her she must have been near fifty, but was still beautiful. Her father, whose name was Lynch, possessed a handsome property in the Island of Jamaica, when his lady being in a family way and her health

declining, he hurried her on board His Majesty's ship *Augustus Frederick*, with the Captain of which he was intimate, and during the passage to England Mrs. Lynch was delivered of a daughter who became the Mrs. Forrest I am now speaking of. She was christened by the names of "Juliana," after one of her own relations, "Frederica" from the ship she was born on board of, "Marina" from coming into the world upon the ocean, and "Cecilia" after her mother. When I became acquainted she had eight children, the eldest married to the Honourable John Byng, brother and presumptive heir to Lord Viscount Torrington, Julia, still a spinster, Cecilia, lately become the widow of the Right Honourable William Windham, Margaret, who died a few years since, a spinster, Harriet, married to a Mr. Maybank of Cornwall, and Augusta, married to Mr. Disney, a gentleman of fortune. The other two were sons, Arthur, the eldest, then about fifteen, at Harrow school, and Thomas, one year younger, a charming boy, who almost rivalled my early favourite, Pott, in my regard, and became equally attached to me. He had just entered the navy as a midshipman, his father then commanding the fleet on the Jamaica station.

Poor Tom's career was short—whilst in the prime of life, being a lieutenant on board Sir George Rodney's Flag ship in the first relief of Gibraltar, and consequently in the action that took place between the English and combined fleets of France and Spain, he was unfortunately the only officer of the Admiral's ship that received a wound. A shot shattered his leg so severely it was obliged to be amputated. He was landed at Gibraltar and conveyed to the quarters of his brother Arthur, then a subaltern in one of the regiments doing duty in that garrison. The wound was thought to be doing well when a sudden and unfavourable change occurred, a violent fever ensued and proved fatal, depriving his family and the nation of a young man who, had it pleased the Almighty ruler of all things to have spared his life, would in all probability have risen to the head of, and proved an honour to, the British Navy.

In the year 1770 Mrs. Forrest, with all her children except

Mrs. Byng, resided in a magnificent house in James Street, Westminster, one front facing the Bird cage walk in St. James's park. Her establishment of servants and equipage were corresponding to the splendour of her mansion, and I was told that she lived at the rate of six thousand a year. She had likewise a fine country seat at Binfield in Berkshire, with a large quantity of ground. This the Commodore (her father) had purchased some years before I knew them, and he made several additions and improvements to the house, building an entire suit of rooms connected with the old part by a noble picture gallery, a spacious drawing room, saloon, and music room, the latter an octagon lighted from a dome, the walls having fixed into them large paintings representing the different battles he had been engaged in from the time he arrived at the rank of Post Captain, particularly the famous one which did him so much honour off Cape Francois in the Island of St. Domingo, where three British Ships sought an engagement with, and beat, six French that quitted their harbour and run out to sea, not to fight, but *to take* our little squadron into port, not having an idea that three would presume to oppose or fire a gun at such fearful odds.

Forrest, as commanding officer, carried a Commodore's pennant. He had been cruising off the harbour for several weeks, forming an absolute blockade of six line of battle ships and a multitude of small vessels therein anchored, with no more than four ships, two of them of seventy four, and two of sixty four guns, and one frigate. Having encountered several severe storms in which all his ships sustained material damage, one of the seventy four's so much as to be rendered incapable of keeping the sea and to be in hourly danger of going to the bottom, Commodore Forrest directed her to make as fast as possible for Kingston in Jamaica, ordering the frigate to attend and stay by in case she should not reach her destined port, that at least, the lives of the officers and crew might thereby be preserved. The other three ships remained upon their station. The French, seeing the blockaders reduced to three ships crippled by bad weather,

nobly resolved to *take* them, arrogantly boasting that should either of the three discharge a single gun they would blow them all out of the water, but as they did not imagine a shot would be fired they requested the ladies of the Settlement to prepare a Ball and Supper for the entertainment of the Commanders, *their prisoners*, thus, as schoolboys say, "reckoning their chickens before they were hatched." Impudently confident, as Frenchmen generally are, they left their harbour that had so long been a shelter to them, colours flying, music playing, and accompanied by many vessels, large and small, who went to see the British ships *taken possession of*. Commodore Forrest, perceiving the enemy getting under way, made a signal for the other two Commanders to repair with all speed to him. Being instantly obeyed, he addressed them thus :

"There come the six French ships. I think we ought to fight them."

"Undoubtedly," replied the other two. (The shortest council of war in all probability that ever was held.)

"Away with you to your respective ships then," said Forrest, immediately making the Junior Commander's signal to lead into action.

This Junior was Captain Suckling, recently made Post, and who from chance never happened to have been in an engagement. In his person and manners he was rather effeminate, fond of dress, used perfumes, and attended much to his person, which not meeting the approbation of the Jack Tars, they had contemptuously nicknamed him amongst themselves, "Fine Bones." Having regained his ship he told the crew he was to lead, "and now, my gallant fellows, for the honour of old England we'll shew them what a handful of sound hearts can do," giving orders to trim the sails and stand direct for the enemy. Whereupon the ship's company gave three loud and hearty huzzas, crying out, "Damn my eyes ! Well done, Fine Bones ! Fine Bones for ever ! Three more cheers for Fine Bones," and again they huzza'd, an example that was followed by the crews of the other two ships.

Whilst running on to the French, Captain Suckling privately addressed his first lieutenant, an old and gallant officer, saying :

" You have often been in situations similar to that we are entering upon. I never was. I know myself, my wishes, and my determination, but it is possible I may err through inexperience. Should you see anything of that sort set me right, and I shall for ever acknowledge the obligation."

The enemy, all astonished at the presumption of the English, upon seeing them approach instantly hove to and formed into line of battle. Thus, instead of attacking, quietly waiting to be attacked. In one hour at it they went with such determined fury that the whole of the attendant vessels made a precipitate retreat out of gun shot. After an engagement of two hours, four of the French ships were so mauled they left the line, the other two soon following their example. The masts of one of them went over the side, and then it was the vessels that came out only for amusement proved of the utmost use by towing their discomfited countrymen back to the harbour, and so preserving them from becoming prizes. The gallant English had the mortification to see this shameful retreat without being able to prevent it, their rigging, masts, and yards being wholly disabled, so that the ships became ungovernable. All the three ships, besides the damage aloft, had several shot holes between wind and water, which rendered it necessary with the utmost dispatch to gain a port. With difficulty they kept their battered vessels afloat until they reached Jamaica, where, it is hardly necessary to say, the brave fellows were received with the utmost joy and admiration by a grateful people.

The St. Domingo Captains were sadly laughed at by the inhabitants upon the disgraceful issue of the battle, and by none with more bitter sarcasms than the ladies, who, notwithstanding the disgrace of their naval officers, insisted upon the entertainment's taking place that had been prepared. They even shewed their contempt still further by

giving as the first toast after supper, "The three English fighting captains." This engagement certainly redounded much to the honour of our noble Tars.

Mrs. Forrest's two eldest (unmarried) daughters, Julia and Cecilia, had just been presented at Court. Arthur, the eldest son, as I have already mentioned, was at Harrow school, educated in the full persuasion that he would inherit a fortune of at least ten thousand pounds per annum.

Towards the end of the year 1770 Commodore Forrest was promoted to the rank of Admiral. For several years he had been grievously afflicted with the gout, and during his last residence in England suffered such agony that almost in despair he applied to Sir James Jay, a quack doctor who had gained considerable reputation, and was in great practice as a curer of the gout. One of his conditions was, "No cure, no pay." In case of success a remuneration to the medical man for his labour of five hundred pounds. Under the Knight's management the Commodore when last at home recovered from a severe fit in both hands and both feet, and as he himself considered the cure perfect he, without the least hesitation, paid the stipulated five hundred pounds, soon after which he sailed for the West Indies.

Another of Sir James Jay's patients, whom the Doctor pronounced cured, chose to judge for himself, and from certain acute twitches denied the disorder's being eradicated. Sir James insisted that it was, and required payment. The patient persisted in withholding the cash, and was thereupon held to bail. Upon the trial in the Court of King's Bench Sir James, the plaintiff, subpœned many persons of rank and consequence to prove the cures he had effected and consequent sums paid. Amongst these witnesses was Mrs. Forrest, who deposed that her husband had been perfectly cured by Sir James, and thankfully paid five hundred pounds, that for several years previous to putting himself under his management he always had two violent attacks in the twelvemonth, which confined him to his Chamber several weeks, whereas eight months had then

elapsed without the slightest return of the disorder. Upon her evidence principally Sir James Jay obtained a verdict in his favour, and at the very moment Mrs. Forrest was giving that evidence her husband lay dead *from an attack of the gout in his stomach*, at Jamaica ! !

Admiral Forrest by his Will left the whole of his landed property, both in England and Jamaica, to his eldest son, Arthur, subject to the payment of the widow's jointure and the fortunes of all the younger children. A number of executors were appointed, amongst whom was the much talked of Mr. Elwes,[1] that strange compound of meanness and liberality, who was sincerely attached to the Admiral. These executors were all so afraid of involving themselves in trouble and difficulties from the violent temper and extravagant follies of Mrs. Forrest, that, with one exception, they refused to act, and formally renounced. The exception was Mr. Fox, an opposite neighbour at Binfield, and old friend of Admiral Forrest's, to whose children and their interest, he was zealously attached. By nature he was morose and unforgiving when offended. He had always pointedly expressed his disapprobation of Mrs. Forrest's manner of bringing up a young family, especially the girls, as well as at the unbounded extravagance in which she lived, consequently, he was no favourite of hers, so far otherwise that whenever he came to visit her husband she affronted him either by word or deed, sometimes by both. His calls were therefore seldom, and when the Admiral was at sea he never entered the house.

Mr. Fox had peculiarities, but was universally considered as a man of the strictest integrity and honourable sentiments, and but for the strange misconduct of Mrs. Forrest, the family and their property could not have been in better hands than his. That strange and perverse woman, instead of conciliating this gentleman, every where, in public and in private, spoke of him as the most unprincipled wretch that ever existed, a monster that disgraced human nature, who, she was convinced, had

[1] The notorious miser member of the House of Commons.

accepted the office of executor solely with a view to rob herself and children, that she would watch him closely, and if she detected him at any of his rogue's tricks, as she was sure she would, she should do all in her power to hang him.

Mr. Fox was not a man patiently to submit to such vile abuse, such undeserved opprobrium, even from a female, yet for the sake of the children of his deceased friend he made some attempts to stop the inveteracy of the lady, and induce a more moderate and decorous behaviour. But all his efforts were unavailing, seeming to produce more outrageous language, if that were possible, and more calumnies than ever. The consequence was natural enough. Mr. Fox became her declared enemy, and a most serious one he proved, whereby not only herself, but the family were involved in the deepest distress and ultimate ruin.

Upon Admiral Forrest's death the widow found herself involved in debt to an amount of many thousand pounds and no funds from which to discharge them. Such a situation, instead of bringing her to her senses, as might have been hoped it would, appeared to have a contrary effect upon this inconsiderate woman, who continued her unbounded extravagance. She applied to Mr. Willis, the agent in London, to whom the consignments of the produce of the Jamaica estate were made, for money, and received for answer he had not fifty pounds in his possession, and if he had, his constituent being dead, he should not be justified in making any advances until there was a legal representative to grant him a proper discharge for the same. He also informed her he was sorry to hear the crops of the preceding year had failed, and the returns would be little or nothing, while the current expences of the plantations continued, were even increasing, and must be paid from the earliest produce. Even this gloomy statement operated not upon Mrs. Forrest, nor occasioned the smallest retrenchment. Her folly was not to be checked until the direst necessity compelled some alteration. At the end of a year she could not raise cash to pay the baker, butcher, and other domestic demands, and this alone made her ungraciously consent to

part with the immense house in the park. She however did so, and scarcely remedied the evil thereby, for she took another, certainly not near the size, but still far too large and expensive for her means, in Newman Street, where she, as thentofore, gave frequent splendid and costly entertainments! Never was there so thoughtless a creature. Her language too was as strange as her general behaviour, as for instance: I was at a card table at her house with a party of young people of both sexes, two of her daughters being of it, the game loo, when she came to the back of one of the young lady's chairs and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Well, I declare that game does always surprize me. To hear a parcel of girls crying out, "Oh, Lord, I'm loo'd (lewd) and I'm loo'd, and then the young men declaring they are loo'd also! Indeed, I don't wonder at that, or see how it can possibly be otherwise! It is abominably indecent!" and away she walked, leaving the women confounded with shame and blushes at the old lady's most ill-timed remark, the men ready to drop from laughter.

Mrs. Forrest, by continuing her immoderate expences, greatly increased her embarrassments; she at length became seriously alarmed upon some of the creditors beginning to be importunate for payment of their demands, and she thought she saw the gates of a jail gaping wide to receive her: whereupon she wept bitterly, protesting that being sent to prison would be the death of her, and they had better shoot her at once. Some real friends to the family availed themselves of this fright, advising her to seek shelter in her own house at Binfield, where alone she could be secure from personal restraint. With the utmost eagerness she consented to do so, immediately ordered post horses, and away she went, leaving her daughters with their governess, an intelligent, clever woman, to pack up and follow into Berkshire. Thus a sudden and unexpected reform commenced, for which, however, no merit could be ascribed to Mrs. Forrest, who alone yielded to the terror of the moment. The Newman Street house was let, the carriages, except that one she took

out of town, sold, and the number of servants materially reduced. Although thus deprived of the means of living as she had always done, in one continued bustle and scene of riot, she was determined still to be particular, and as unlike as possible to the rest of the world. She therefore reversed the common order of time, going to bed when others rise, and rising when others go to bed, literally turning night into day, and day into night. Soon after her retreat to the country, it was deemed necessary from the involved state of the whole family and of the Jamaica estates, to make some application to the Lord Chancellor on behalf of the children, or those under age. After much consideration, what is preposterously termed an amicable suit was instituted in the Court of Chancery, which for many subsequent years was carried on with as much rancour and hostility, and at as great an expence as any cause could be. The single good arising from it was that the Chancellor ordered three hundred pounds per annum to be paid out of the first proceeds of the Jamaica property for the support and maintenance of the family. His Lordship also appointed a receiver to manage the estates.

Thus was the infatuated, the dashing, gay, Mrs. Forrest at once reduced from the utmost splendour and extravagance to a state little short of penury. Even that sad change could not open her eyes, and as far as circumstances admitted, or she could get credit, she still betrayed the same disposition to profusion, the same contempt for money as ever. I, who was one of her few favorites, was frequently invited to Binfield. Whenever I went, my being there was made an excuse for having five times the quantity of provisions that were necessary. To such an extent was this carried that I told her I never would visit her again without her giving me a promise (and keeping it, too) that no addition whatever should be made to the family fare on my account. Her delightful daughters often expressed their surprize not only at the speeches I made, and the lectures I gave their mother, but at the composure and temper she received from me what, had the same thing been said by any

other person, would have almost driven her frantic. Indeed, she herself sometimes remarked I had more influence over her than all the rest of the world, which she chiefly attributed to the affection her darling boy, Tom, entertained for me.

In December 1770 Pott again went to India in the *Cruttenden* with Captain Baker, as fifth mate! About the same period, too, Tom Forrest went upon a cruise in a frigate.

Amongst the new acquaintances my family had made during my voyage to Madras were several young men of fashion, particularly Sir Watts Horton, Mr. Campbell (now Lord Gwydir), Mr. Loraine Smith, the Duke of Hamilton, and Mr. Windham, the gentleman I have already (by anticipation) mentioned as the husband of Miss Cecilia Forrest, to all of whom I was introduced.

My father having purchased the house next to his own in St. Albans Street, pulled it down and rebuilt it as an addition to his, which was easily made from there being a party wall through which doors were broken. This being the case the new building had neither staircase nor street door, a circumstance that created much wonder in persons passing. The addition made it a most capital mansion, one of the advantages being, instead of a common passage, the entering into a handsome hall, with a fire place, the room that had been my brother's and the clerk's office being a part of it. In the new dining parlour, towards the street, was a magnificent marble chimney piece, richly inlaid with ormolu, which beautiful piece of workmanship was presented to my father by that ingenious mechanist, Mr. Cox (the founder of the famous museum that bore his name exhibited at Spring Garden rooms) as a token of gratitude for important benefits conferred by extricating him from various law suits he had long been involved in. My father being possessed of a very choice collection of valuable paintings, the *tout ensemble* of his new house when completed was truly elegant.

Notwithstanding I generally spent the evening at some public place, I was diligent and attentive to business

throughout the day, which brought forth some compliments from my father, who observed, if I persevered, it was not yet too late to make myself a proficient in the law, and should I prefer so doing to continuing in the military line he had not any objection. He, however, desired me to consider well ere I resolved, and not to pursue the law unless I felt confident of myself, and that I should not fall into similar errors as formerly. As usual, I deceived myself, thinking I possessed more resolution and fortitude than was in my nature. At the expiration of a month I told my father I had maturely thought upon the subject, was convinced I could now control my passions, resist temptation, and act in every respect as prudence dictated. I therefore determined to stick to the desk. He answered, "Be it so, William, with all my heart, and I hope and trust I never shall have another occasion to upbraid you on the score of disappointing me."

CHAPTER XXII

ACQUAINTANCES IN TOWN

DURING the winter of 1770, and the whole of 1771, I read a good deal, and attended the duties of an Attorney's office with tolerable regularity, though I continued to frequent public places, especially Ranelagh, which of all others was most to my liking. In those days people went there well dressed, the men always in swords, and though I had resigned my cockade, I retained the use of side arms. I dropped most of my Wetherby acquaintances, taking in their stead a set of more respectability, amongst whom were Messrs. Prescott, Byde, and Lowry, all three sons of eminent Bankers; also Robert Mitford, brother to the Captain of the *Northumberland* Indiaman; (their father was immensely rich, though he still continued the business of a woollen draper in Cornhill) Farrer, a Barrister, who afterwards acquired a rapid and large fortune as an Advocate of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, and several other young men whose incomes were so large as to enable them to live at great expence. Here was the rock upon which I split, absurdly endeavouring to do as they did without reflecting that my allowances were very inadequate.

In the winter of 1771 a set of wild young men made their appearance, who from the profligacy of their manners and their outrageous conduct in the theatres, taverns and coffee houses in the vicinity of Covent Garden, created general indignation and alarm, actually driving away many sedate persons from their customary amusement in an evening. They were distinguished under the title of "Mohawks," and as such severely attacked by the public news papers, which, instead of checking, seemed to stimulate their excesses. They consisted of only four in number, their Chief, Rhoan Hamilton (afterwards known as an Irish

Rebel by the name of Hamilton Rhoan, he having taken what had been his Christian for a surname). This gentleman, when he first came forward in the character of Mohawk, was in the prime of life, a remarkably fine figure upwards of six feet high, and perfectly well made. He, being a man of fortune, was the principal hero. The second in command was Mr. Hayter, whose father was an opulent merchant and Bank Director; the third, a Mr. Osborne, a young American who had come to England to study law; and the last, Mr. Frederick, a handsome lad without a guinea, said to be a son, or grandson, of the much talked of and unfortunate Theodore, King of Corsica. He had dubbed himself with the convenient travelling title of "Captain," but no one knew from what Corps he derived that rank.

This Quartette were in a constant state of inebriety, daily committing the most wanton outrages upon unoffending individuals who unfortunately fell in their way. It fell to my lot to witness much of their insolent proceedings, for at the time they commenced them I belonged to two different Clubs, one at the Shakespear, the other at the Piazza Coffee house, at the quitting of which I generally fell in with those formidable fellows, and being brim full of wine, I invariably attacked them, reprobating their scandalous behaviour, and delivering my opinion thereon in unqualified terms of disapprobation, so much so that the by standers have often been astonished that they did not instantly assail me. They sometimes did violently threaten, notwithstanding which I persevered in reprobating their conduct and abusing them whenever we met, becoming so determined an opponent that I was soon distinguished by the, at least, less dishonourable title of, "The anti-Mohawk," under which I had some high flown compliments paid me by the sober old Dons of the Coffee houses annoyed by their enormities. These gentry did not always act together, sometimes separating and even singly insulting the quiet and well disposed, but at a certain hour of the night they always met, usually at Lovejoy's, laying their plans of

mischief for the ensuing day. The following instance of brutality I was, in part, an eye witness of. I was waiting in the Piazza Coffee room for some friends with whom I had promised to go to the play, when Hamilton came in very drunk, according to custom. After talking to me a few minutes (for I was acquainted with all the four Mohawks) he walked to the Bar, there asking Dennis, the master of the house, "who was above?" Dennis replied:

"None of your friends, sir."

"I understood," said Hamilton, "there were a party in the blue room."

"No, sir," answered Dennis, "a single gentleman whom I do not know, is there waiting for three others whom he expects."

"Aye," said Hamilton, "then, Dam'me if I don't go and take a peep at your stranger," and up he walked, Dennis following.

The latter soon returned, entreating I would go up and endeavour to get Mr. Hamilton away, for he was apprehensive of mischief. I accordingly ascended. Upon entering the room I saw Hamilton standing in a boxing attitude, whilst a genteel looking young man of very slight form, and apparently in bad health, was striking at him without effect, as he met every intended blow before it could reach him with a severe stroke from himself under the assailant's arm. I directly stepped between them, saying to Hamilton:

"Is this a proof of your valour? Such a Herculean fellow as you are to attack such a man as this! For shame, for shame, Hamilton, you deserve to be scouted from the society of gentlemen."

Instead of any expression of anger at this address, he immediately answered:

"By God, it is very true, Hickey! I am ashamed of myself," and, turning to the gentleman, he continued, "And, sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons. I have behaved scandalously, and will make every concession you demand. Can you forgive me? Again I beg your pardon."

In the moment of this conciliatory speech in came Frederick, who instantly exclaimed, "What's this I hear? Zounds! Hamilton, do you beg any man's pardon!"

Hamilton, in a moment, replied:

"No, by God, not to any one breathing," and turning to the stranger, he added, "I have beat you, and I'm damned glad of it. You are a damned scoundrel. However, if you wish for it I'll give you satisfaction whenever you please. Hickey knows me; every body knows Hamilton, you scoundrel."

Upon this most extraordinary change of conduct, brought about by that despicable adventurer, Frederick, I felt extremely angry, and told Frederick he was an infamous bully that deserved to be kicked down stairs. He half drew his sword, when he was seized by Dennis and several gentlemen whom the noise had brought up from the coffee room, and forcibly carried down, when both he and Hamilton, becoming extremely riotous and violent, the gentlemen in the coffee room insisted upon the Watch being called, or a constable. With considerable difficulty the two heroes were carried off to the Round House, and there lodged for the night.

The stranger returned me his sincere thanks for my interference. He told me his name was Hare, that he came to the Piazza to meet some friends with whom he was to sup, that when Mr. Hamilton (whom he did not know) came into the room he was writing a letter, that Hamilton approaching the table without speaking, took up the ink-stand, which he was carrying off, when he (Mr. Hare) said, "Sir, I am using that ink, you must not take it away," whereupon Hamilton turned round, seized the half written letter from the table and tore it to pieces, that he (Hare), amazed at such an act, asked what he could mean. "Mean," retorted Hamilton, "I mean to give you a damned good licking," and accompanied this threat by putting his clenched fist close to Hare's face; that he, (Hare) fired with indignation at such brutality, and nothing doubting but that the assailant would strike him, made

a blow at Hamilton, which he met, striking the arm of Hare underneath, and so continued to do until he (Hare) was no longer able to raise his arm from his side, as already mentioned. Mr. Hare then took off his coat and, turning up his shirt sleeves, the flesh of the right arm appeared black and dreadfully bruised from the wrist to the shoulder, which he said was attended with acute pain. He begged I would attend the following morning before the Magistrate to relate such part of the transaction as I had seen, which I did at Sir John Fielding's, who, upon taking the deposition of Mr. Hare, mine, and Dennis's, (the latter being summoned) compelled the two, Hamilton and Frederick, to give ample security to appear to any indictment or prosecution Mr. Hare might prefer against them, or either of them, he (Mr. Hare) being required to enter into a recognizance to prosecute the culprits at the then next Sessions.

Mr. Hare's feelings as a gentleman were by no means satisfied with the above measures; the hour therefore that he recovered the use of his arm he sent a challenge to Hamilton, which was accepted without hesitation, personal spirit being one of the few qualities Mr. Hamilton possessed. They met, with each a second, when Hamilton received the fire of his antagonist, immediately discharging his own pistol in the air, desiring Hare to fire again if he chose it. Hare urged him to return his fire, saying it was no compensation for the uncommon ill treatment he had received to stand a single shot, and that a refusal to return his fire, of course, made it impossible for him to proceed. Hamilton persisted in refusing to attempt taking the life of a man he had already so grossly and so unprovokedly insulted and maltreated, for which, since he became sober and conscious of his ill behaviour, he felt the utmost distress and concern. This apology, so full and unasked for, was by both the seconds considered as sufficient to satisfy the wounded honour of Mr. Hare. The latter gentleman therefore yielded to this opinion, and was about to quit the ground, when Hamilton, addressing him, said he was so

ashamed of himself on account of what had passed that there was no reparation within his power he would not readily consent to, even to the insertion of an apology in the public news papers. This offer was as handsomely refused by Mr. Hare, who professed himself entirely satisfied with the last declaration of Mr. Hamilton. They then parted with mutual civilities.

What a lamentable thing that a man with such proper and becoming sentiments as Hamilton expressed at this meeting should ever have been guilty of the atrocious excesses and violence he was, not only before, but subsequent to the above transaction. The fact is, his dissolute companions kept him in a constant state of intoxication, whereby they found they could manage him as they pleased, besides supplying themselves from his purse with cash, a scarce article with two of his associates, Frederick and Osborne.

Mr. Hare being upon the eve of departure for the East Indies, embarked prior to the commencement of the Sessions, whereby the offenders escaped prosecution, and the consequent punishment they so much deserved. Mr. Hare went to Bengal as an Advocate of the Supreme Court, where from his strong recommendations he obtained from the Government a contract so advantageous as to enable him in four years to set out on his return to Europe over land. Whilst on his journey he imprudently let his attendants see some diamonds and other valuable articles in his writing desk. This induced them to murder him as he lay asleep upon the banks of the Euphrates, into which river they threw his body, went off with the property, and were never afterwards heard of.

In the Spring of 1772 my friend, Pott, returned from his second voyage to China, and immediately called upon me. He had grown an elegant figure, retaining all his beauty, and was soon pronounced by the women to be the handsomest young man in London. He told me Baker was an infamous scoundrel, and he had again proved him to be a despicable poltroon also, having submitted to his (Pott's) spitting in

his face, which he actually had done a few days before he left the *Cruttenden*. "And thus," added he, "ends my career as mate of an Indiaman, for never more will I set my foot on board ship in that capacity." Upon which I asked what he intended to do in future. His reply was "Curse me, if I know, William, not having yet given it a thought. The old boy" (his father) "must carve out something *dashing* for me."

About a week after his return I received an invitation to dine in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when the father complained to me in strong terms of Robert's conduct, observing that what might have been forgiven in him as a mere boy became inexcusable at a more mature age. He said he had scrupulously enquired into all the circumstances of his last voyage, in every point of which he found Robert in the wrong, and that his behaviour to his commander had been most improper and disrespectful, in some instances scarcely short of mutiny. Mr. Pott also told me that Robert's conduct outward bound had been so inconsiderate that after several unavailing remonstrances, Captain Baker had been under the necessity of breaking him, but upon their arrival in China, at the intercession of the supercargoes, had reinstated him, promising to bury in oblivion all that had passed to that period, notwithstanding which his (Robert's) conduct on the homeward passage was more outrageous than ever. At this unfavourable representation of his conduct Robert only laughed, which put his father into a great rage, and he swore that he might starve if he chose to abandon the line chalked out for him. Then, addressing me, he said:

"Is this behaviour to be endured? This favorite of yours, Mr. Hickey, will certainly drive me mad. Here have I been making an interest to bring him forward in the service and procure for him the command of a ship, which he might have after one voyage more, and the bastard has the impudence to tell me he will not upon any terms go such voyage!"

"Nor will I, sir," said Robert, interrupting his father.

"There is not a single gentleman amongst them, nor shall any thing make me mix or have to do with such a set of low blackguards."

"Very fine, very fine, proud sir," replied Mr. Pott, "but may I be so bold as to ask how you intend to live. Is it upon your fortune, sir? If it be, I give you joy! but, by God, that fortune will not come from me. Already more than your just proportion has, I am sorry to say, been wasted upon you, and certainly I shall not stint the rest of my children in order to support you in extravagance and folly."

Robert coolly answered he was far from wishing he should do so, that he was, however, satisfied if he (the father) chose it, he could easily obtain a writership in the Company's service at Bengal, and to such a situation he looked.

During the summer Robert and I were constantly together, making frequent excursions round the vicinity of London. I generally dined once a week with his family. Mr. Pott at last told me that as he found Bob so obstinately determined to abandon the sea altogether he must try what he could do to procure for him the appointment of a writer. Bob by this time had become quite a London rake. He displayed peculiar taste in dress, though carried to excess in point of fashion, soon becoming the envy of all the young men of his day. I was one morning walking arm in arm with him in St. James's park, his dress then being a white coat, cut in the extremity of *ton*, lined with a Garter blue satin, edged with ermine, and ornamented with rich silver frogs; waistcoat and breeches of the same blue satin, trimmed with silver twist à la Hussar, and ermine edges. In our walk we met young Horneck, then Bob's counterpart both as to person and age, who had just become an ensign in the Guards. Horneck, struck with the figure and appearance of my companion, when abreast of us, stopped and stared rather rudely. Whereupon Pott, turning towards him, said to me, "Look, William! there is a coxcomb that cannot bear a competitor, jealous as the devil and envious too!" accompanying his remark by a

peculiarly provoking laugh that was natural to him. Horneck coloured deeply, seemed mortified, but said not a word and went on his way.

The life I now led was by far too dissipated, and occasioned very frequent remonstrances from my father, who tried a variety of means to keep me at home. As he knew I was fond of drawing he most kindly and considerately engaged a very ingenious man, Mr. Thomas Malton, to attend me twice a week and give me instruction therein, as well as in geometry and perspective. This Mr. Malton had been for several years a cabinet maker, having a large shop in the Strand, but as nature had blessed him with an extraordinary mechanical genius he was constantly engaged in experiments upon different subjects therein, employing every leisure hour in attaining a proficiency in the different branches of mathematics and natural philosophy. So powerfully did this inclination operate as his knowledge increased that he at length relinquished his trade, giving himself up entirely to his favorite studies. In less than a year after he had so done, he delivered a course of lectures upon Geometry, in which he shewed such talents and ingenuity as gained him not only the applause, but the support and patronage of some of the most learned and able men of those days, which proved of importance, for he left off business with only about two thousand pounds, having then a wife and six children, three boys and three girls. The eldest son (about sixteen) when an infant had the misfortune to fracture his leg so badly as to make amputation of the broken limb necessary. He, however, recovered, using the wooden substitute with wonderful dexterity and agility, running up and down stairs faster than I could with my legs perfect. This mutilated boy possessed as extraordinary genius as his father, and was one of the best draftsmen in England. He afterwards executed and published many works that deservedly gained him both profit and credit. The eldest girl, at the time the father came to attend me, was thirteen years of age, looking older, and very pretty. The rest of the children

were infants. Of this family I shall have occasion to speak again, as I became an inmate of their house.

Mr. Malton, at different periods, produced some works of considerable merit; amongst them were a treatise upon Geometry and another upon Perspective, both which were greatly admired and speedily ran through several editions. This was the more extraordinary as he was self taught, never having had a master or instructor in any one branch of the mathematics. Upon his first coming to me, I made some objection to *losing* my time, as I ignorantly termed it, upon geometry, which made him observe that it was the foundation, the very key stone of perspective, in which no man could be a proficient without being a geometrician. I therefore yielded to his advice, but am sorry to add, that while taking lessons from him in that science my thoughts often wandered from the subject, and when he imagined me all attention I was thinking of the party I was engaged to pass the evening with, or of some other more remote scene of folly. This however, only continued while I was at the, to me, dry study of geometry, for to perspective, which I was very desirous of gaining a knowledge of, I paid sufficient attention, making a progress therein that highly gratified both my teacher, Malton, and my father. I had taken a rough sketch of my friend, Mr. Symmons's, house and garden at Battersea, (with whom, notwithstanding my dissipation, I still kept up an intimacy). This sketch Mr. Malton accidentally seeing in my portfolio, he pointed out several glaring faults and mistakes, and he proposed my making a correct drawing from it, which I immediately set about and executed under his eye, producing a chaste and highly finished representation of that beautiful mansion, bringing into the view a part of the river Thames, with his yacht at anchor off the house with several boats and barges passing by. I begged Mr. Symmons's acceptance of it when done, and greatly pleased him thereby. He had it elegantly framed and hung up in the principal room.

At the end of the month of June this year (1772) my father went to Paris in order to take my sisters, Ann and

Sarah, away from the Convent of Panthemont. On the 25th of July they all three returned in health and safety to London.

Towards the close of the year Pott told me his father had procured for him a writership on the Bengal establishment, but that he should not go out for a twelvemonth at soonest. Being sincerely attached to him, I was happy to hear he had succeeded in his object, though I regretted the consequent loss of his society.

About this period Mrs. Cholmondeley, whom I have before spoken of, informed me that Robert, her youngest son, was going to India as a writer. At her desire I wrote by him to my *Plassey* shipmates, Rider and Grant, (with the former of whom I kept up a regular correspondence) for the purpose of procuring two pleasant and useful acquaintances. I was, however, disappointed in that object by the ship, *Duke of Albany*, which he was on board of, being lost in Balasore roads, where many of the crew perished, all being in imminent danger of sharing the same fate. Cholmondeley, with some other passengers, were picked up by the pilot schooner. He was a clever lad, and, had he lived, would have made a figure, but at the end of two years he was carried off by a bilious fever.

Mr. Henry Ramus, another acquaintance of mine, went out a writer the same season. His eldest brother, George, and I were contemporaries at Westminster and great cronies. By Henry I also wrote to Rider and Grant. Rider shewed him every attention and kindness in his power; Grant had left Bengal and returned to England for the recovery of his health.

In the month of December my father, by way of recreation, took me with him to Bath. I therefore took leave of Pott and the rest of my London associates for a few weeks, and on the 10th my father, Mr. William Cane, and Mr. William Burke, set off in a post coach. We slept at Marlborough, reaching Bath the next day to dinner. Here I passed six weeks very agreeably. Two days after our arrival I met, at the pump room, the above mentioned

James Grant, with whom I made several pleasant excursions about the country on horseback, thus varying our scenes of amusement.

On the 17th of January 1773, the same four left Bath on our return to Town, again stopping for the night at Marlborough, at the "White Hart," an Inn though not so magnificently furnished as the "Castle," in no way inferior in respect to the fare, the wines, and attendants, their claret being uncommonly good. While sitting at table over this generous liquor my father said to Mr. Burke, "Come now, Will, as all present are sincerely devoted to you, tell us what is your true state at present with respect to India Stock."

It is necessary here to premise that at this period a violent struggle subsisted between two parties, both of great weight and influence, relative to the affairs in India, the Chief on one side being Lord Clive, on the other Mr. Laurence Sullivan, who had long been in the habit of opposing each other. Numerous individuals of fortune engaged in the interests of these rivals for power, the contest, in fact, being which of them should ride lord paramount over the East India Company. Mr. William Burke was a Sullivanite. The different manœuvres adopted by the respective partisans, the various and contrariety of reports mutually propagated for political purposes, frequently influenced, and to a considerable extent, the value of the Stock. It had consequently been foreseen that whichever party finally prevailed the other must be involved in inextricable ruin.

To the question put, Mr. Burke replied :

"I will tell you, Joe, honestly and fairly. Here is a letter," taking one from his pocket, "which I received from my Broker this day, an hour before we left Bath, clearly demonstrating that, was I now to retire, I could realise eighty thousand pounds!"

Upon hearing this my father and Mr. Cane directly exclaimed :

"Then, for God's sake, my dear Will, do so. Cut forthwith without losing a day."

"No, my friends," said Mr. Burke, "not yet. Our party act upon a certainty, and are not to be shaken. When we started I was let into the secret, and knew it could not be otherwise. The sum I fixed upon was a plum (one hundred thousand pounds). I shall soon accomplish my object, and will then bid them good morning."

They both begged, entreated, and said every thing in their power to induce him to secure what he had already acquired, justly observing that he would be quite as happy with eighty thousand pounds as with a million. All which he admitted, but still repeated his determination to acquire the amount first fixed as the bounds of his ambition. Need the issue be stated. Lord Clive's party ultimately proved successful, and Sullivan's were undone. This happened within two months after the Marlborough conversation. Mr. William Burke not only lost the eighty thousand pounds, but every guinea he had in the world at the back of it. His friend, Earl Verney, who had espoused the same side, was an actual sufferer to the enormous amount of two hundred thousand pounds.

The day after my return to town Joseph Pott, the next brother to Robert, whom I had frequently called upon, and tipped at Eton School, came to St. Albans Street, and to my inexpressible surprize informed me that Robert had departed for Calcutta, being then at Portsmouth on board the *Houghton*, Captain Smith, wind bound, that this measure was resolved on and every thing arranged previous to my going to Bath, but kept secret from me to avoid the pain of a formal parting, which Robert said he could not support and thought it better for both to keep clear of. I felt vexed at thus unexpectedly losing my young favorite, but derived consolation from the society of Tom Forrest, who had just landed from a very successful six months' cruise. With him I went in February to Chatham to see the *Coventry* frigate, the ship he then belonged to. I lived much with the different branches of his family, making occasional visits to his strange mother at Binfield. In the summer I went to Harrow on the hill to see the silver arrow

shot for, Arthur Forrest, her eldest son, being a competitor, though an unsuccessful one, for the prize. The shooting for an honorary reward had been a practice long in use with the boys of Harrow school, nor did I ever hear the reason why it stopped, but the above was the last time it ever was shot for. At the holidays which followed the arrow ceremony Arthur Forrest left school, soon after which an Ensigncy in the Guards was purchased for him, whereupon he sported the smart Regimentals, and although yet a mere stripling launched out into all the follies of a London life. He continued to be encouraged with the hope, indeed, the certainty, of stepping into a large fortune upon coming of age, and in that delusive expectation, as it unhappily proved, he raised money at the usual exorbitant rate to such an amount as to involve him in the utmost distress, and finally to drive him to seek refuge in a foreign land.

CHAPTER XXIII

SOME DUELS AND SOME SAILING

I CONTINUED but in an increased degree every month to attend to my different Club meetings, drank to excess, and in drunkenness often fell in with the Mohawks, whom I always vehemently opposed, notwithstanding which I escaped personal ill treatment from them, to the surprize of all who witnessed the abuse I gave them.

In July of this summer, 1773, I was present when a circumstance occurred that engaged the attention of the public, and filled a large portion of the daily papers for several months. A family party were at Vauxhall, consisting of Mrs. Hartley, the then celebrated actress, the Reverend Mr. Bate, who was married to her sister, which Mr. Bate was Editor of a very popular news paper recently published under the title of the *Morning Post*, and had made himself conspicuous by the extraordinary freedom of his writings. He was considered to be a man of abilities and honourable sentiments, his person remarkably good. His wife and two or three other relations formed the group. There was also in the Gardens that evening three young men of the *haut ton*, like men of that description exceeding bad members of society, acting, although in a somewhat less degree of infamy the same offensive part as the Mohawks. First on the list stood George Robert Fitzgerald, a relative of the Earl of Bristol. In person he was uncommonly slim and delicate, his address mild and insinuating in an uncommon degree, yet in temper and behaviour at times ferocious beyond measure. In age not more than twenty five, yet even at that early stage he had fought several duels, in one of which he received a dangerous wound in the head, the ball carrying away a piece of his skull, in the place whereof a plate of silver was substituted after he had undergone

the operation of trepanning. His advocates gave this as a reason for his subsequent incorrectnesses, alleging that his brain was affected. He was a lieutenant of cavalry. The next was the Honourable Mr. Littleton, who soon after succeeded to the peerage by the same title, and as worthless a fellow as ever drew breath. The third was Mr. Croftes, who commanded a troop in Burgoyne's famous regiment of Light horse. By nature and disposition he was a well disposed young man had he not been led away by the fashionable vices of those he lived with, following their evil example to support what was improperly termed "life." These three *gentlemen*, for so by the courtesy of the country they were called, in walking the circle, thought proper to stare rudely in Mrs. Hartley's face, which having repeated in two or three rounds, Mr. Bate, in polite and mild language, remonstrated. This produced only a scornful laugh, and a repetition of their impertinence. Whereupon Mr. Bate told them their behaviour was ungentlemanlike, and if they presumed to offer further insult he should be under the necessity of chastising them. A scuffle ensued, and blows passed, especially between Croftes and Bate. The conflict was, however, soon stopped by the spectators, when cards were exchanged, Mr. Bate promising to meet Croftes the following day at the Turks head coffee house in the Strand, there to arrange a more serious meeting. Mr. Bate was punctual to his appointment. He found Captain Croftes waiting in a private room ; weapons, time and place, were fixed upon, when Fitzgerald, Littleton, and a person in a military dress entered the room, Fitzgerald directly saying :

"Croftes, what are you about ? You can have nothing to do upon this occasion," and turning to Mr. Bate, he continued, "Here, sir, is the gentleman with whom you had the *rencontre* last night, Captain Miles, who attends in consequence to demand satisfaction."

Mr. Bates, astonished, replied :

"I do not know the gentleman, or that I ever saw him before. Mr. Croftes is the man that offended me, jointly with

you two. I am about to settle the matter properly with him. That over, rest assured neither of you two shall remain unnoticed."

Fitzgerald insisted Captain Miles was the man, therefore he and his friends should no longer obtrude upon their privacy, and taking Croftes by the arm, the three walked out of the room, leaving the military hero and Bate together. Mr. Bate then said to Captain Miles :

"Upon my word, this is an extraordinary occurrence. Certainly, sir, you were not one of the party last night."

"Oh, by Jasus, but I was," said the Captain, "and I must have the satisfaction due to my wounded honour."

Bate, hearing this, and being a man of undaunted spirit, replied :

"Well, sir, as you choose to volunteer I have no objection and will indulge you. Specify your wish as to when and where."

"Oh, by Jasus," said Captain Miles, "no time like the present. Here, just where we are."

"That, sir," said Bate, "is impossible. A small room like this is very ill adapted for such a business, besides we have no weapons, at least, I have none." (Miles had a sword on.)

"Oh, by Jasus," said Miles, "I'll soon be on aqual terms," and he took off his sword, coat, and waistcoat, laid them upon a chair and put himself in the attitude of boxing.

Mr. Bate, more surprized than ever, asked what he could mean by such unaccountable conduct.

"Mane!" replied the man, "I mane that I know nothing about swords. Here's my wapon," (clenching his fists) "so come on."

Mr. Bate thereupon told him he was convinced he could have no right to wear the regimentals he had appeared in, that he was an imposter and blackguard, and notwithstanding he was himself a clergyman he would chastise him for his impudence and folly. He then coolly took off his coat and waistcoat, and locked the door, while doing which *Captain* Miles disencumbered himself of his shirt.

At it they went. The Captain was a scientific pugilist, but Mr. Bate being in no way his inferior in skill, and far superior in bodily strength, he in less than a quarter of an hour gave the Captain so complete a drubbing that he gave in, admitting he was not equal to further contest.

"Very well," said Mr. Bate, "upon one condition only I consent to let you depart. Tell me your name and situation in life, and who has employed you upon this occasion."

The man refused; Bate knocked him down, protesting he would beat him until he declared who he was. The fellow, finding this to be the case, confessed that he was Fitzgerald's servant, and being a strong, powerful man, with some skill in pugilism, his master had made him dress in a suit of his regimentals under a notion that he would be able to thrash the parson.

Having thus learnt the particulars of this scandalous transaction, Mr. Bate resolved no longer to think of treating any of the party as gentlemen. The following morning a narrative of the whole case was inserted in the *Morning Post*, with the names of the actors in it at full length, and subscribed at the foot by Mr. Bate. This account the persons accused answered in another paper, asserting the whole to be a gross misrepresentation. Whereupon Mr. Bate republished it, verifying every word of it by a solemn affidavit. The offenders then employed one of the news paper editors, a man of abilities, who entered into a paper war with Mr. Bate, endeavouring to write him down, in which attempt he totally failed, the case being too plain; the voice of the public was unanimously against the Three. The officers of Croftes's regiment held a consultation upon the subject, at which it was the opinion of every individual present that after Captain Croftes degrading himself so far as to be concerned in so disgraceful a transaction it became impossible that he could remain in the Corps. Nothing but his being a favorite with the Regiment prevented his being brought to a Court martial, and, in all probability, cashiered. A message was, however, sent to him to advise his selling out, which of course he did, thus

sacrificing his fair prospects to the folly of one evening: nor did the evil end there, as he ultimately lost his life from the same cause. Feeling ashamed after what had passed of appearing amongst his former friends and acquaintances, he left England, embarking for Bengal, where he had an elder brother, Mr. Charles Croftes, who filled a very lucrative office at Calcutta. This gentleman not only received his unfortunate relation with the utmost affection, but from his interest with Government procured for him an honourable and advantageous situation in the Vizier's Court at Lucknow, to which place Mr. Croftes repaired, where he had resided upwards of a year greatly liked and respected, when, unhappily, at a convivial dinner where the whole party committed a debauch, a dispute arose between Croftes and a Doctor Murchison; both parties being extremely violent, a challenge was given and accepted for meeting with pistols. The following morning they accordingly met each attended by a friend. So much had they been intoxicated the preceding evening that neither recollected a word that had passed, but merely that some supposed offence had been given in consequence of which the meeting was fixed on. The two seconds, who had likewise been of the party, were too drunk to recollect a single circumstance or which had been the challenger.

Under such circumstances Dr. Murchison and the two attending friends all declared their wish that nothing further should be done, for as no known cause of quarrel existed it would be the height of madness to proceed. They therefore proposed shaking hands and departing. To such a measure Croftes objected, not from any resentment towards Dr. Murchison, as he exceedingly lamented any thing should have occurred to bring them thus hostilely to the field, yet, labouring as he did already under the unfavourable opinion of the world for his behaviour in the Vauxhall dispute, he could not upon that account accommodate a second business of the same nature. The three gentlemen declared such sentiments were too refined, that no blame could in the slightest degree attach to the character of either, and

they ought to leave the ground. Croftes persisted. Finding him thus absurdly obstinate against accommodation, the seconds proposed that each (Croftes and Murchison) should stand back to back, take twelve steps, turn and fire. To this Croftes again objected as being an unusual distance. It was compounded by each taking nine steps, when they turned, discharging their pistols so exactly together that only one report was heard. Croftes missed, but Murchison's shot was more fatally directed, Croftes falling dead upon the spot.

Mr. Littleton, finding himself in such disgrace as to be nearly sent to Coventry by all respectable friends, went to the Continent, passing several months at the German Spa until he imagined the indignation his conduct excited had subsided.

Fitzgerald escaped the notice of his brother officers from the Regiment he belonged to being upon duty in the least frequented part of Ireland, but the original fault involved him in a duel, which arose as follows: About a month after the controversial publications in the news papers respecting the Vauxhall affray, the officers of the Guards on duty at St. James's palace, being at dinner in their mess room, were discussing the subject over their wine, each gentleman delivering his sentiments freely upon what had occurred. One of the party, Captain Scawen (an old friend and contemporary of mine at Westminster) spoke his mind as to the military men particularly, and did so in the full confidence of being in the company of men who would scorn to divulge a private conversation. He was pointedly severe in his remarks upon Fitzgerald's dressing a menial servant in his own regimentals and ordering him to personate one of His Majesty's officers for an infamous and disgraceful purpose. One of the party, a Captain Bagnell, attempted to defend the conduct of Fitzgerald, but was scouted by the rest, though they admitted the humanity and good nature of his endeavours. This Captain Bagnell meeting Fitzgerald soon after, told him he had recently been fighting his battles, having been present when

one of the party publicly declared that he (Fitzgerald) after his scandalous treatment of Mr. Bate, was unworthy of the society of gentlemen. Fitzgerald thereupon enquired who the person was that had so said. The question made Captain Bagnell recollect how unguarded he had been in divulging what had, he knew, been expressed in confidential society. He therefore declined giving the name, but was soon brought to a crisis by Fitzgerald's saying unless he gave his authority he should consider him the inventor of a slanderous tale and a calumniator. Captain Bagnell, finding the business likely to come home to himself, preferred giving the name of Captain Scawen. Fitzgerald immediately went to Scawen's house to demand satisfaction. Scawen agreed to meet him in two hours, and directly set out in search of Captain (now General) Hulse to ask him to attend as second. Captain Hulse being from home, he was proceeding to another friend's, on his way towards whose lodgings he in the street met Lieutenant Colonel Lake (afterwards Lord Viscount Lake), whom as a brother officer and great friend he addressed, telling him what had just occurred, and that he was in search of some one to accompany him on the occasion. Colonel Lake immediately said: "I am extremely sorry, Scawen, you have mentioned this matter to me, because, being upon duty, I must take notice of it and put you under arrest." Scawen most earnestly entreated that he would not do so, observing what an extraordinary and eccentric man he had to deal with, and that an obstacle so occurring might injure his (Scawen's) character, that as no living soul could possibly know he had spoken to him upon the business, he begged to be allowed to proceed in it. Colonel Lake was not to be moved from his purpose, as he conceived his duty required a rigid adherence. He therefore insisted upon Scawen's considering himself under arrest.

Mr. Fitzgerald went to the ground appointed, where a servant of Scawen's was waiting with a letter from his master to Fitzgerald, explaining the cause of his non-attendance, and offering forthwith to go to the Continent

to give him the satisfaction he sought. This offer Fitzgerald affected to treat with contempt, swearing Scawen was a poltroon and he never would thenceforward consider him in the light of a gentleman, for he had certainly addressed the commanding officer on duty for the express purpose of avoiding a meeting. In the mean time Colonel Lake lost not a moment in representing the transaction to the General commanding in London at the time, which officer instantly ordered the arrest to be withdrawn. This being communicated to Scawen, he wrote to inform Fitzgerald thereof, adding that he would meet him instantly, or at any hour he chose to name. Fitzgerald refused even to give an answer, repeating what he had before said of Scawen's applying to an officer upon duty, and that he could only have so done in order to be put under arrest and avoid fighting. Scawen once more explained, pledging his honour that when he addressed Colonel Lake, he did so as a friend, and did not observe that he was sashed. Fitzgerald still refused to meet Scawen; the latter therefore upon being informed that Fitzgerald was in the St. James's coffee room followed, and found him sitting with a large party of military and other friends. Addressing him, he said, "Mr. Fitzgerald, you have used very unbecoming language respecting me, for which you must and shall give me satisfaction." Fitzgerald answered he would not meet him as he had already forfeited his honour in not keeping his appointment, and he would have nothing further to say or do with him. Mr. Scawen replied that such language was quite consistent with his former conduct, nevertheless he must and should give him satisfaction. Fitzgerald persisting in refusing, Scawen said, "I trust, Mr. Fitzgerald, that you will not drive me to the necessity of disgracing both myself and you by a blow, which certainly will be the case unless you act more becomingly." Fitzgerald once more declared he never would meet him, whereupon Scawen gave him a smart stroke upon his head with a walking stick.

Fitzgerald on recovering from the effect of the blow,

jumped from his seat to the middle of the room and drew his sword, which was scarcely out of its scabbard when Scawen took from his coat pocket a loaded pistol, cocked, and presented it, assuring him if he advanced a single step a brace of balls should be lodged in his body. Fitzgerald stood fast, and Scawen continued, "A public coffee room, Mr. Fitzgerald, is not a fit place to decide the question between us. I lament that your obstinacy drove me to the necessity of doing as I have. I am still ready to attend you wherever you please." The by standers (who were numerous) on the production of the pistol, opened to the right and left with much agility. Just at that moment Captain Ulysses Brown of the Horse Guards, who that day happened to be upon duty, came into the Coffee room, and finding the unpleasant situation the parties were in, he put them both under arrest. They thereupon separated, Scawen going up stairs to the Guards' mess room, and Fitzgerald retiring to obtain a plaister for his broken head.

The following day mutual friends arranged matters for the disputants crossing the British Channel to decide the business by duel upon the Continent of France, Scawen being attended by Captain Nugent of the same regiment with himself, (now Sir Nicholas Nugent), Fitzgerald by a Mr. Fagan, of whom no one knew any thing more than that he lived expensively and in the best society, and was said to have arrived at the rank of Colonel of an Irish Brigade in the service of France, which service he had been obliged to quit suddenly upon calling out his superior officer, who, instead of meeting, had endeavoured to procure his arrest. They (Scawen and Fitzgerald) resorted to a frontier town upon the borders of Flanders, where they met in the field, taking their stations, under the direction of their seconds, at twelve paces. Fitzgerald fired first, missed, and while Scawen was preparing to fire his pistol, discharged a second shot and instantly dropped, thereby avoiding the risk of his adversary's fire, upon which Captain Nugent cried out, "Zounds, sir, you have fired two pistols and fallen without affording Captain Scawen a fair chance!" Fitzgerald then

pretended that his foot had slipped and that he fell by accident, for which he begged pardon, adding that he was perfectly satisfied with what Mr. Scawen had done. The seconds thereupon retired, and after consulting together for some time, determined that in order to wipe off the disgrace of the blow Mr. Scawen should submit, pro forma, to have a cane held over his shoulder without touching it, by Fitzgerald. This ceremony was accordingly gone through, and the combatants returned to England in whole skins, much to the dissatisfaction of Scawen's friends, who greatly blamed him for submitting to the cane scene. This point of etiquette was afterwards much discussed and various opinions given upon it, but a majority condemned Scawen, which was not quite fair, for having committed his honour to his second, Captain Nugent, he was bound to abide by his decision. Upon the return of the parties to England, an account of the meeting appeared in one of the public daily prints bearing the signature of Mr. Fagan, which statement Captain Nugent not considering as correct, he published a history of the transaction, therein particularly pointing out the misrepresentations, but doing so in mild and gentlemanlike language. To this Mr. Fagan replied arrogantly and vulgarly, which produced from Captain Nugent a retort couched in the most severe terms, wherein he clearly established Fagan to be a base and deliberate liar, a character the *ci devant* French Brigader very quietly submitted to, and there the matter dropped.

While upon the subject of Fitzgerald it may be as well to state the extraordinary fate that awaited him. After being engaged in half a dozen other duels subsequent to Scawen's, in every one of which he behaved equally ill, especially in those with Daisy Walker and Major Baggs, he went to reside in Ireland and there committed a thousand enormities. He had engaged in his service as a kind of led Captain or humble companion, a poor, half crazed old man named Brecknock, who for several years had been a patriotic writer in a daily news paper called the " Public Ledger," always subscribing his name to his publications.

Fitzgerald, aided by this unfortunate, poor Brecknock, in a few months after his residence in Ireland, basely murdered a very respectable gentleman because he had interfered in opposition to some of his wild measures in the county, for which offence they were brought to trial and upon the most clear and incontrovertible evidence found guilty, sentenced to death, and executed.

Mr. Littleton, another of Fitzgerald's companions in iniquity, had all his life been a professed gamester, but unlike that class of men in general who are profuse of cash when they have it, he was the meanest wretch in existence in all matters relative to money or property. Within a twelvemonth after the Vauxhall affray, he succeeded to a British peerage, in which character I saw him treated with the utmost contempt by a man very much his inferior. I was attending an appeal in the House of Lords, when Lord Littleton passing through the Lobby, said to the head door keeper, "Can you lend me a cambric handkerchief? My rascal has neglected to put one in my pocket." The man very abruptly answered he could not, adding whilst the noble Viscount was still within hearing, "I'll be damned if your dirty Lordship shall rob me of any more, you have had two already." This unworthy peer of the realm frequently called upon my father. I was surprized one morning soon after seven o'clock to see him walk in full dressed. In a few minutes his carriage drove up, which being announced by a servant, he instantly went to the street door abusing his coachman in the grossest terms, and language that would have disgraced a Billingsgate fishwoman, concluding a volley of oaths by, "You scoundrel, did I not order you to be at the *Savoir vivre* a quarter before seven."

"Yes, my Lord," said the man, "and I was not ten minutes after the time."

"G—d damn your blood to all eternity, you rascal; in those ten minutes I lost two thousand guineas!"

A new source of expence now sprung up. Rowing ceased to be the fashion: every young man that could afford it, and many that could not, got sailing boats. Of the latter

description I certainly was, nevertheless I must have one, commencing with an open skiff carrying only a single sprit sail, but by degrees I rose to a half decked vessel with boom and gaff main sail, fore sail and jib, furnished by my old Westminster friend, Dicky Roberts of Lambeth. In this boat I used to cruise in Chelsea reach when blowing hard, so much so that the people on shore often stood watching me expecting every moment to see me upset. Indeed, I sometimes could not help thinking that I presumed somewhat too much upon Mr. Hudson of Twickenham's prediction that clearly I was not born to be drowned. Although Chelsea reach was the part I mostly frequented, I sometimes made excursions to Gravesend, the Nore, and up the Medway to Chatham, &c., in which expeditions Tom Forrest often accompanied me. If I may be allowed to praise myself I undoubtedly manœuvred my little vessel with considerable skill and gained the approbation of all the watermen. The only assistance I required was one boy to stand by the jib and fore sheets when working to windward.

Amongst the earliest of the gentlemen sailors were the Honourable Mr. Dillon, Mr. Templer, now Master of the King's Bench, Mr. Howorth, Mr. Adair, Recorder of London, &c., &c. Having formed ourselves into a club, we dined together once a week at the Swan tavern at Chelsea. In a short time it was resolved to have an anniversary of the establishment, upon which day a subscription silver cup should be sailed for, to be presented to the proprietor of the successful boat. This match always attracted a multitude of spectators. When over, we dined at Smith's Tea Gardens, finishing the night at Vauxhall. So fond did I become of sailing that I went in a post chaise to Folkestone in the blustering and bleak month of March for the express purpose of returning in a herring cutter, during which voyage we encountered a severe gale of wind from the Eastward with hail and snow, the sea every instant making a complete breach over us. I could not help thinking it rather a singular thing to go in search of such

weather by way of pleasure. The cold was so intense that I was obliged to have frequent recourse to the gin bottle. These sea parties soon made me hold the Chelsea reach sailing in contempt.

About this period my friend, William Cane, commenced sailor, having caused a handsome cutter of twenty tons to be built for him by Cleverly, the Quaker, of Gravesend. With him (Cane) I often went, as I also did with Colonel Charles Cooper of the Guards (a natural son of Lord Holland's) who had a famous vessel which he called the *Porpoise*. He lived in an excellent house about a mile distant from Tilbury Fort, having a charming woman for his wife. In this family I spent many happy days, and here I often met Mr. James Bigger of the East India house, who was as much attached to sailing as any of us. In the same neighbourhood resided General Desaguliers and Alderman Kirkman, who had both large vessels, but accommodation and ease having been made the first object, they could not sail with Cane or Cooper's cutters, the latter from being fuller in the bows always beat Cane in a high sea, of which he became so jealous that he ordered Cleverly to build another of such construction as to outsail the *Porpoise*, and the Quaker correctly executed the order, for we never fell in with a vessel at all near the same size that we did not beat hollow. Of this cutter I shall have occasion to say more hereafter.

Robert Mitford, whom I have already mentioned as one of the party that often met at the Shakespear and other houses in Covent Garden, was a near relation of the Mr. Boodle who from having squandered away a handsome fortune was reduced to the necessity of accepting the management of one of the fashionable gaming houses in Pall Mall which bore his name, being called "Boodle's," and to this Mr. Boodle I was introduced by Mitford, after which introduction I spent many a jovial night at his house. At the time my acquaintance with him commenced he was nearly sixty years of age, and, notwithstanding he had lived very freely, had still a good constitution, and was of a re-

markably cheerful disposition. He was never happy unless he had a parcel of young people about him. I made one of upwards of a dozen who usually supped twice a week in Pall Mall, where he gave us as much champagne, burgundy and claret as we chose, the table being covered with every rarity in the way of eating. Nothing delighted him more than sitting out the boys, as he called us. Indeed, his head was so strong that he generally succeeded in so doing, and when he perceived his young guests began to flag, or become drowsy, he would get up, lock the door of the room, and putting the key in his pocket, strike up the song of " 'Tis not yet day " &c. His companionable qualities were extraordinary, and I certainly have passed more happy and jovial nights in his back parlour in Pall Mall than in any other house in London.

About this period a circumstance occurred that engrossed the public attention. It was the case of General Gansel. Being deeply involved in debt, he became apprehensive of losing his personal liberty, and, to avoid arrest, for several weeks shut himself up at his lodgings in Craven Street, where there likewise were other lodgers. A *posse* of bailiffs with writs against him, tired of their fruitless watching for him in the street, one day laid siege to his apartment, the door of which he had secured in the best possible manner. Upon their attempting to force an entrance, he called out to say that the first man who presumed to burst open his door he certainly would shoot. The bailiffs nevertheless persisted in their violence. Whereupon the General discharged one of his pistols through the door, taking care, however, to point it so high as to ensure the balls passing over the heads of the assailants. His object of alarming them did not succeed ; they broke down the door and rushed in, the General exerting in vain all his strength to prevent them. In his struggle he fell, and a second pistol which he held in his hand at the time went off, but without injury to any one. The men then violently laid hands upon him, dragged him head long down stairs, placed him in a hackney coach, and thus conveyed him to the prison of Newgate,

where he was confined on the felon side, and a prosecution commenced against him under the Coventry act. Upon his trial it was established by evidence that the bailiffs had fire arms, that they broke open the door and assaulted the General as above stated. The Judge, in addressing the Jury, observed that a bailiff employed to execute civil process had no right to use fire or any other offensive arms, neither could he justify the breaking into a house, that a person residing in a lodging house had no other security than the door of his apartment, which could not therefore legally be forced. An instant acquittal of the General not only followed, but the Court ordered a copy of the Indictment to be given, which enabled him to proceed against the Sheriffs for damages for the assault and false imprisonment committed by their officers. This decision was considered a great strengthener of the liberty of the subject as prior thereto most lawyers were of opinion that if a Sheriff's bailiff once got within the street or public door of a house he would be justified in entering, even forcibly, any other apartment for the purpose of executing writs.

CHAPTER XXIV

MORE OF LIFE IN LONDON

AT the meeting of the Irish parliament this year (1773) an absentee tax was proposed, that is, to make all persons who resided out of Ireland but drew their fortune from thence, pay four or five per cent upon the amount so drawn. This measure, although a popular one in Ireland, was strenuously opposed by many men of rank and consequence in England, amongst whom the principal leaders were the Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of Rockingham, Earl of Bessborough, Earl of Upper Ossory, Lord Milton, and several opulent commoners. These noblemen and gentlemen, who all received large incomes from Irish estates, united their abilities and influence in opposition to the passing of the act. They met at the Marquis of Rockingham's in Grosvenor Square to consult upon, and adopt, those measures most likely to be effective. Through the recommendation of Mr. Edmund Burke, I was employed at Lord Rockingham's upon this occasion upwards of a month, attending daily from nine in the morning until ten, eleven, or twelve at night. My chief business was copying circular letters, and assisting in making them up, sealing, and directing. I sat at the same table with the Marquis, who I found to be a most affable and pleasing mannered man. During such my attendance in Grosvenor Square I had thrice the honour of dining with the before named noblemen and others who constituted the Committee. The other days my dinner was served for me in a small chamber adjoining the drawing room in which I wrote. One of the days that I dined with the Marquis, I was much pleased with some delicious ale which his Lordship said had been brewed at Wentworth (his seat in Yorkshire) upwards of twenty five years before. It was so soft and grateful to my palate

that I was induced to take a second glass, upon which Mr. William Burke, who sat next to me, cautioned me to mind what I was about, the liquor I was so approving of being infinitely stronger than brandy and more likely to intoxicate. Undoubtedly after drinking the second glass I felt my head rather light and giddy.

The opposition thus shewn in England to the Absentee tax proved effectual; the question upon being brought before the House of Commons of Ireland by the Minister there, was lost by a considerable majority.

In the Autumn young Horneck of the Guards married Miss Keppel, a natural daughter of Lord Albemarle's then one of the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld and not more than fourteen years of age. A more lovely pair never were united, but their juvenile appearance made them look much more like brother and sister than husband and wife. The match was one of love, and for some time they were as happy as the accomplishment of their utmost wish could render them. In outward appearance she was innocence personified, but in mind vicious beyond imagination and artful in the highest degree. In a few months after their marriage Horneck was ordered upon the Tower duty, and as he was not over burthened with cash, his friends advised him to part with his house, and put Mrs. Horneck into small, ready furnished lodgings, which prudent measure he resolved to adopt. Whilst looking for suitable apartments he met Captain John Scawen, who belonged to the same regiment with himself, who upon hearing what he was in search of, kindly offered the loan of his house, at the top of Savile Row, which was in complete order and ready to receive Mrs. Horneck in an hour. He said it would be no inconvenience to him as he was going upon the recruiting service. The friendly offer was therefore accepted, and Mrs. Horneck, with her servants, were immediately established in it. This house became the scene of various depravities, at the head of which stood the two prominent ones of drunkenness and prostitution.

After Horneck had been absent from his *Cara sposa*, he

determined agreeably to surprize her with an unexpected visit, for which purpose he prevailed on his commanding officer not to notice his sleeping one night out of the Tower, and getting into a hackney coach at dusk drove to the West end of the town. Quitting the carriage in Piccadilly, he walked to Savile row, where meaning suddenly to take his lovely girl to his arms, he knocked a single knock, and upon a maid servant opening the door he whispered her not to announce his arrival and was proceeding up stairs, when the maid greatly agitated, entreated him not to go up until she had prepared her mistress; he however paid no attention to the woman's desire, went up, and entering the drawing room was struck dumb with horror and astonishment at seeing his lovely young bride sitting at a small round table with bottles and glasses upon it, she being beastly and stupidly drunk, her hair dishevelled and bosom quite bare. Opposite to her sat her own butler, nearly in the same state of intoxication, but upon Horneck's going into the room, he contrived to rise from his chair and stagger away until forced back by his master.

Horneck then looked into the sleeping apartment, and perceived the bed in a very rumpled state. Ringing the bell, he ordered all the servants up, when assembled asking them the meaning of the disgusting scene he beheld. The footman answered that the conduct of his mistress had been so publicly abandoned and shameless, they took it for granted it must have reached his ears; that since his absence she had scarcely ever been sober for six hours together; that the butler usually dined with her and both drank to the same degree of excess he then saw. Upon further investigation he learned that she had several times got intoxicated previous to his going to the Tower, but had then shut herself into her own room, pretending indisposition. He had also the melancholy conviction of her having before she had been a week his wife prostituted her person to many of his immediate and particular friends, amongst whom was their host, Scawen! During this unpleasant enquiry she lay with her head upon the table utterly

insensible to every thing that passed. Horneck instantly addressed a letter to the Dowager Lady Albemarle, by whom Mrs. Horneck had been brought up, and with whom she was a most extraordinary favorite, the old lady considering her almost as a divinity. In his letter he stated the horrible and disgraceful facts he had just discovered, which would necessarily drive him to seek a divorce. He then returned to the Tower, with far different feelings to those he had a few hours before left it.

The following morning, when Mrs. Horneck awoke, she had no recollection whatever of any thing that had occurred, but upon being made acquainted with every particular by her *Femme de chambre*, she with the utmost composure dressed herself, ordered her chair and away she went to Lady Albemarle's house in Spring Gardens, where running up to her Ladyship, who had not yet risen, she in a passion of tears, groans and bitter lamentations bewailed her untoward, her cruel fate, which had ordained that her dear, dear but fickle Charles's love should thus early be estranged, and what was still more distressing and ungenerous that he should so far forget every principle of honour and justice as to accuse her of wronging his bed in order to cover his own scandalous infidelity, she having just ascertained that he kept no less than three concubines in different parts of the town. In short, so well did this little imp of hell act her part, and such was the unbounded influence she possessed over the mind of her protectress that every word she uttered was taken as true, and the abandoned girl was pronounced a deeply injured and forsaken wife.

Lady Albemarle forthwith took Mrs. Horneck into her house, declaring she would countenance and protect her, not only against the unjust and infamous attack of the base husband, but against the unfeeling prejudices of the whole world. For several days after the artful hussey got thus under the protection of Lady Albemarle she kept her room, pretending to be extremely ill from the agitation her spirits had undergone. Her protectress, all anxiety for

her angel's health, caused the physicians to visit her regularly every day. In the mean time Horneck had applied to my father to take all the requisite steps for procuring a divorce and Bill to enable him to marry again, from which proceedings I became acquainted with every particular of the case.

Lady Albemarle took Mrs. Horneck to all the parties where she herself was invited, always speaking of her as a most ill used, innocent, dear girl, a suffering angel! Her Ladyship being engaged one evening at a great entertainment at the Duchess of Gloucester's, she desired her *protégé* to make herself as smart as possible, as all the fashionable world would be present. In the morning of the day the party was to be Mrs. Horneck, who was an admirable actress, pretended that a severe head ache had attacked her, whereupon Lady Albemarle, all anxiety, protested she would send an excuse to the Duchess and stay at home to nurse her. This Mrs. Horneck opposed, saying she was sure she should be better after dinner. She however scarce eat any and appeared very languid. Again her Ladyship determined to send an apology which was again strongly opposed by Mrs. Horneck and after a kind contest, at least on Lady Albemarle's part, she so far succeeded as to prevail on her Ladyship to go to the party for half an hour, her Ladyship's own woman being expressly charged not to leave Mrs. Horneck for a moment during her absence. Scarce was Lady Albemarle outside the street door, when Mrs. Horneck complained violently of the pain in her head, saying sleep would relieve her and she would therefore lay down. She did so immediately, dismissing the attendant and requesting she might not be disturbed until she rang the bell.

In little more than an hour Lady Albemarle returned, when anxiously enquiring about her darling child and being told what had passed, she was very angry with her servant for having left her. "However," said she, "come up and let me see the dear angel." Ascending to the chamber, she was greatly terrified at finding the

door fastened. She tapped several times without effect, when the abigail, seeing her Ladyship's distress applied her eye to the keyhole, instantly crying out that Mrs. Horneck was lying in the middle of the floor. "Oh, my God," exclaimed her Ladyship, "then what I so much dreaded has actually occurred. The dear ill treated child has destroyed herself." Men servants being summoned, the door was broken open but no "dear ill treated child" was to be found. The clothes she had worn that day lay heaped together on the carpet, with a lighted candle placed near them. The bird had flown; a hue and cry was instantly raised, when one of the men servants said he had that evening seen Mrs. Horneck going down the back stairs, as he was accidentally passing the foot of them, and was somewhat surprized at observing her dressed in a riding habit; that she wished him a good night and he passed on to the servants' hall. It was next discovered that she had gone through a private gate that led into the park, and left the key in the lock. Lady Albemarle now concluded she was gone to throw herself into the canal and was loudly calling for people to have it dragged, when her own woman delivered a letter which she had just found upon Mrs. Horneck's toilet. It was addressed to Lady Albemarle. After expressing her gratitude for the protection and kindnesses conferred on her, she proceeded to say that she was so wretched and miserable from the stigma thrown upon her character, in consequence of which the women every where looked coldly and contemptuously at her that she could no longer endure it and had therefore put herself under the protection of Captain Scawen, with whom she was going to the Continent and who would she was convinced behave towards her like a man of honour. Poor Lady Albemarle was sadly mortified at such an indisputable proof of her young favorite's profligacy and duplicity.

Mrs. Horneck continued to reside with Captain Scawen at Paris and elsewhere in France in open adultery, until Horneck went through the usual course of proceedings to free himself from her, which having effected, Captain Scawen

was blockhead enough immediately to marry her, and she behaved as faithlessly to him as she had to her first husband, involving him in such a load of debt as ultimately proved his ruin.

My father at this time belonged to a society of literary men who met at the St. James's Coffee house.[1] At one of the dinners much wit had passed at the expense of Doctor Goldsmith, upon whom, as if dead, some of the gentlemen present wrote epitaphs which excited great mirth. After the laugh had in some measure subsided the Doctor was called upon to retaliate, in consequence of which he, in two days after,[2] produced the following lines which he called "Retaliation."[3]

[1] This famous coffee-house, frequented by Swift and Addison, no longer exists.—Ed.

[2] The writer expresses what was apparently a belief at the time. A statement is prefixed to the first edition that the Poem was produced at the "next meeting" of the club; but Mr. Austin Dobson, in his notes to the Poem (Oxford Edition of Goldsmith's complete works, published by Henry Frowde) says this statement is manifestly incorrect, and that the Poem was composed and circulated in detached fragments.—Ed.

[3] The writer sets out the Poem at length, but as it is to be found in all editions of Goldsmith's complete works, it is unnecessary to give it here. The references made in the Poem to the writer's father may, however, be quoted :—

"To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge is anchovy and Reynolds is lamb,
That Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool."

. . . . . .

"Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature :
He cherish'd his friend, and he relished a bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser :
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that :
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah no !
Then what was his failing ? Come, tell it, and burn ye !
He was, could he help it ?—a special attorney."

It is particularly interesting in connection with the present work to have Mr. Austin Dobson's notes on these passages as given in the Oxford Edition of Goldsmith's works, before alluded to. The editor, therefore, ventures to repeat them. Mr. Dobson says: "He (Hickey)

Early in the year 1774 the outrages committed by the Mohawk quartette became so gross and frequent as at last to attract the notice and interference of the Police Magistrates, who, in consequence, set some of their myrmidons upon the watch. Those underling ministers of justice soon discovered the objects of their attention engaged in a violent riot in the play house of Covent Garden, where they had insulted and beat several persons. Whereupon they seized and carried them bodily off to the Watch house, positively refusing bail. In the morning they were taken before the sitting Justice in Bow Street, where the different parties aggrieved appeared against them, especially a gentleman who swore to Hamilton's having, without any provocation, spit in his face. Several were bound by recognizances to prosecute, and the Mohawks were all held to bail in very large sums.

Hamilton, finding himself thus seriously attacked, deemed it prudent to decamp, thereby forfeiting his recognizances. He, however, had honour enough previous to his departure to indemnify the different tradesmen who upon his credit had become bail for himself and colleagues. He took up his residence in Paris.

Mr. Hayter, Senior, ashamed of the behaviour of his son, whom he had made many ineffectual attempts to reclaim, upon the last public complaint did stand forward to bail him, which having done, he instantly sent him off to

was a jovial, good-natured, over-blunt Irishman, the legal adviser of both Burke and Reynolds. Indeed, it was Hickey who drew the conveyance of the land on which Reynolds's house, next to the 'Star and Garter' at Richmond (Wick House), was built by Chambers, the architect. Hickey died in 1794. Reynolds painted his portrait for Burke, and it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1772. . . . Sir Joshua also painted Miss Hickey in 1769–1773. Her father, not much to Goldsmith's satisfaction, was one of the Paris party in 1770.

"In Cumberland's Poetical Epistle to Dr. Goldsmith or Supplement to his *Retaliation* (*Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1778, p. 384), Hickey's genial qualities are thus referred to :—

" ' Give Ridge and Hickey, generous souls !
Of whisky punch convivial bowls.' "

—Ed.

Holland with a view to put an end to the vile set he had associated himself with.

Osborne, upon losing the advantage of Hamilton's purse, found himself alike bankrupt in character and fortune. He therefore embarked for his native shores of America, persuading Frederick to accompany him and try his fortune on the other side of the Atlantic. The latter there entered as a volunteer in one of the King's regiments, in which situation he behaved so well as shortly to obtain a Commission, within a twelvemonth from which time he was killed in one of the hard fought battles of which so many occurred in that country.

Thus ended the career of four young men who for a period of three years continued in one uninterrupted course of folly, intemperance and riot, to the utter disgrace of themselves, and of the police of the capital, which was either so relaxed, or so corrupt as to permit their course of iniquity to proceed uninterrupted.

By this time I had with my usual want of resolution once more yielded to temptation, and fallen into all my old bad habits. Dear, lovely woman, I never could resist. A famous bailiff named Willis generally contrived to get the writs that were issued against those unfortunate women directed to him. He kept a lock up house in Great Earle Street, Soho, and although by profession a tailor, he had fitted it up most elegantly as a tavern. Here we assembled, feeding upon every luxury procurable by money, and drinking the most expensive French wines.

An inevitable consequence of such a course of life to me was that I got rid of much more cash than my allowances afforded, and therefore incurred considerable debts. While my sword, watch, or any valuable article of dress remained in my possession transferring the same to a Pawn broker secured me three or four guineas upon emergency. When all those sources were exhausted I had recourse to my former disgraceful practice, expending upon my own extravagancies and follies large sums of money intended to pay Counsel's fees, and other matters of business.

Willis never scrupled letting any woman whom he had arrested leave his house at pleasure to go to the theatres, opera, or any other public place they chose, until the writ was returnable, and in no one instance did he ever suffer thereby. If the person arrested failed in her exertions to raise the amount due amongst her own immediate friends, we who frequented the house made up the deficiency by subscription.

The dissipated kind of life I had again fallen into could not escape the penetrating eyes of my father. He over and over again cautioned me, bidding me recollect all that had already occurred, and take care how I acted, but all in vain, and another important crisis of my life was now fast approaching.

In the month of August Mr. Farrer one evening surprized us all at the "Shakespeare" very much by telling us he should depart for the East Indies in a few days, through having been informed from authority that a new Court was upon the eve of being established in Bengal under the direction of four Judges to be nominated by His Majesty, in which Court he understood there would be a great opening for the exercise of talents and industry at the Bar. He was determined to go out and try what he could do for himself as an Advocate. He accordingly took his leave of us that night.

Shortly afterwards an Act of Parliament was brought in and passed, whereby Warren Hastings, Esqr. then Governor of Bengal, was appointed Governor General of India, General Sir John Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Philip Francis, Esqr. members of the Supreme Council, those four gentlemen constituting the Government. By the same Act the Supreme Court of Judicature was formed, Sir Elijah Impey being appointed Chief Justice, Stephen Cæsar Lemaitre, Robert Chambers, and John Hyde, Esquires, puisne Justices, the above named Supreme Council and Judges departing for India in the month of September (1774) on board of two old Indiamen, which were engaged and fitted up for the express purpose of conveying them to Asia. Mr. Farrer reached Calcutta some time before them,

announcing himself as the *avant* courier of His Majesty's new Court, in which he was to be the leading Advocate. The consequence of this well concerted plan was that he forthwith received retainers to an incredible amount, every native of rank or wealth being anxious to secure to himself the advantage of the new lawyer's surprising abilities! I myself heard Farrer declare that previous to the arrival of the Judges he had received in hard cash upwards of five thousand pounds as retainers alone! In September 1775 the Supreme Council and Judges reached Calcutta, and on the 22nd of October the Court opened, Mr. Farrer being then admitted an Advocate thereof, and as he was the only regular bred English lawyer belonging to it, and possessed more than ordinary talents, his most sanguine hopes were soon realized by his acquiring a noble fortune.

Just at this period my respected friend, Mr. Edmund Burke was instrumental in saving the life of a person under extraordinary circumstances. A Captain Jones, of the Royal Artillery, was taken up on a charge of having committed an offence with a boy, the apprentice and nephew of a man who kept a small toy shop in Parliament Street, Westminster. It so happened that the Sessions at the Old Bailey were just drawing to a conclusion at the time of the accusation against Captain Jones, who was apprehended late in the evening of a Tuesday, and before twelve o'clock the next day was laying under sentence of death in Newgate. The only strong evidence on the trial was that of the boy himself, who swore positively to the fact. The prisoner made no other defence than generally denying the charge, which he asserted to be entirely false and unfounded. The Jury however gave credit to the boy's testimony ; found the prisoner guilty and he was sentenced to death.

Captain Jones having been a man generally known and respected, also much admired as one of the finest skaters in Europe, the public were at once astonished at the charge, the trial, and condemnation ; nothing else was talked of. His universal character was that of being a man of the nicest honour, possessing uncommon sweetness of temper, with

habits of conviviality and sociability. He was likewise considered as peculiarly fond of the fair sex. He was a prodigious favourite in his Corps, every officer of which from the Commandant General Desaguliers down to the youngest subaltern declared it to be their firm opinions and belief that he was incapable of committing a disgraceful crime and that had they received the least previous intimation of such an accusation, they would, one and all, have voluntarily appeared at the Old Bailey to avow such were their sentiments and to give him that character his merits so justly entitled him to. He had the further merit of providing for an aged mother and for a sister, both of whom he furnished with all the common comforts of life.

Soon after Captain Jones's conviction the Sessions paper was, as usual, published. A gentleman who was perusing it in a public coffee room expressed his astonishment and disgust thereat to another person who sat near, but was wholly unknown to him, observing, "This trial, which I now hold in my hand, exhibits an instance of greater depravity, of more gross and deliberate perjury than I ever met with before, for the uncle here in the most unqualified terms swears that he never in his life knew the boy (his nephew) to tell a lie, nay, on the contrary, such was his love of truth that he had many times voluntarily acknowledged faults, although convinced personal punishment must be the consequence. Now this is most abominable and not to be endured. I am intimate in the family, have been acquainted with the boy from his early infancy, and know him to be, as he has always been, the most notorious and infamous liar. I was once present at a chastisement inflicted by this very uncle upon his nephew for a falsehood not only told but persisted in with the most determined and persevering obstinacy, which chastisement appeared to me so severe that I interfered, not from pity for the vile youth, but actually to prevent his being murdered!" The stranger upon hearing this immediately said, "Sir, it becomes your bounden duty, not only for the sake of public justice, but for the preservation of the life of an injured and probably innocent gentleman,

without losing a moment to publish the fact you have just stated." The first speaker acceded to the propriety of such a measure, and accordingly went before a Magistrate the following day and swore to the same effect, his account being supported and verified by a maid servant who lived in the family and was present when the punishment was inflicted by the uncle.

These two depositions made their appearance in one of the daily news papers, which paper happening to be read by His Grace the Duke of Richmond, struck him very forcibly. He sent for the trial, with the whole of which he was much dissatisfied, and instantly committed his sentiments thereon to paper, which he dispatched to the Earl of Suffolk, then one of His Majesty's principal Secretarys of State. This produced a respite, pending which the Judge who presided at the trial was applied to officially and asked whether he entertained any doubts as to the propriety of the verdict. The Judge replied that he had none and thought the evidence fully justified the finding of the Jury, conviction, and sentence. Such being the case, the Sheriff was directed to inform Jones he would undoubtedly suffer at the expiration of the respite, the same communication being made to the Duke of Richmond. His Grace's opinion respecting the trial continuing unaltered, he mentioned the circumstances to Mr. Burke at the door of my father's house, at which he had just knocked, being to dine with us. Mr. Burke saw the matter exactly in the same light as the Duke did, and at His Grace's earnest request, he promised to address Lord Suffolk upon the subject. On entering the drawing room he called for pen, ink, and paper, when sitting down at my sister's dressing table, he wrote the following letter:

"My Lord,

"An affair in which public justice is concerned will, I hope, excuse the liberty I take in applying to your Lordship. I understand that one Jones, now under sentence of death in Newgate for a detestable offence, is to be executed of course on Tuesday next unless he

receives his pardon, or reasons are laid before the King which may make a further reprieve advisable. In wishing that the execution of this unhappy man may be stayed I do not mean to ask any favour towards him. It is a favour to those who advise His Majesty that they may give themselves time to consider well the circumstances of a most extraordinary case. I have nothing to say in mitigation of an offence which admits no palliatives, nor in favour of a man whom I do not know. If the crime be well and juridically ascertained the criminal deserves his punishment, but the part upon which I take the liberty of recommending a respite is the insufficiency of the evidence; the evidence of a boy of thirteen years of age who does not know how to estimate life, to value character, or fear punishment, here, or hereafter, single and unsupported by other positive testimony, by character and general opinion, or by circumstances strong and violent, is not in my poor opinion, sufficient to justify a sentence of death. If the rigour of the law admits of such evidence, it is a rigour for the correction of which the prerogative of mercy is lodged very properly and necessarily in the Crown. The principle of this case is the most material part of it. If human society be corrupted by the vice in question, it is overturned by the admission of such testimony. I say nothing of the man's total denial of the fact, nor of the subsequent affidavits which weaken this evidence, such as it is, because when I write to a man of your Lordship's knowledge and liberality I would not divert my own argument, or your attention, from the great material and leading principle of the case. Neither do I comment upon the hitherto profligate and inhuman language of the news papers, because I am persuaded that your Lordship will not be affected by them, but just to remind you that such papers as those, however they may endeavour to mislead, do by no means direct the public judgment, but that every honest man in the Kingdom, whatever his sentiments in politics may be, will have but one opinion with His Majesty's servants in preserving inviolable his sacred and amiable prerogative of mercy whenever it is exerted in cases where the laws, whether by an over

rigour, or an improper application to the case, come to transgress their genuine purpose, or lead to a dangerous tendency ; and these I know to be the sentiments of many great and good men. I do seriously apprehend that the reputation of the National Justice is concerned in this business, and that His Majesty's Government will not be strengthened or honoured by the example. I neither know this unhappy man, his family, his connections, or any friend that he has in the world : I have not had an application from one of them : I use this liberty with your Lordship upon a public principle, from my very great regard to the administration of Justice and mercy in this Kingdom. I do not know how further to apologize,

"But am, My Lord,

"Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

"EDMUND BURKE."

In consequence of this letter Captain Jones was respited a second time, and subsequently received the royal pardon upon condition of transporting himself for life out of His Majesty's dominions.

CHAPTER XXV

DRIVEN FROM HOME

IN September (1774) Parliament was suddenly and unexpectedly dissolved, which created the usual confusion, and many violent contests between the Court and patriotic parties. In the City of London, the Ministerial Candidates had no chance, nor could an opponent be found to stand for Middlesex, where Wilkes and Serjeant Glynn were unanimously elected, just after which Wilkes had the further triumph of being chosen Lord Mayor. The three preceding years the Liverymen had returned his name by an immense majority, notwithstanding which the Court of Aldermen each time rejected him, and named the Alderman returned with him, but finding the Livery determined to persist, and that they (the Court of Aldermen) were rendering themselves odious and unpopular, they ceased to oppose, and the favorite was appointed to the City Chair, and on the 9th of November entered upon the duties of his new office.

There was a violent struggle for Westminster, where Earl Percy, son to the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Thomas Pelham Clinton, son to the Duke of Newcastle, supported by Government, were opposed to Lord Mountmorres, a famous Irish patriot, and Lord Mahon, son to Earl Stanhope, of the popular party. The Ministerial Candidates however succeeded by a large majority. At this General Election Mr. Burke had the high compliment paid him of being invited to represent the opulent and ancient City of Bristol, an offer he accepted. Whereupon a Committee consisting of the principal gentlemen of the place was immediately appointed to manage the election, and so determined were they that Mr. Burke should not be put to the smallest expense that they not only paid his travelling charges to Bristol, but even the turnpikes on the road.

Mr. Burke carried the election by a great number of votes, Mr. Brickdale, one of the old members, being thrown out.

Towards the end of the year the lamentable contest with America commenced, which, as every body knows, concluded by their total estrangement from the mother country, and to descend from great things to small, just at this time one of my boon companions, Gilly Mahon, an Irish adventurer who lived by his wits, went off with Miss Russell, a smart dashing girl of good family, she being related to the Earls of Shelburne and Kerry. The personal accomplishments of the lady were not what caught Gilly, but the more substantial merit of two thousand guineas, which she had at her own disposal, besides a prospect of future pecuniary advantages. She had five brothers, all fashionable young men of high *ton*, every one of whom vowed vengeance against Gilly for seducing a sister of theirs, nor would Mahon, who was as bold as a lion, have hesitated to meet them all in turn had be been called upon, which he was not, the prudent relatives upon second thoughts resolving to leave the inconsiderate girl to her fate.

Gilly and his fair friend went over to Paris, where they resided several months, until growing tired of each other they had to part, he assuring her he would fulfil his promise by marrying her whenever she required him to go through that ceremony. With these liberal sentiments of each other they both returned to London, Gilly resuming his former avocation, the lady embarking in splendid prostitution, in which capacity she soon reached the top of the *ton*, and was distinguished by the title of "the bird of paradise." There was a trifling circumstance that the hero had not thought necessary to impart to his inamorata, which was neither more nor less than that when he went off with her he had a wife living, of which fact Miss Russell was soon apprized by one of her brothers, but it made not the slightest alteration in her attachment. About four months after their return from Paris the good natured spouse removed herself out of the

way, by dying, whereupon *the Bird* sent to Mahon to say that as he could now with propriety take a wife she should like to have a right to bear his name, and sometimes perhaps make him liable for a milliner's bill. He making no objection, they were without further loss of time joined together in holy wedlock. They however never afterwards lived together, though apparently very civil to each other when they met in public, as they frequently did. She certainly was a lively little creature and an admirable companion, with whom I have spent very many cheerful days. She bore, by Mahon, one child, a fine boy, of whom I shall say more by and by.

The winter was productive of much intriguing amongst the theatrical tribe. The celebrated actor, Mr. Smith, having attached himself to the beautiful Mrs. Hartley, the heroine of the Vauxhall riot, Dodd, the comedian, to Mrs. Bulkeley, thentofore Miss Wilford, a dancer and tolerable actress, and Baker, the singer, (a married man) to Mrs. Mattocks, all the three ladies having husbands living in London, who very quietly consented to wear horns, and when the respective gallants were tired, good naturedly took back the inconstant wives.

Mr. Bradshaw, who filled a lucrative situation in the Treasury, which he had obtained from being a favorite of Lord North's, in the month of December put a period to his life, by blowing out his brains with a pistol; unbounded extravagance having involved him deeply in debt, was supposed to have occasioned the rash act. Being of a gay and social disposition, his company was much sought. He was brother to the supercargo at China, who I was sorry suffered to the amount of five thousand pounds by his death, this brother having recently remitted so much to him to lay out in the public funds, instead of doing which he applied it to his own use.

This winter Robert Mitford's father died, leaving to his eldest son, who had acquired a large fortune as Commander of the *Northumberland* East Indiaman and retired from the service, thirty thousand pounds, and a like sum to Robert, with the succession to the business, which was said

to yield a clear profit of upwards of three thousand pounds a year. The young coxcomb condescended to accept the shop, but being ashamed that his fine acquaintances should know that he was in trade, he rarely made his appearance in Cornhill, took a splendid house at the West end of the town, kept a dashing equipage, became a member of the Cocoa tree and other clubs, gambled, lost, and in less than three years was completely ruined, and a commission of bankruptcy being issued against the Woollen Draper's house, he was reduced to the necessity of going out an adventurer to India. He died broken hearted at Madras soon after his arrival there.

The repeated examples that occurred before my face of the sad consequences attending unjustifiable expence and dissipation had, unfortunately, no more than a momentary effect upon me. I transgressed, repented, and transgressed again, thus continuing an endless course of folly. During the last two years I had sometimes been extremely ill. Mr. Hayes, the surgeon who attended me, frequently remonstrated observing that death and destruction must inevitably be the consequence of the life I led, and never shall I forget a speech he once made me. I had, as was often the case, thrown myself into a salivation, when my head suddenly swelled to an enormous size, my tongue and mouth became so inflamed I could take no other nourishment than liquids, in which forlorn state he found me, when instead of the pity and condolence I expected, he, in a great rage, swore he had a strong inclination to leave me to die as I richly deserved. His passion having vented itself, he with more temper said, "Indeed, indeed, William, you are playing the devil with a very fine constitution, for which folly, should you ever reach the age of forty, which I think impossible, your unfortunate body and bones will pay most severely." He proved a false prophet as to the length of my life, but I have often when agonised with spasm and pain, thought of his prediction. This Mr. Hayes married a sister of Mr. Basil's of Buckinghamshire, by which connection he succeeded to all his valuable property in England and

Ireland, and became Sir Samuel Hayes, a Baronet. He died a few years since.

Early in the year 1775 a very extraordinary cause that had been eleven years depending in the Court of Exchequer, my father being the Complainant's Solicitor, came to a final hearing. The parties were Messrs. John and William Chaigneau, brothers, and Army agents, residing in Dublin, and General Strode, Colonel of the 62nd regiment of Foot. These three gentlemen had long lived upon habits of the greatest intimacy and friendship with each other, the Colonel appointing Chaigneau his agent the hour he obtained the command of a regiment. The General was by nature extremely indolent, and although parsimonious to a degree that sometimes got him into disgrace, yet he could scarcely ever be persuaded to look into an account. His regimental accounts therefore went on from year to year, the agents once a year striking a balance, and frequently urging him to examine and sign them. His answer always was he was confident they were correct, and he would subscribe his name to each year. Still he neglected doing so. At length the Chaigneaus, being about to take a young gentleman into partnership, it became requisite that all old accounts should be previously closed. A regular and formal application was therefore made to the General, with fresh copies of each balance sheet, the years being kept quite distinct with the vouchers for each in a separate parcel, that the General might refer thereto with the least possible trouble to himself. He set about the examination with much ill will, and greatly offended at the agents pressing for a settlement.

In the whole of the voluminous accounts for a period of twenty odd years not a single error or cause of complaint appeared, which, instead of satisfying and pleasing the Commander, as it certainly ought to have done, increased his ill temper. He swore there *must* be a thousand improper entries, and he would go over and over again until he ascertained them. At last he pitched upon one item of ninety pounds in the off reckoning account as an overcharge. The Agents mildly endeavoured to convince him

of the propriety of the charge, but in vain. He grew outrageous, swore they were infamous cheats, and vowed he would publish their rascality to the world.

This was too coarse and disgraceful an accusation for men of probity to submit to; the long standing friendship was entirely forgotten on both sides, and the General became a most implacable and vindictive enemy. As he was resolved to contest the accounts, the Chaigneaus employed my father, who after fruitlessly exerting himself in endeavouring to bring the General to reason and settle amicably by arbitration, or in any manner he himself chose to adopt, was so offended at the indelicate language he held relating to the Chaigneaus that he assured him he should advise his Clients to prosecute him for slander and defamation. Strode thereupon grew warm, saying some rude things to my father, who told him in plain terms "he was a contemptible blackguard, and as such he would treat him if he would quit his house, or declare before witnesses he would not prosecute for an assault." This the gallant soldier would not do, and my father left him. A Bill was immediately filed against him. He answered and prepared to fight his way inch by inch, and article by article.

With such inveteracy and animosity was the suit carried on that both parties summoned a number of witnesses from Ireland. During eleven entire years it never stopped: it was before the Barons at least a dozen times in different stages and different shapes, and various interlocutory orders were made by their Lordships—every one most decidedly against the General, which seemed only to irritate him the more and goad him on to opposition. After the practice of every quirk and every quibble the forms of the Court admitted of, the cause came on for final hearing, when a decree was pronounced giving the Chaigneaus every sixpence they claimed, with their full costs! From which decree the General appealed to the House of Lords, which appeal in due course coming on, the decree of the Court of Exchequer was affirmed, the Appeal being pronounced "frivolous and vexatious," for which reason the Lords ordered Strode, the

Appellant, to pay one hundred pounds, as *exemplary costs!* Thus ended a discussion which cost the General no less a sum than eleven thousand pounds! This was paying for his obstinacy with a vengeance.

In March (1775) Mr. Perryn of the Chancery bar (afterwards made a Baron of the Exchequer) wrote to my father to say he had a large payment to make in a few days and therefore wished to receive what was due from the office. My father, much surprized, answered he was not aware of his office owing any thing, the fees having always accompanied the papers sent. Mr. Perryn replied *I* was the person who had left the papers and best knew what had become of the cash. Being referred to I had not a word to say. This unpleasant discovery naturally led my father to enquire how matters stood with other legal friends, the result of which proved equally to my discredit. My father found I had involved him to a considerable extent with Mr. Maddocks, Mr. Bearcroft, Mr. Ley, and Master Flett. No wonder after all that had before occurred this should have irritated him beyond measure. Having ascertained the extent of the evil he with a degree of coolness that cut me to the soul, said, in the presence of all the clerks, "I now see, fatally see, that you are incorrigible. I have done with you for ever. From this hour I abandon you to your fate, which must be a deplorable one. It is a cruel circumstance that your infamy is likely to fix a stigma upon me and my family. We must endeavour to console ourselves under a consciousness that we do not deserve it. Go, young man, leave the house, and never more enter it." He then led me by the arm to the street, shutting the door upon me.

Could I blame a parent whom I had so repeatedly, so grievously offended? Certainly not, nor did I. Conscience, that silent yet powerful monitor, told me I deserved every ill that could befall an undutiful, a perjured wretch, who thus ungratefully repaid the unbounded affection and kindness of as fond and indulgent a parent as ever child was blessed with. What a sad reflection it is that I am compelled to record such accumulated, such repeated disgraceful actions

of myself. My only consolation is that although my follies (not to use a harsher term) were so numerous and so often repeated, yet my honoured father lived long enough to see an end of them, and most heartily and affectionately to congratulate me upon my having at last steadily settled in a fair, industrious, and honourable line of life, universally esteemed and respected in the society amongst whom I resided. Thank God that such has been the case and that I have not, in addition to my other offences, to answer for the truly heavy one of breaking a much loved father's heart. Still, my wild oats were not all sown until long after the period just mentioned. To return to the event of my being driven disgracefully from home.

I left St. Albans Street, the place of my birth, and where I had been brought up with every possible indulgence and kindness by the most affectionate parents, with feelings I cannot attempt to describe. At times I could not help indulging a hope that my father (whose partiality towards me I knew so well and had so greatly presumed upon) would in some measure relent, but upon a recollection of the heinousness of my offences, the fond idea vanished as soon as formed. What then was to become of me? An outcast! Bankrupt alike in character, fame, and fortune! Lost in gloomy meditation, I wandered about the town until a late hour in the evening, when I entered Lowe's Hotel in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, went to bed, and there passed as wretched and miserable a night as ever unfortunate or guilty man did.

I arose at eight in the morning, paid half a crown for my bed, out of two guineas and an half which I had in my pocket when I left home, and with a heavy heart, almost to suffocation, walked to Young Slaughter's Coffee house in St. Martin's Lane. Misery and distress was so strongly depicted in my countenance that upon my entering the room and throwing myself on a seat in the most retired part, Preston, who kept the house, instantly came up to me and kindly taking me by the hand, in the most feeling manner, said, "Good God, my dear Mr.

Hickey, what ails you, what is the matter? You look dreadfully. Can I do any thing for you?" This soothing address proved too much for me, I could not restrain my tears, and sobbed aloud, with a sensation in my throat like choking.

From the early hour there was no one in the room but the people belonging to the house. Mrs. Preston and a very pretty bar maid seemed as much interested about me as Preston, and united their endeavours in persuading me to go up stairs and lay down. I therefore took the friendly advice, Preston himself attending me. When alone with him I told him I was ruined, and with agony related what had occurred without attempting palliation. The benevolent man exerted himself to console me, insisting upon my remaining with him until some plan could be adopted for my future support. He then left me to take that repose my harassed frame stood so much in need of. I slept four hours, which relieved me greatly, and I firmly believe the humane and generous treatment I experienced from Preston and his family saved my life. His conduct was the more handsome and liberal because I, at that time, owed him more than thirty pounds for articles furnished me in the Coffee and Club rooms.

In the afternoon Preston offered, though personally unknown, to go and speak to my father on my behalf, which I would not allow from a conviction in my own mind that it could not avail. I afterwards learned that notwithstanding my prohibition the worthy creature actually did go to St. Albans Street, and there pathetically stated the alarming situation in which I had entered his house, and how extremely agitated and ill I still continued.

At the Coffee house I remained six days wholly unnoticed, and concluded I was for ever abandoned. The seventh evening, as I was sitting contemplating the melancholy prospect that presented itself in every point of view, my young friend Arthur Forrest entered. He immediately took a seat by me, saying he had just heard from my family the unpleasant occurrence, and directly set out in search of me. He lamented that he

could not give me any hopes of my father's relenting, who seemed to be offended past forgiveness, and had most seriously and positively forbid any one ever to mention my name before him. Forrest, however, recommended my addressing him by letter, to which I objected from really and truly being utterly at a loss what to say. To make any new protestations I blushed at the thoughts of, and felt that they ought not to carry the least weight with them. After staying two hours he left me, promising to call again the following day. He did so, and renewed his wish that I would write with so much earnestness that after repeated refusals on my part I yielded, and did write to my father, acknowledging my base ingratitude, and the infamy of my whole life, that I had not a shadow of defence to offer, neither did I ask or expect ever to be admitted to his presence again, my sole object in writing being to bid him an eternal adieu, and once more with a heart overflowing with gratitude to thank him for his unbounded affection and generosity, bestowed, as it had been, upon an ill fated, worthless object.

This letter Arthur Forrest undertook to deliver, three days after which he again called, and after some conversation asked whether I should like to go and lodge and board at Mr. Malton's, who had taught me perspective and geometry, until some line of life could be settled. I answered that I was ready to go any where, or do any thing my friends, if any I had left, deemed proper. He then engaged to arrange all matters for my removal, and the next day I went to my former instructor's, who had a neat, new house at Chelsea, exactly opposite the Avenue leading up to Ranelagh. His family then consisted of himself, at that time about forty five years of age, his wife, nearly the same, and remarkably well looking, a shrewd, sensible woman, a daughter, Ann, just turned sixteen, with a sweet and interesting countenance, their eldest son, Thomas, already mentioned, and who was a year younger than his sister, Ann; and besides four younger children, two boys and two girls.

I felt some surprize at so sedate and regular a family admitting as an inmate such a person as myself, but the old folks received me with the utmost complacency and respect. Mr. Malton told me that my father had settled every thing respecting my stay at his house, but had desired I might not be informed thereof. This was indeed a gratifying piece of intelligence to me, as it convinced me my revered father still thought of me and my welfare.

The style of life I had now entered upon was as unlike what I had been long used to as could be. Here all was regularity, decency, and decorum. The provisions for the table, although humble, were always good, clean, and admirably well dressed, consisting of a joint of meat, with plenty of excellent vegetables, followed by a pie or a pudding. We met at breakfast precisely at eight, dined at one, drank tea at five, and supped at half past eight, retiring to our respective bed chambers rather before ten. The children soon became wonderfully attached to me.

The first month glided away imperceptibly. During the mornings I amused myself by drawing and renewing my perspective, the evenings partly in reading, and partly playing cards with the family. I never wished to leave the house; the urbanity of manners of the master and mistress, and the sprightly playfulness of the little ones, rendered me happier than I had ever before felt.

Towards the end of April Ranelagh opened. One of the few families the Maltons kept up an acquaintance with was that of the person who had charge of the property, and resided in the Mansion house (part of the premises). His name has escaped my recollection; he was a well informed, gentlemanlike mannered man, who had formerly been engaged in an extensive line of commerce, but, being unlucky in some considerable speculations, he failed. A Statute of Bankruptcy issued against him wherein his principal creditors, being irritated, they refused to sign his Certificate, thereby preventing a renewal of business, and he was obliged to live long in retirement and a degree of penury. At last Sir Thomas Robinson, the proprietor of

Ranelagh, who had been at the same school and afterwards at the University with him, and entertained a sincere regard for him, hearing that he was in distress, made a point of finding out his retreat, with a view to afford him assistance and endeavour to establish him once more as a merchant. His affairs, however, turned out so much worse than was expected that Sir Thomas was obliged to abandon his intentions, and next offered him the situation of House keeper of Ranelagh, which would not only secure a comfortable place of residence for himself and wife, with coals and candles, but also a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum. The offer was gratefully accepted of.

This gentleman or his wife called almost daily at Mr. Malton's, and he seemed sensible of the civility of my manner towards him, always courting my conversation. As he early discovered Ranelagh to be a favorite amusement of mine, and that I had been a regular and constant frequenter of it, he very politely presented me with a silver ticket, which he observed would not only give me admittance to the evening entertainments, but whenever I chose it in the day time also, where it would amuse me to walk in the Rotunda or Gardens. Of this privilege I availed myself frequently, spending several hours of a morning roving about the gardens or rowing upon the canal, after which I entered the room, and amused myself in playing the few tunes I knew upon a very fine harpsichord that stood in the orchestra. In these rambles Ann Malton often accompanied me, and although I was utterly ignorant of music, playing what I did entirely by ear, she always expressed herself pleased in my performance and was unwilling to let me quit the instrument.

One morning, upon entering the parlour to breakfast, I found Mr. Malton and his wife dissolved in tears, which arose from an account they had just received of the untimely death of their old and intimate friend, the House keeper of Ranelagh, who had put a period to his life. Having left his bed in the middle of the night, he dressed and immediately walked into the garden,

where he threw himself into the canal. One of the watchmen heard a splash of the water, but imagining it arose from the fish jumping he took no notice. In the morning however, upon hearing that his master was missing, he mentioned the circumstance, and the canal being forthwith dragged the body was found. This unhappy gentleman's death by his own hands shocked me extremely. Though but a recent acquaintance, I had a great respect for him, was indebted to him for many acts of civility and kindness, and passed many happy and profitable hours in his society and converse.

CHAPTER XXVI

OFF TO JAMAICA

IN the beginning of July my father sent a messenger to desire I would go home the next day. I accordingly went to St. Albans Street, when my father without recurring to former faults, or any upbraidings, to my infinite surprize told me that Mr. Burke had recommended my going to the West Indies to practice the law in the Island of Jamaica, where all of that profession prospered exceedingly with only common attention and industry; that both Mr. Burke and his brother, Richard, had connections there who would, for their sakes, exert themselves to promote my interest and success should I prove commonly deserving. He also said, as I had served my full clerkship, at least in point of time, it would be advisable for me to procure my admission to the Roll of Attornies of the Court of King's Bench previous to my departure. He then desired me to return to Mr. Maltons' to take leave of that respectable family, to whom I was under great obligations, and come home again the following morning.

The leave taking was a ceremony I would rather have dispensed with, but as that could not be I put the best face on, and in the evening informed Mr. Malton I was going to the West and not, as I had expected, the East Indies, to prepare for which I should leave his house on the morrow. He congratulated me upon the bright prospect opening to my view, adding that he sincerely wished me well. On bidding adieu to the children and their mother, the latter shook me with apparent cordiality by the hand, saying, "God bless and protect you, sir, and grant that you may in a reasonable time return to your own country a rich, and what is better, a good man," with a very strong emphasis upon *good*. The old folks are, I believe, both dead, as is,

I am sorry to say, the eldest son, Thomas, who rose to great eminence as a beautiful and correct draughtsman.

And so ended all chance of my resuming a red coat in the service of the East India Company, or ever more mounting a cockade and military sword.

Upon reaching the house of my nativity I took possession of my old chamber, three days after which my father took me to Mr. Justice Yate's, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench, who, being a friend of long standing, had offered the necessary Certificate, &c. for my admission. He received us at his residence in Spring Garden with the utmost politeness insisting upon our partaking of his breakfast. After conversing for half an hour upon the common news of the day, he apologized for dismissing us, as he was obliged to go to Westminster earlier than usual to sit for the Lord Chief Justice. My father then asked when it would be convenient for him to receive me for the purpose of examination as to my being equal to the practice of an Attorney. The Judge thereupon addressing me with complacency and gentleness said, "Do me the favour to come and breakfast with me at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and I will take care every thing shall be ready. In the interim send your deed, or articles, to my clerk that he may take names, dates, and other particulars from them."

At the time appointed I attended, and in a terrible fright I was at the ordeal I imagined I had to pass through, and the probable loss I might be at in answering some of the many questions I understood would be put to me upon points of practice. Being conducted into his parlour where the breakfast things were all arranged, in five minutes the Judge entered. We sat down, and he recommended his French rolls and muffins as of the best sort, but so predominant were my fears about the dreaded examination that I had no inclination to eat. Breakfast being over, he asked me how I liked the Law, how long I had been out of my clerkship, and two or three other questions equally unimportant, when a servant entered to announce the carriage

being at the door, whereupon he desired his clerk to be called, upon whose appearance he enquired whether Mr. Hickey's Certificate was ready. The clerk having it and other papers in his hand, the Judge took it from him, and after perusal subscribed his name, and then said, "Now, Mr. Hickey, if you will be so good as to accompany me to Westminster Hall, I will get you sworn, and the business concluded." I accordingly stepped into his coach which conveyed us to Westminster, and immediately going into Court, where he had taken his seat upon the Bench, the proper officer was asked whether he had the roll, and answering in the affirmative my Certificate was delivered to him and read, as was also an affidavit of my master, Mr. Bayley's. This being done the Judge ordered the oaths to be administered to me, after which, and my subscribing my name to each, I was entered upon the Roll as an Attorney, and making a respectful bow to the Bench and Bar, I retired, most agreeably relieved from my apprehensions respecting the various interrogatories I had expected would be put to me on the subject of my qualifications.

The following day my father gave me a letter, which he desired I would myself deliver to Messrs. Nesbitt's, eminent merchants, in Bishopsgate Street, the purport of it being to request they would procure for me a passage to the West Indies in one of their ships. I found Mr. Arnold Nesbitt in the Counting house, who after reading the letter assured me both himself and brother should feel pleasure at all times in complying with any desire of Mr. Hickey's. He said they should dispatch four ships within the ensuing two months, and he would advise my proceeding by the *New Shoreham*, a very fine ship, and commanded by a respectable and worthy man. "I presume," added Mr. Nesbitt, "your father knows that the passage money, and all those sort of matters, must be arranged with the Commander previous to the ship's departure, as we owners never interfere about passengers, what they pay being a perquisite of the Captain's." He then wrote an answer to my father's letter, and on his desiring me to call again

upon him that day week, when he would introduce me to the Captain, I took leave.

I now once more became a gentleman at large, ranging about in the circle of friends, but the scantiness of my supplies would not allow of my frequenting public places so frequently as I had formerly done. During my perambulations I often met Mr. Daniel Perreau, the youngest of the unfortunate twin brothers who made such a disgraceful exit from the world. He had just purchased a handsome house in Upper Harley Street, which he had furnished in a most expensive and fashionable style, kept a coach, and in every other respect made the appearance of being in possession of a large income, which it was supposed arose from considerable plantations in the West Indies. His elder brother, Robert, was an apothecary in great practice, and of the highest respectability, who had long been a neighbour of my father's in St. Albans Street.

Daniel had upon several occasions employed my father as his Attorney, and recently so in preparing the conveyance of the above mentioned house. Early in the morning of the day fixed upon for the execution of the deeds and payment of the purchase money, he called at the office to tell my father he had been disappointed of three thousand pounds which he expected to have received, and found himself from that circumstance fifteen hundred guineas short of the amount to be paid for the house; that unless my father could assist him, the completion of the business must be deferred, which he should be sorry for, the proprietor of the premises having come out of Somersetshire for the sole purpose of making the transfer that day; that within a week he should be certain of having it in his power to reimburse him. My father, happening to have the sum required in his Banker's hands, drew for it, and the matter was finally adjusted, Mr. Perreau expressing his warmest thanks for the accommodation and most punctually repaying the amount at the period he had promised. Had my father entertained the most distant suspicion of his client's real situation at the time of

the above transaction and while he remained so seriously his debtor, he would have been in dreadful alarm.

I had accepted an invitation to join a very jovial party, male and female, and sup at Vauxhall, but having only one solitary guinea in my pocket, which I knew would not be adequate to the expence of the evening, I was quite at a loss how to raise a supply, and taking a solitary walk in St. James's park ruminating upon "ways and means," and how it would be possible to strengthen my purse, or what article I possessed of sufficient value to induce my friend Trip, a Pawnbroker in St. Martin's Lane, to advance two or three guineas, I saw Mr. Daniel Perreau stepping out of his carriage at the stable yard gate, who immediately joined me. During our walk together he asked me a number of questions respecting my future plan of life, and whether I was to follow my father's profession in London. I told him I was almost immediately going to Jamaica, as I found the temptations of London led me into more expence than I could afford. "I wonder at that," said he, "for I should suppose your office very productive in fees, and apropos, that brings to my recollection that from my being short of cash when my conveyance was executed, I omitted to pay the usual fee to the clerk. Permit me therefore now to remedy that error," and taking out his purse, he presented me with five guineas, which I received with much satisfaction, feeling that it would enable me to bear my share of the Vauxhall bill without a disagreeable reference to the *three blue balls!*

Only four days after the above circumstance had occurred Mr. Belliard, an eminent wholesale jeweller of Pall Mall, came in great haste to our office to say the two Perreaus had just been taken up upon a charge of forgery, and were actually both committed to Tothill fields Bridewell; that he was under great alarm respecting a valuable ring belonging to him, which was in Daniel Perreau's possession, he having about three months before been at his house to say he wanted to purchase a single stone diamond ring which he wished to be of the finest

lustre, and large, intending it as a family ring to descend to his future progeny; that he (Mr. Belliard) thereupon told him he had a very brilliant one which he conceived would exactly suit, instantly opening his iron chest and producing it. Upon inspection Mr. Perreau observed it undoubtedly was uncommonly beautiful, but he had an insuperable objection to the shape, which was somewhat of a heart. He, however, put it on his finger, which it happened to fit exactly, and again admiring the water as exquisite, directed Mr. Belliard as soon as possible to procure one for him of the same size, but of another form, which he promised to do, requesting Perreau would keep and wear the one he then had on, "for," says he, "as I keep no shop it will be more seen and more likely to be sold upon your finger than if shut up here; only have the goodness, when noticed, to say that it belongs to me, that it is for sale, and the price two thousand guineas." Upon these conditions Mr. Perreau took away the ring, and whenever any person admired it, he invariably stated the foregoing particulars.

To recover this ring was the object of Mr. Belliard's visit, who requested my father would accompany him to the prison for that purpose. Mr. Belliard's carriage being at the door, I was desired to attend as a witness to what should pass. Upon reaching the place of confinement and enquiring for the unfortunate brothers, we were conducted into a large, well furnished apartment, where they both were. Upon our entrance Robert covered his face with his handkerchief, and bursting into tears, sobbed aloud, while Daniel, on the contrary, approached us with as much apparent ease and nonchalance as if receiving company in his own elegant mansion in Upper Harley Street. My father finding him thus unaffected immediately mentioned the occasion of our coming, upon which Daniel Perreau readily admitted the ring to be the property of Mr. Belliard, but observed that it was not then in his possession, Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland having that morning insisted, as he was a creditor to a great amount,

upon its being given up to him, notwithstanding he (Daniel Perreau) had most solemnly assured Sir Thomas he had no right whatsoever to the ring, which was the sole and entire property of Mr. Belliard, and related the manner in which he came to wear it. My father being acquainted with Sir Thomas Frankland, we drove from the prison to his house, and finding him at home, my father with much civility related the circumstances attending the ring. Sir Thomas, having listened thereto with the utmost attention, replied:

"Well, Mr. Hickey, and this being the case what do you conceive ought to be done?"

My Father instantly answered:

"Clearly the ring must be returned to Mr. Belliard as proprietor thereof."

"Humph," said Sir Thomas, "and that's your opinion, is it, Mr. Hickey? Then I must observe I do not think your opinion worth two pence. I differ totally, and though no lawyer, Mr. Hickey, I am no fool, and, by God, I'll keep the ring, Mr. Hickey."

My father's choler being raised at the insolent and impertinent manner in which this speech was delivered, warmly and with a considerable degree of contempt retorted:

"Then, Mr. Admiral, I shall without further scruple convince you in a public Court that you are as ignorant as unjust, and I will make you pay dearly for your obstinacy and impertinence," saying which we quitted the room and resumed our seats with Mr. Belliard, who had remained in his carriage.

A legal demand of the ring was made the same day and an action of trover commenced, which Sir Thomas defended in the most determined manner, and after the whole process of special pleading was gone through he obtained an order for a special jury. The cause came on for trial in the Court of Common Pleas, the two Perreaus being brought up by Habeas Corpus to give evidence, as was also Mrs. Rudd, and several persons of rank who had frequently heard

Daniel Perreau declare the ring belonged to Mr. Belliard, was for sale, and that he only wore it until one of equal value, but of a different shape, could be procured. The fact being clearly established, and not a single witness called on the part of the defendant, his Counsel had not a word to say, candidly admitting there never was a clearer or plainer case, and that they were grossly deceived by their Briefs or would not have appeared in such a disgraceful cause. A verdict for the plaintiff followed, the noble naval Baronet was obliged to relinquish the ring, with nearly two hundred pounds expence attending his absurd and obstinate attempt to retain it.

I never was more shocked in my life than upon my entering the apartment in Bridewell, and there beholding a man who only a few days before I had looked upon with envy, as in possession of affluence and every human enjoyment, a prisoner whose life would in all probability be soon put an end to by the common hangman for an atrocious felony, to the perpetual disgrace of himself and family.

On the day appointed I again went to Bishopsgate Street, when Mr. Nesbitt gave me a letter to Captain Paul Surman, Commander of the ship *New Shoreham*, whom I found at the Jamaica Coffee house. He appeared to be a plain, good tempered man ; a strong brogue plainly marked his native country Ireland. He told me he had not yet any passengers, that I might therefore take my choice of the cabins, but he had no doubt plenty would apply before his departure. He also informed me that I should see most of the West India Islands, as he was to stop at different places to deliver goods he had on freight, that the passage money to be paid previous to embarking was thirty guineas, for which he should supply a table during the voyage. He advised me to go on board the ship then laying off Rotherhithe, and fix upon a cabin. This I did the following day, finding her a very fine vessel, between three and four hundred tons burthen, elegantly fitted up, and lined throughout the after part with mahogany. I took possession of the cabin adjoining the principal one, into which it

opened, having a large scuttle which afforded abundant light.

My father forthwith paid the passage money, and fitted me out with his usual liberality. My esteemed and invariable friend, Mr. Edmund Burke, procured for me letters of introduction and recommendation to Sir Basil Keith, the Governor of Jamaica, Mr. Webley, the Chief Justice, Mr. Harrison, the Attorney General, Messrs. Welch, Brownrigg, and Baker, Barristers, the last being well known under the name of "Billy Baker"; also to Messrs. Lyon and Ridge, Attornies, besides several gentlemen, planters in different parts of the Island. My father likewise furnished me with letters to some of his own friends, amongst whom were, Mr. Robert Richards and Captain Stair Douglas of the navy.

On the 1st of September 1775 I once more took leave of my family, and set out from St. Albans Street for Gravesend, where Captain Surman said all his passengers would go on board, as he did not intend to anchor in the Downs if the wind proved fair for proceeding down Channel.

INDEX

Abbesses, Lady, 71
Adair, Mr., 298
Addison, Joseph, 308
Admiralty, 65
Albemarle, Dowager Lady, 305 *et sqq.*
Albemarle, Earl of, 303
Allen, Mr., 93–4
Angel, The Strand, 65
Ankerwyke, E.I.C.S., 242
Ardley, Mr., 167
Ascension, Island of, 242 *et sqq.*
Ashburnham, E.I.C.S., 141, 212
Aurora, E.I.C.S., 254

Baggs, Major, 296
Bagnell, Captain, 292–3
Baker, Captain, 141, 204, 229 *et sqq.*, 259, 260, 279
Baker, Mr., 319
Baker, Mr. (Barrister), 338
Baker, Mr. (of Deal), 94
Banister, Charles, 119
Bate, Rev. Mr., 287 *et sqq.*
Bath, 69, 79, 115, 283 *et sqq.*
Battersea, 72, 87–8
Bayley, Mr. Nathaniel, 55–6, 60, 67, 69, 89, 97, 109, 113–14
Bearcroft, Mr., 323
Beau (the ship's dog), 146, 154, 158, 161
Bedford Coffee House, 71
Belliard, Mr., 334 *et sqq.*
Bengal, 22, 117, 144–5, 173, 179, 181, 183, 213, 234, 236, 253, 279, 280, 291, 311
Berwick Street, 66–7
Bessborough, Earl of, 302
Bevan, Mr., 202
Bigger, Mr. James, 299
Bishopsgate Street, 332, 337
Blackall, 47–8
Blake, Mr., 202
Blenheim, H.M.S., 189
Blount, Sir Charles, 48
Boodle's Club, 299, 300
Boulton, Mr., 131
Bourchier, Governor, 167 *et sqq.*, 177 *et sqq.*
Bourchier, Richard, 130 *et sqq.*, 141, 168, 177, 181
Bourke, Mr., 2
Bow Street, 33
Bradshaw, Mr., 202, 206, 319
Brecknock, 296–7
Brent, 125, 137–8, 251–2
Brickdale, Mr., 318
Bridewell, 334
Bristol, Earl of, 287
Brown, Captain Ulysses, 295
Brownrigg, Mr., 338
Bucks, The, 119–261
Bulkeley, Lord, 100
Bulkeley, Mrs., 319
Burford, H.M.S., 7
Burgess-Girl, 85–6
Burke, Edmund, 13, 41, 53–4, 302, 309, 312 *et sqq.*, 330, 338
Burke, Mrs., 53
Burke, Richard, 53, 330
Burke, William, 2, 53, 283 *et sqq.*, 303
Burt, Mr., 72–3
Burt, Mrs., 72–3
Burt, Sally, 72–3
Byde, Mr., 273
Byng, Hon. John, 262
Byng, Hon. Mrs., 262–3

Calcutta, 183, 211, 285
Cane, Mr. William, 28, 45–6, 283–4, 299
Canterbury, 136 *et sqq.*
Canton, 198 *et sqq.*, 215 *et sqq.*
Carhampton, Earl of, 8
Carnegie, Mr., 227
Carpenter's Club, 89
Carvalho, Mr., 205, 212–13
Catamarans, 186 *et sqq.*
Cecil, Captain, 87
Chaigneau, Messrs. John and William, 321 *et sqq.*
Chambers, Mr., 233

Chambers, Robert, 311
Champnes, Mr., 119
Chancery Lane, 57
Chapman, Mr., 133
Charing Cross, 25, 109, 118
Charlotte, Queen of George III, 32
Charlton, Mr. Francis, 22, 167, 236, 252–3
Chatham, 88, 122–3, 285
Chatham, 172 *et sqq.*
Chelsea, 14, 109, 298–9, 327
Chetwood, Mr., 116
Chetwood, Mrs., 116
Chetwood, Ann, 116
Chetwood, Elizabeth, 116
Chetwood, Hessy, 116
Chisholme, Charles, 133, 143–4, 146 *et sqq.*, 155, 185 *et sqq.*, 196, 242, 246
Cholmondeley, Lord, 8
Cholmondeley, Mrs., 283
Cholmondeley, Robert, 283
Churchill, Charles, 13
Claporeau, Mr., 102–3
Clavering, General Sir John, 311
Clements, Captain, 141
Cleverly, Mr., 299
Clive, Lord, 144–5, 284–5
Cocksedge, Mother, 71
Coffee Houses, 89
Coggan, Mr., 117–18, 124–5
Colebrooke, E.I.C.S., 25
Colebrooke, Sir George, 117, 253
Coleherne, 114–15
Colquhoun, Mr., 100
Cooper, Colonel Charles, 299
Cooper, Lucy, 126
Corneille, Mr., 235–6, 239 *et sqq.*
Cornish, Sir Samuel, 130, 254–5
Court, Doctor Denil, 133, 152, 220 *et sqq.*, 225
Covent Garden, 33, 49, 71, 86, 89, 103, 130–1, 324
Coventry, 285
Cox, Mr., 271
Craven Street, 300
Cricket, Westminster *v.* Eton, 99 *et sqq.*
Croftes, Captain, 288 *et sqq.*
Croftes, Mr., Charles, 291
Cruttenden, E.I.C.S., 141, 204 *et sqq.*, 223, 228 *et sqq.*, 240, 242, 258, 271, 279

Davidson, Alexander, 171–2
Dawson, Mr., 167–8, 174 *et sqq.*, 182 *et sqq.*
Deal, 134 *et sqq.*
De Castro, General, 221 *et sqq.*
De Grey, William, 1st Baron Walsingham, 56
Denmark, King of (*see* Frederic V)
Dennis, Mr., 275 *et sqq.*
Dent, Sir Digby, 254 *et sqq.*
Deptford, 256–7
Desaguliers, General, 299, 313
Devisme, Mr., 202, 204–5, 208 *et sqq.*, 216, 225–6
Devonshire, Duke of, 302
Dibdin, Charles, 119
Dillon, Hon. Mr., 298
Dobson, Austin, 308
Dodd, Mr., 119, 319
Dolphin, 254 *et sqq.*
Dorset, Duke of, 99, 100
Douglas, Mr. Peter, 121 *et sqq.*, 132, 144, 146 *et sqq.*, 180, 214
Douglas, Captain Stair, 338
Dover, 136 *et sqq.*, 251
Doveton, Captain, 141
Drummond, Messrs., 98
Dublin, 1, 23, 42–3, 60 *et sqq.*
Dundas, Mr., 189
Dunning, John, 1st Baron Ashburton, 56
Du Prè, Mr., 167
Durand, Mr., 146 *et sqq.*
Duval, Dr., 114
Dye, Nancy, 47 *et sqq.*

Earl of Lincoln, E.I.C.S., 141, 210
East India Company 25, 75, 87, 115, 117, 124–5, 130, 189, 203, 284, 330
East India Co.'s Fleet, 141
Edwards, John, 28, 66
Egmont, Earl of, 24, 32
Elphinstone, Hon. Captain, 141, 172, 190–1, 218–19
Elwes, Mr., 267
England, Dick, 24–5
Eton, 49, 285
Euphrates Lodge of Bucks, 119, 261

Fagan, Mr., 295–6
Farrer, Mr., 273, 311 *et sqq.*
Ferrers, Earl, 20
Fielding, Sir John, 71, 277
Fishmongers' Company, 34–5
Fitzgerald, George Robert, 287 *et sqq.*, 292 *et sqq.*
Fleet Prison, 108
Fletcher, Sir Robert, 167
Flett, Mr., 323

Flying Fish, 149
Forbes, Mr., 133, 184
Ford, Mr., 253
Forrest, Admiral, 263 *et sqq.*
Forrest, Arthur, 262, 266–7, 286, 335–6
Forrest, Mrs., 261 *et sqq.*
Forrest, Thomas, 262, 271, 285, 298
Fortescue, Captain, 213
Fox, Mr., 267–8
Francis, Philip, 311
Frankland, Admiral Sir Thomas, 335 *et sqq.*
Frederic, King of Denmark, 109, 112, 128 *et sqq.*
Frederick, Captain, 271, 276 *et sqq.*
Fuller, Mr. Rose, 48 *et sqq.*
Fuller, Mr. (jnr.), 48, 50

Gambier, Captain, 6, 7, 11, 12, 254
Gansel, General, 300–1
Gardelle, 16 *et sqq.*
Garrick, David, 258
George II, 22
George III, 30 *et sqq.*, 315–16
George IV (Prince of Wales), 109
Gerard Street, Soho, 3
Gillam, Mr., 93
Glatton, E.I.C.S., 141
Globe Tavern, 119
Glynn, Serjeant, 317
Goldsmith, Oliver, 308–9
Gordon, Dr., 222, 228
Gowdie, Surgeon Walter, 133, 141, 144, 161, 170, 184, 225, 246
Grady, Mr., 213
Grafton, Duke of, 129
Granby, E.I.C.S., 215, 217
Grant, James, 133 *et sqq.*, 150, 158 *et sqq.*, 171, 183, 283–4
Gravesend, 87, 95, 123, 130 *et sqq.*, 257, 298–9, 338
Great Earl Street, 310
Greentree, Mr., 235, 240
Grey, Mr., 189, 190
Grosvenor, Lady, 37, 39
Grosvenor, Lord, 37 *et sqq.*
Grubb, Mr., 35
Gwydir, Lord, 271

Haggis, Captain, 181
Hamilton, Duke of, 271
Hamilton, John, 5–6
Hamilton, Mother, 71
Hamilton, Rhoan (one of the "Mohawks"), 273 *et sqq.*, 309, 310
Hammersmith, 90
Hampshire, E.I.C.S., 141, 153, 156, 158 *et sqq.*, 234, 240, 242 *et sqq.*
Hampton-on-Thames, 96–7, 99, 105
Hardwicke, Captain, 141
Hare, Mr., 276 *et sqq.*
Harrington, Mrs., 109
Harris, Nancy, 12, 33, 66–7, 95
Harrison, Mr., 202, 206
Harrison, Mr. (Attorney-General), 338
Harrison, 49, 50
Hartford, Fanny, 90 *et sqq.*, 99, 100, 109, 121 *et sqq.*, 129 *et sqq.*, 137, 261
Hartley, Mrs., 287 *et sqq.*, 319
Hastings, Right Hon. Warren, 311
Hayes, Mr. Samuel, 75, 320–1
Haymarket, 19, 130
Hayter, Mr. (one of the "Mohawks"), 273, 309
Hector, E.I.C.S., 141, 165, 169, 212
Hernon, Mr., 41
Hervey, Mr., 5, 6
Hickey, Mrs. Joseph (mother of William Hickey), 1, 3, 8, 11, 12, 19, 29, 31, 44, 62, 67, 97–8
Hickey, Ann, 20, 42, 62, 97, 282
Hickey, Henry, 3, 13, 23 *et sqq.*, 62–3, 84 *et sqq.*, 109, 119, 125
Hickey, Joseph (father of William Hickey), 24 *et sqq.*, 49, 52, 100, 105, 131, 233
his descent, 1
his career, 1 *et sqq.*
the libel against, 5, 6
his wishes respecting his son William, 6, 7, 13
gains a prize in the State Lottery, 21
and William's boyish escapades, 27 *et sqq.*
attends Coronation of King George III, 30 *et sqq.*
remonstrates with his son William, 36, 40, 55, 76–7, 88–9, 98, 110 *et sqq.*
Dr. Nugent's treatment of, 42 *et sqq.*
articles William to Mr. Bayley, 56
and Lord Thurlow, 57–8
Judy White's opinion of, 60 *et sqq*
goes to France, 62
praises William, 68, 77–8
goes to Bath, 69
and the suicide of Mr. Nunez, 79 *et sqq.*

Hickey, Joseph (*cont.*)—
and Mr. Smith's opinion of his son William, 88–9
his disgust of William's conduct, 98, 114 *et sqq.*
and the death of Mrs. Hickey, 110 *et sqq.*
decides that William should enter the East India Company as a cadet, 115 *et sqq.*
leaves Twickenham, 128
and William's wish to leave the E.I.C.S., 177, 179
his displeasure at the return of William, 251 *et sqq.*
attempts to find a fresh appointment for William, 254 *et sqq.*
returns to Richmond, 261
visits Bath with William, 283
and William Burke's investments, 284–5
at last abandons his son, 323 *et sqq.*
makes provision for his son William at the Maltons, 326–7
sends William to Jamaica, 330 *et sqq.*
and the affair of the Brothers Perreau, 333 *et sqq.*
Hickey, Joseph (brother of William Hickey), 3, 13, 26, 31, 49, 55, 67 *et sqq.*, 97, 112–13, 119, 127–8, 252
Hickey, Mary, 3, 31, 97, 128, 261
Hickey, Sarah, 20, 42, 62, 97, 283
Hickey, William—
his birth and parentage, 1 *et sqq.*
his nurse's affection for, 3–4
determines to enter the Navy, 6–7
objects to inoculation, 7–8
death of Mr. Ryan, his godfather, 9, 10
his dislike of fat influences his career, 11–12
Nancy Harris's influence on, 12
goes to Westminster, 13
his school life, 13 *et sqq.*, 26
describes the murder of Mrs. King, 15 *et sqq.*
attends the execution of Earl Ferrers, 20
announces the King's death to Westminster School, 22–3
his account of his brother Henry's career, 23 *et sqq.*
his early depravity, 24, 33, 47–8
youthful pranks, 26 *et sqq.*
Hickey, William (*cont.*)—
adventures on the Thames, 28 *et sqq.*
attends coronation of George III, 30 *et sqq.*
attends the Fishmongers' Banquet, 34 *et sqq.*
removed from Westminster School, 36
describes a fatal fire, 36 *et sqq.*
goes to school at Streatham, 41
takes smallpox, 41–2
his humorous account of Dr. Nugent's treatment of his father, 42 *et sqq.*
a tragic love-affair described by, 44–5
school life at Streatham, his schoolboy escapade, 49 *et sqq.*
leaves Streatham, 52
on Edmund Burke, 53–4
parental advice to, 55, 68–9, 98, 115 *et sqq.*, 253, 281
early legal training, 55 *et sqq.*
on Lord Thurlow, 57
his diplomatic treatment of Lord Thurlow and Sir Fletcher Norton, 57 *et sqq.*
his passion for billiards, 64–5
meets Nancy Harris again, 66–7
falsifies his father's books, 69, 70, 97
frequents disorderly houses, 71–2, 86
adventures at the Red House Club, 73 *et sqq.*
Mr. Smith's undeserved testimonial concerning, 77–8
goes to Bath, 79
describes the suicide of Mr. Nunez, 80–1
his temporary reformation, 81
his experiences in a Drury Lane "den," 82 *et sqq.*
goes yachting with Mr. Smith, 87 *et sqq.*
his adventure with Fanny Hartford, 90 *et sqq.*
and the Wilkes Riots, 92 *et sqq.*
a rowing feat, 95
attends the Earl of Lincoln's regatta, 95 *et sqq.*
plays in the Westminster Eleven, 99 *et sqq.*
a drunken adventure, 101 *et sqq.*
death of his mother, 110 *et sqq.*
again robs his father, 114 *et sqq.*

Hickey, William (*cont.*)—
preparations as a cadet in the East India Company, 115 *et sqq.*
takes Fanny Hartford over his ship at Gravesend, 121 *et sqq.*
attends examination, 124
farewell parties, 125–6
attends masquerade at the Opera House, 128 *et sqq.*
says farewell to his friends, 131–2
his ship's company, 133–4
first taste of sea-sickness, 134, 141
goes to Dover with Bourchier, 135–6
a rush for the ship, 138–9
begins his first voyage, 141
describes captain and shipmates, 142 *et sqq.*
life on board ship, 149 *et sqq.*
goes ashore on Island of Johanna, 153 *et sqq.*
duel between two *Hampshire* cadets, 156–7
his narrow escape from drowning, 158 *et sqq.*
describes the Masulah boat, 164 *et sqq.*
lands at Madras, 167
dining at Government House, 169 *et sqq.*
the fencing party, 171–2
describes terrible gale, 172 *et sqq.*
visits an Indian garden, 174–5
riding on an Arab, 175–6
desires to leave Madras, 177 *et sqq.*
decides to return to England, 179 *et sqq.*
entertainment at Government House, 181–2
tragic ending to a call, 182 *et sqq.*
the Catamarans, 186–7
embarks for China, 187 *et sqq.*
stops at Malacca, 190 *et sqq.*
describes a terrible storm, 194 *et sqq.*
arrives at Canton, 198
on the Chinese habits and customs, 199 *et sqq.*
his quarters in Canton, 202 *et sqq.*
first meeting with Bob Pott, 203 *et sqq.*
descriptions of his Canton friends, 208 *et sqq.*
takes a trip with Pott to Whampoa, 223 *et sqq.*

Hickey, William (*cont.*)—
attends Chinese entertainments, 223–4
visits interior of the city, 225
Chinese knavery, 225 *et sqq.*
and Pott's suggestion that he should leave the *Plassey*, 229 *et sqq.*
leaves Canton, 233
lands at St. Helena, 235
and General Richard Smith, 236 *et sqq.*
leaves St. Helena, 241
catching turtles, 242 *et sqq.*
gale causes accident to, 245 *et sqq.*
the smuggler's deal, 248 *et sqq.*
lands at Dover, 251
London gaieties, 251–2
father's plans for, 253 *et sqq.*
and Captain Digby Dent, 254 *et sqq.*
meets the Pott family, 258 *et sqq.*
once more takes to the desk, 258
his friendship with the Forrest family, 261 *et sqq.*
and the Mohawks, 272 *et sqq.*
his friendship with Pott resumed, 278 *et sqq.*
lessons in art from Mr. Malton, 281–2
goes to Bath with his father, 283 *et sqq.*
his increasing dissipation, 287, 310
curious Bate-Hartley affair, 287 *et sqq.*
takes up sailing, 297 *et sqq.*
and Boodle's, 299 *et sqq.*
and the absentee tax, 302–3
and the Horneck affair, 303 *et sqq.*
the end of the Mohawks, 309
and the case of Captain Jones, 312 *et sqq.*
London gossip, 317 *et sqq.*
his illness through dissipation, 320
an old lawsuit, 321 *et sqq.*
abandoned by his father, 323 *et sqq.*
lives with the Maltons by his father's wish, 326 *et sqq.*
sent to Jamaica by his father, 330 *et sqq.*
a jovial party at Vauxhall, 334
and the lost ring, 334 *et sqq.*
embarks for Jamaica, 338

Hickey, Mr. Thomas, 23
Hinchcliff, Dr., Bishop of Peterborough, 22
Hindley, Mr., 28–9, 99
Hodgson, Mr., 50
Holland, Lord, 299
Hook, James, 119
Horneck, Mr. (of the Guards), 280–1, 303 *et sqq.*
Horneck, Mrs., 303 *et sqq.*
Horton, Sir Watts, 271
Houghton, E.I.C.S., 285
Howorth, Mr., 298
Hudson, Mr., 27 *et sqq.*
Hulse, General, 293
Hunt, 237 *et sqq.*
Hyde, John, 311
Hyde Park, 9

Impey, Sir Elijah, 311
Isaacs, Miss, 31
Isaacs, Mr., 31

Jackson, Captain, 141
Jackson, Rev. Mr., 41, 47, 50 *et sqq.*
James, St., Westminster, 263
Jay, Sir James, 266–7
Jennings, Mr., 101, 107–8
Jermyn Street, 236
Johanna, Island of, 153 *et sqq.*
Johanna's Prince of Wales, 155
Jones, Captain, 312 *et sqq.*
Jones, Molly, 66, 111
Jones, Richard, 133, 180
Jones, Sir William, 153
Joy, Mr., 26, 28
Junks, Chinese, 199
Jupp, Mr., 72

Keighley, Mrs., 41, 48, 51
Keith, Sir Basil, 338
Kew, 34
Kew Gardens, 109
King, Mrs., 15 *et sqq.*
King, Peter, 163–4
King, Thomas, 72
King's Bench Prison, 120
Kirkman, Alderman, 299
Knox, Miss, 44–5
Knox, Mr., 44–5

Lake, Viscount, 293–4
Lambeth, 74, 95
Lawson, Captain, 213 *et sqq.*
Leicester Fields, 15
Leicester House, 15
Lemaitre, Stephen Cæsar, 311
Lewis, 49
Ley, Mr., 323
Lincoln, Earl of, 95
Lincoln's Inn, 59, 60, 70
Little Russell Street, 82, 84
Littleton, Lord, 288, 292, 297
Lloyd, Dr., 14, 22, 33
Lloyd, Robert, 13–14
Lombard Street, 61
Lord Holland, E.I.C.S., 182, 213
Lovely Mary, The, 87–8
Lowe's Hotel, 324
Lowry, Mr., 102, 273
Lynch, Commodore, 261 *et sqq.*
Lynch, Mrs., 261–2
Lyon, Mr., 338

Maclean, Colonel, 130
Macnaghten, John, 44–5
McClintock, Mr., 185–6, 191, 197–8, 202 *et sqq.*, 223, 233, 235, 242, 247, 251–2, 260
Maddocks, Mr., 56, 323
Madras, 25, 117–18, 130, 145, 147, 163 *et sqq.*, 195, 197, 213, 228, 233, 253–4, 260, 271, 320
Magee, Mr., 211–12
Mahon, Gilly, 24, 125, 318–19
Maidstone, 88
Malacca, 190 *et sqq.*
Malby's Club, 25
Malton, Mr. Thomas, 281–2, 327 *et sqq.*
Malton, Mrs., 282, 328
Manchester, Duchess of, 12
Marcelis, Anthony, 118
Margate, 87
Marjoram's Club, 84 *et sqq.*
Markham, Dr., Archbishop of York, 14, 22, 31, 36
Marriot, Mr., 175
Masulah, 187
Mathews, Colonel, 2 *et sqq.*, 8
Mattocks, Mrs., 319
Miles, "Captain," 288 *et sqq.*
Millbank, 74
Milton, Lord, 302
Mitford, Robert, 273, 299, 319, 320
"Mohawks," The, 273 *et sqq.*, 287, 309
Molesworth, Captain, 37
Molesworth, Henrietta, 37 *et sqq.*
Molesworth, Lady, 37 *et sqq.*
Molesworth, Lord, 37, 100
Monson, Colonel, 311
Morning Post, 290
Morris, Captain, 172 *et sqq.*

Motteux, Mr., 98, 105–6
Moulsey, 99, 101, 105
Murchinson, Dr., 291–2
Murphy's Club, 84, 86, 89

Nairn, Captain, 182
Nando's, 57, 59
Neale, Mr. Pendock, 87
Nesbitt, Messrs., 332, 337
Newgate, 18, 300
Newman Street, 269
New Shorcham, 332, 337
Newton, Miss, 101–2
Nivernois, Duc de, 140, 181
North, Lord, 319
Northington, Robert Henley, First Earl of, 14, 70
Northington, Robert Henley, Second Earl of, 14, 20, 35, 100
Northumberland, E.I.C.S., 273, 319
Northumberland, Duke of, 317
Norton, Sir Fletcher, 56, 59 *et sqq.*, 70
Nottingham, E.I.C.S., 141, 212, 227
Nugent, Dr., 41 *et sqq.*, 53, 75
Nugent, Sir Nicholas, 295–6
Nugent, Major Walter, 24, 125
Nunez, Mr., 79 *et sqq.*

Oliphant, Mr., 189
Opera House, 128 *et sqq.*
Osborne, Lord Francis, 100
Osborne, Mr. (one of the Mohawks), 274, 278, 310
Osterley, E.I.C.S., 141, 213

Page, Ann, 3, 4
Pall Mall, 3, 4, 9, 31, 300
Panton Street, 19, 252
Parsloe, Mr., 190, 192
Pearce, Captain, 141
Pelham-Clinton, Lord Thomas, 317
Percy, Earl, 317
Perreau, Mr. Daniel, 333 *et sqq.*
Perreau, Mr. Robert, 333 *et sqq.*
Perryn, Baron, 56, 323
Phipps, Mr., 202, 224
Phœnix, E.I.C.S., 190
Piazza Coffee House, 274 *et sqq.*
Pigon, Mr., 202
Pigot, E.I.C.S., 141, 165
Pimlico, 109, 110
Pinnock, Mr., 100
Pitt, Right Hon. William, 54
Plassey, E.I.C.S., 118, 121–2, 130 *et sqq.*, 140 *et sqq.*, 178 *et sqq.*, 184 *et sqq.*, 194 *et sqq.*, 223, 229 *et sqq.*
Plumer, Hall, 185
Plumer, Sir Thomas, 185
Pocock, Sir George, 130
Ponsonby, Mr., 40
Pope, Alexander, 7
Portsmouth, 11
Pott, Joseph, 285
Pott, Mr. and Mrs., 258 *et sqq.*, 279, 280
Pott, Robert, 204 *et sqq.*, 220, 223, 227, 241, 258 *et sqq.*, 271, 278 *et sqq.*, 283, 285
Powell, Mr., 72
Prescott, Mr., 273
Preston, Mr., 324–5
Prince of Wales Island, 189 *et sqq.*
Pritty, Captain, 135 *et sqq.*
Pritzler, Mr., 87
Public Ledger, 296

Queen Anne Street, 90, 99, 110
Queensbury, Duchess of, 32
Queensbury, Duke of, 32

Radnor, Lord, 28
Ramus, Mr. George, 100, 283
Ramus, Henry, 283
Ranelagh, 72, 91, 273, 326 *et sqq.*
Raper, Mr., 202
Red House Club, 72 *et sqq.*, 95, 261
Regatta at Hampton, 96 *et sqq.*
"Retaliation," Goldsmith's, 308–9
Revell, Mr., 202, 204 *et sqq.*, 210–11
Revell, Joe, 210 *et sqq.*
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 27, 308–9
Richards, Mr. Robert, 338
Richardson, Captain, 141, 165 *et sqq.*
Richmond, 7, 34, 95, 128, 261
Richmond, Duke of, 314
Rider, Mr. Jacob, 133 *et sqq.*, 139, 140, 144 *et sqq.*, 150, 154, 158 *et sqq.*, 171, 178–9, 183, 283
Rider, John, 135–6, 139, 140
Ridge, Mr., 338
Ridotto, The, 2
Roberts, Dicky, 298
Robinson, Sir Thomas, 327–8
Rochester, 88
Rockingham, Marquis of, 54, 302
Rodney, Sir George, 262
Rogers, Mr., 202
Rogers, Samuel, 133, 142, 146–7, 164, 170, 184, 191–2, 213, 225
Rose, E.I.C.S., 190
Ross, Mr. Andrew, 170
Ross, Cadet, 133–4

Round House, 276
Rous, Mr., 202, 206
Royal Charlotte, E.I.C.S., 141
Rudd, Mrs., 336
Rumbold, Mr., Governor of Madras, 145
Russell, Miss, 318–19
Ryan, Mr., 3, 4, 9, 10

St. Albans Street, 1, 23, 41, 50, 66, 98 *et sqq.*, 105, 110, 113, 116, 131, 242, 253, 271, 285, 323, 325, 330, 333, 338
St. Helena, 234 *et sqq.*, 253
St. James's Coffee House, 308
St. James's Park, 8, 14, 280
St. James's Square, 13
St. Martin's Lane, 324
Salter, Colonel, 32
Samans, 200–1
Saville Road, 303–4
Seawen, Captain, 292 *et sqq.*, 303 *et sqq.*
Scott, Mr., 7
Scrafton, Mr., 253
Shakespear Club, 84, 101, 106, 125, 311
Sheffield, Sir Charles, 8, 130
Skottowe, Mr., 235–6, 239 *et sqq.*
Slaughters Club, 72–3, 81, 84, 109, 324
Smallwood, Captain, 218
Smith, Cadet, 134, 156
Smith, Captain, 141, 153, 155, 161, 242 *et sqq.*, 285
Smith, Mr. (actor), 319
Smith, Mr., 75 *et sqq.*, 86 *et sqq.*, 282
Smith, General Richard, 167, 178–9, 234, 236 *et sqq.*
Smith, Mr. Loraine, 271
Smith's Tea Gardens, 298
" Soup Shop, The," 89
Speaker, E.I.C.S., 141
Speke, E.I.C.S., 141
Spring Gardens, 271
Stables, Mr., 145
Stacey, Mr., 107
Stanhope, Lord, 8, 29
Stokes, Captain, 141
Streatham, 41, 47 *et sqq.*
Strode, General, 321 *et sqq.*
Sturt, Major, 72, 87–8
Suckling, Captain, 264
Suffolk, Earl of, 314
Suffolk Street, 41, 118
Sullivan, Mr. Laurence, 117, 130, 253, 284–5
Sullivan, Mr. Richard, 213–14
Surman, Captain Paul, 337–8
Swift, Dr. Jonathan, 308
Swords, 24
Symonds, Mr., of Battersea (*see* Smith)

Talbot, 236
Taylor, Captain, 101, 103
Taylor, Mr. Walter, 119
Telligory, Mr., 68
Templer, Mr., 298
Tetherington, Mr., 24, 62 *et sqq.*, 84–5, 90, 109, 125–6, 137
Thames, E.I.C.S., 181
Thomas, Miss, 31
Thomas, Mr., 31–2, 92
Thomons, Murrough O'Brien, Marquis of, 33
Thurlow, Lord, 56 *et sqq.*
Todd, Captain, 141
Tomkins, Mr., 102, 126
Torriano, Mr., 202
Tothill Fields, 14
Triton, E.I.C.S., 141, 172, 188, 190, 212
Troubridge, Admiral Sir Thomas, 189
Turnham Green, 102
Turtle Turning, 242 *et sqq.*
Twickenham, 7, 26 *et sqq.*, 44–5, 62, 81, 98 *et sqq.*, 106, 109, 111, 113–14, 116, 128
Tyburn, 108

Upper Brook Street, 37 *et sqq.*
Upper Ossory, Earl of, 302

Vansittart, Mr., 253
Vauxhall Gardens, 110, 287 *et sqq.*, 298, 334
Verelst, Governor, 178
Verney, Earl, 53, 285
Vincent, Miss, 101–2, 125

Waddell, Captain, 118, 130, 132 *et sqq.*, 142–3, 146 *et sqq.*, 161 *et sqq.*, 180 *et sqq.*, 194, 198, 229, 230, 233 *et sqq.*, 240 *et sqq.*, 247 *et sqq.*
Wales, George, Prince of, 109
Walker, Daisy, 296
Wall, 24
Walpole and Co., Bankers, 250
Walton, 96
Watts, Edmund, 21–2, 168
Webley, Mr., 338
Wedderburn, Alexander, 1st Earl of Rosslyn, 56

Weir, Daniel, 90
Welch, Captain, 141, 213
Welch, Mr., 338
Westminster Abbey, 22, 30 *et sqq.*, 251
Westminster School, 13 *et sqq.*, 99, 106, 283
Wetherby's, 82 *et sqq.*, 89, 104, 126, 273
Weybridge, 95, 97
Whampoa, 197–8, 201, 212, 215, 223, 231
White, Mrs., 60 *et sqq.*
Whitehall, 22, 65
Whitehead, Mr., 72
Whittle, Mr., 182
Williams, Captain, 141, 165
Williams, The brothers, 101 *et sqq.*, 106, 126
Wilkes, John, 92–3, 119, 317
Wilkinson, Bet, 85
Willes, Mr., Solicitor-General, 56
Willis, Mr., 268
Willis, Mr. (bailiff), 310–11
Windham, Right Hon. William, 262, 271
Windham, Hon. Mrs. William, 262, 266, 271
Windmill Street, 65
Wood, Mr., 202, 204, 206, 228, 231
Wynne, Sir Watkins Williams, 14, 100

Yates, Mr. Justice, 169, 331–2
Yorke, Hon. Charles, Attorney-General, 56, 70

WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD.
PRINTERS, PLYMOUTH

5594 (48)

BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 4444 05215 5991

Brooklyn Public Library
Central Service
Grand Army Plaza
Brooklyn 38, N. Y.